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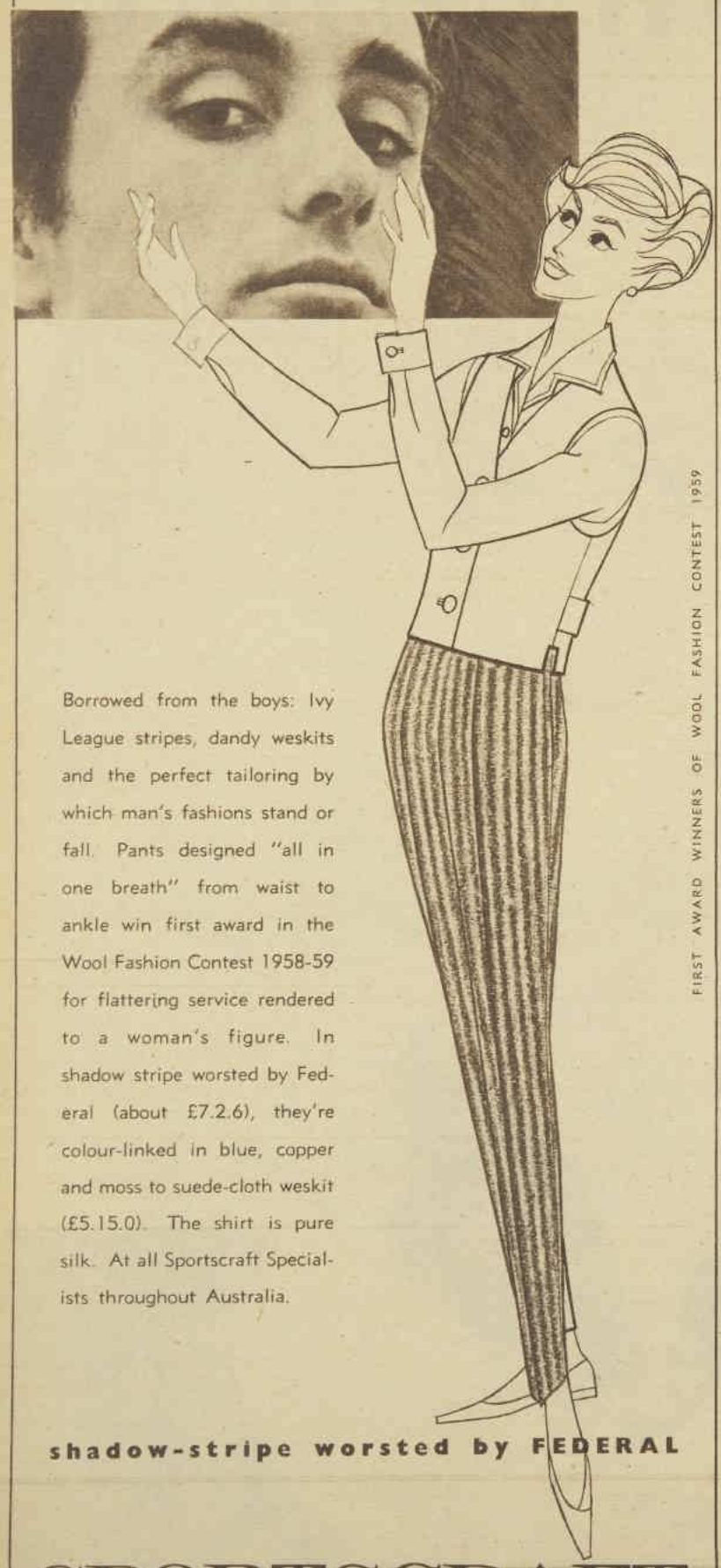
borrowed from the boys...



Borrowed from the boys: Ivy League stripes, dandy weskits and the perfect tailoring by which man's fashions stand or fall. Pants designed "all in one breath" from waist to ankle win first award in the Wool Fashion Contest 1958-59 for flattering service rendered to a woman's figure. In shadow stripe worsted by Federal (about £7.2.6), they're colour-linked in blue, copper and moss to suede-cloth weskit (£5.15.0). The shirt is pure silk. At all Sportscraft Specialists throughout Australia.

shadow-stripe worsted by FEDERAL

SPORTSCRAFT

S9

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Our cover

● Black and white is the most dramatic combination of the Paris winter collections. The black gown, by Patou, is highlighted with white mink. The same fur is used for the cap, which is typical of Paris winter millinery.

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The Weekly Round

● Betty McKay, who wrote the "Manual for Women Drivers" in this issue, is a familiar figure on Australia's car-racing circuits.

WITH stop watches and lap charts she acts as a computer for her husband, racing driver David McKay.

She signals him his position, the number of laps to go, lap times, and the times between his and opposing cars.

Her husband frowns on any thought of her competing.

He asked her to give up polocrosse, a sport at which she was outstandingly good, because he thought it "too dangerous."

Similarly, he doesn't ask her to act as his navigator on trials, believing it to be "no job for a woman."

David McKay, who admits he sets a higher driving standard for his wife than he would for anyone else, says:

"Betty was a fine horsewoman and she has the same light, sympathetic touch with a car.

"She also has the rare gift of being able to maintain high touring averages with safety.

"She drives all my cars. She uses the Jaguar for shopping and leaves me the Volkswagen."

FROM this issue we are paying £1/1/- each for all readers' letters published.

If you have something to say—informative, original, or amusing—on a subject you think will interest other readers, write to us.

Don't forget our "Family Affairs" letters. Letters in this section each week also receive £1/1/-.

★ ★ ★

INCLUDING an aircraft in parade of 52 floats for the Bangtail Muster at Alice Springs took a lot of careful planning.

Noni Rowland, who reports the muster on pages 8, 9, and 10, told us: Officials of Connellan Airline, which lent the Cessna aircraft for the pageant, first had to measure the width of Todd Street.

Dodging in and out of the traffic with a tape measure, they found that the street was 50ft. from telegraph pole to telegraph pole, and breathed a sigh of relief. The wing span of the Cessna is 36ft.

On the day of the pageant the company had to rearrange its flight schedule to cover the absence of the Cessna.

NEXT WEEK

● Recipes for 25 casseroles and 12 puddings are featured in a special eight-page Autumn Cook Book in our next issue. Lavishly illustrated with color pictures, the cook book suggests meat, fish, poultry, vegetable, and special-occasion casseroles; baked, steamed, pressure-cooked, boiled, and fried puddings.

the gentle "won't-burn-eyes" action means...

No more tears

from soap in the eyes

Children love it for its "No more tears" secret. You'll love it, too, for the way it sheens as it cleans . . . leaves hair silky-soft and easy to manage.

Johnson's BABY SHAMPOO

STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down — that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood — lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get DOAN'S without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

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The males are putting on airs

Balding men — and women — are often desperately self-conscious. Modern natural-looking wigs boost their social confidence.

● More and more men are wearing wigs and toupees. Their old fear that false hair would be detected by their friends has disappeared with the perfection of the wig-makers' art.

By ***RONALD McKIE***

AT a film-star reception in Melbourne recently someone said, "Fred Astaire wears a toupee. Now, do you think you can pick it?"

Talking to him later, sitting beside him for half an hour, scrutinising every strand of his thin, flat-brushed back hair, I tried to pick that wig and failed dismally.

Which proves only one thing: that if Fred Astaire does wear a wig on public occasions (he doesn't in private life) it's undetectable.

That's the point about the toupee or scalpette or full wig of today. They are so well made and fitted and look so natural that sometimes they even deceive the expert.

Only the other day in a Sydney hair salon not one assistant could tell that a woman in one of the cubicles was wearing a full wig.

The only person who knew was Mr. George—and he had made it.

Mr. George (of John and Andres) has a long tradition of Scottish wig-making behind him.

He learnt his craft from his father, Mr. John, who cut the original fringe for the Queen Mother, before she became Duchess of York, in his hairdressing establishment in Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

Commenting on the male demand for wigs, Mr. George said:

"Balding men, and particularly young men, are much more conscious of their appearance than they used to be.

"Many feel that baldness is a social and business handicap. They develop nervous tensions, become introspective. Some even dislike going out to parties and things like that."

The days are gone when a wig made a man look like a Victorian bar-tender or Harpo Marx.

This is because wigs today are so skilfully made to suit the individual, the hair is so cunningly blended, the hairline is so lifelike.

And, extremely important, wigs are so firmly anchored that they won't blow off, brush off, come off on a rosebush, or lift off with your hat.

FRED ASTAIRE in private life is not too vain (above) to show his thinning hair. The toupee he wears in the film "On the Beach" completely changes his appearance as shown in picture below.

Keeping that hair on

Men can and do wear their wigs under the shower, in the surf, on the sportsfield, dance floor, even in bed—and their wigs don't come off.

"A wig takes about eight days to make," Mr. George says, "and that involves a great deal of skilled work."

He should know, because he and his staff make and look after about 300 wigs each year.

"Naturally, you first talk to the client and find out what he wants, and what will suit him, and even look at old photographs. You study his coloring and the blend of hair he needs.

"The central base of the toupee is pure silk—silk which costs £6 a yard—and around that is fine nylon net. The blended hair is threaded, two or three hairs at a time, through the material and knotted inside.

"It's the root end of each hair which is knotted, or the hair wouldn't lie naturally.

"There are about 50,000 hairs in an average toupee, and many more in a wig.

"The best dark brown hair comes from southern Italy, where there are many hair merchants; the best black hair from Spain and India; and the best natural fair hair from northern Europe, especially Scandinavia. The most expensive hair to buy is white.

"Because the world fashion is for short hair, most wig hair we can buy in Australia is from cuttings, but most imported hair is prepared from combings.

"When you put on a wig you stick down the central part of its base with spirit gum and gum down the hairline. Then you disguise the forehead hairline with a little pancake make-up.

"To keep your wig in good order and to help give it the natural look of being all your own, you brush it every day—and brush it on your head.

"A woman's wig costs between £43/10/- and £55, depending on color and length, and a full wig for a man between £45 and £60, and a toupee between £31/10/- and £37.

"You really need two wigs, but many people do with one, which means that they have to come in and sit while it is being dressed.

"Most women take their wigs off at night and put them on their own blocks. This helps keep the wig in good shape. But many men sleep in their wigs.

FAMOUS for his shaven head, Yul Brynner had a full wig to give him a new look for his role in the film "The Sound and the Fury." Bald by choice, he shaves his head with an electric razor daily.

"The normal thing is to take your wig or toupee off about once every 24 hours to clean your scalp, but, beyond brushing, don't attempt to clean or wash your wig yourself. That is a specialist's job.

"A wig or toupee should be dressed about once a month—cost £1/1/—and reconditioned once a year—cost £5. So your wig can be kept in order for £17/12/- a year.

"Against that, a woman with her own hair who has three permanent waves and 52 hair-sets a year spends about £55 a year."

But one thing has always worried me about wigs. How, if you're bald or balding, do you suddenly take to a wig and expect your friends or workmates not to know?

According to Mr. George, the best time to start wearing a wig is if you move to another town or State or country.

But as this doesn't happen to many people, the next best thing is to build up the illusion that your hair is starting to grow again.

The wig-maker does this by starting you with an almost hairless wig, and building on that over many months until you finish up with a wig which covers your baldness or thinness and suits you.

And in much the same way he can grey your false hair so cleverly and gradually that only you, your wife, and the wig-maker will know that the transformation isn't genuine.

"The most important thing about wearing a wig," Mr. George claims, "is learning to live with it.

"Most people don't like others to know they wear a wig, but a few don't mind, and it's these people who can talk about it quite naturally who have learnt to live with it.

"In my experience the real test of the toupee or full wig is that once bald or balding people put them on and get used to them they seldom want to take them off."

PERSONALITY can be changed by the addition of an undetectable thick, wavy wig or toupee, as demonstrated by these "before and after" pictures.

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NEW!

BUILT-IN* "Germ-Killing" ACTION

Tek ANTI-GERM TOOTHBRUSH

* Here is a great new advance in mouth hygiene! . . . The tufts of new TEK Anti-Germ Toothbrushes are specially treated to kill germs. Not only germs that cling to the tufts after cleaning your teeth, but also germs that collect on the brush while it stands in the bathroom. And they remain active against these germs throughout their natural life.

Insist on TEK — now, more than ever, the best toothbrush money can buy!

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

SOUND ADVICE ABOUT STEREO

● An express train comes whistling in through your front door. You flinch as a jet of steam hisses past your chair and wheels clank over the rail joints at your feet. Then, with a whistle blast trailing away, it fades out the window.

THIS true - to - life "guest" you've had in your living-room is stereophonic sound — the amazing new home entertainment in three dimensions, and the latest achievement in the long battle for perfect, life-like reproduction of sound.

The whistling-train trick with sound-waves will be repeated thousands of times in hi-fi showrooms and devotees' homes this year.

Although frankly a stunt—and stereo sound has MUCH more rewarding uses — it's a symbolic train aboard which the recording and hi-fi industries hope to ride on the biggest sales boom ever.

To the consumer, stereo is still a controversial — even mysterious—development. But the industry is optimistic that it will develop a stranglehold on the music world.

For people puzzled by stereo and its role in home entertainment an expert has prepared the following questions and answers.

● WHAT IS STEREO?

In its three dimensions stereo adds the illusion of depth, direction, and movement to reproduced sound. Instead of listening to music from a loudspeaker you seem to hear it coming from instruments spread round the room.

Your present LPs are called monophonic records, and have one sound-track in the groove. Stereo discs and tapes have two separate sound-tracks.

● HOW IS IT ACHIEVED?

Two sound channels are used instead of one. In fact, stereo calls for doubling-up of everything, starting with the microphones in the recording studio. You need a pick-up that responds individually to each track on the disc or tape, two amplifiers, and two separate speaker systems placed some distance apart in your living-room. The result is overwhelming in its realism.

Two of everything provides independent channels to deliver slightly different images of the original sound into your listening-room. Whether you're at a concert, the opera, or standing at the crossing when an express train passes, each of your ears gets a slightly different impression of the same sound. These tiny differences, when compared in your brain's hearing-centre, add up to a sense of breadth, depth, distance, and direction of sound.

● HOW DOES A STEREOGRAM DIFFER FROM PRESENT HI-FI OUTFITS?

You can't play stereo records on your present radiogram. Its stylus is too big, its pick-up too heavy. You need a special diamond-tipped stylus which feeds the sound-tracks in the groove into two pick-up elements. These are then reproduced through two amplifiers and identical twin speakers. It's like having two radiograms in one—with one looking after the bass and the other the treble.

● WILL IT OUTDATE PRESENT EQUIPMENT?

It does not make present machines immediately old-fashioned, but it seems very likely that within a year or so the stereogram will be standard equipment. A radiogram can be converted for stereo for less than £40, but sound engineers disagree on the success of this.

● WILL STANDARD LP'S PLAY ON A STEREO MACHINE?

Yes, but there'll be no stereo effect. They'll sound just as they do on any other player.

● WHAT DO STEREOGRAMS COST?

Cost of stereograms varies with quality, like everything else, but at present they are selling in Australia for anything between £80 and £300.

● WHAT DO STEREO RECORDS COST?

They now range in price from approximately 44/- (10-inch pops) to 69/- (12-inch classics). Only 33 1-3 r.p.m. records are available here at present, but 45 r.p.m. discs will soon be on sale.

● DOES STEREO SUIT ALL KINDS OF MUSIC?

All types of music are being recorded in stereo, but it's naturally most effective for "massed music," such as orchestras, operas, concertos, musical shows, and jazz bands. A solo voice or instrument hardly needs stereo presentation, but it does sound better because you're listening with the two-eared effect.

● IS MUCH STEREO MUSIC AVAILABLE?

There is a reasonable but not large supply of stereo discs in Australia. The range, however, is wide, and the quantity increasing. At present you can get as much variety as from Brahms' symphonies to "My Fair Lady." Stereo tapes have been available for some time, but average collectors prefer discs.

● IS THE EQUIPMENT CUMBERSOME?

Most stereograms have two units—one the size of your normal radiogram, plus a smaller "add-on" unit, which houses an identical second amplifier and speaker. Ideally, the two should be placed six or eight feet apart.

Mindful of already cluttered living space, particularly in flats, some manufacturers offer "self-contained" stereo-units with both speakers housed in a single cabinet. But unless these units are six to eight feet long, they can give only an illusion of stereo depth and definition.

● DOES YOUR HEARING PRESENT PROBLEMS?

Some people hear much more acutely with one ear than the other. If there's a big difference in sensitivity between your two ears, you may hear little or no difference between stereo and single-channel hi-fi reproduction. In this case save your money and put it into better single-channel equipment.

● HOW TO GET BEST STEREO RESULTS.

You are the maestro, and good records and fine equipment still yield disappointing results unless you pay attention to proper speaker placement and balance. Every room is different, so you'll have to experiment to get the musicians to their proper seats.

Before you try to arrange correct stereo effect, you must balance the loudness of the two speakers.

For the serious music-lover, stereo could be called a "one-man" show, because the best results come from sitting in just the right position. But, generally speaking, no matter where you are in the room, or even outside the room, you'll be impressed by the wide dynamic range of stereo.

● POINTERS ON BUYING.

● Stereo does NOT replace hi-fi. It can only enhance it. You still need the same calibre of distortion-free performance. Avoid machines that try to sneak by under the stereo banner alone.

● Listen to the way the machine reproduces single-channel sound. Ask the salesman to silence first one speaker, then the other. Each channel should give clean, sharp, full-range sound.

● Listen to your favorite kind of music for the stereo demonstration. Don't be fooled by tricky demonstrations that may amaze you for the moment.

● IS STEREO JUST A PASSING FAD?

Most experts think stereo is here to stay, and will grow tremendously in the next few years.

America, meanwhile, provides a clue. In 1958, the stereo discs accounted for 10 per cent. of LP sales, and it's expected that by the end of this year it will stand at one-third.

Many experts do not agree, however, with predictions that stereo will make monophonic sound obsolete. They claim that while stereo is impressive for concentrated listening, and will win many true music-lovers, there will always be a big market for the less demanding types of home listening.

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Our Wool Fashion Parades

• The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., will make Australian fashion history this season by presenting, throughout the Commonwealth, an international collection of high-fashion clothes for morning, noon, and night, interpreted in magnificent woollens.

THE parades open in Sydney with a spectacular gala evening on May 23, and daily parades will be given for the following three weeks.

There are more than 90 garments in the parade valued at over £35,000. Couturiers contributing are Dior and Balmain, of France, Cavanagh, of England, Schuberth, Simonetta, Cappucci, Avolio, and Carosa, of Italy, Schwabe and Staebe-Seger, of Germany. America is represented by a superb collection of casual and spectator sportswear from their leading designers.

Every garment in the parade from playclothes to late-day and "grande toilette" evening gowns are made in wool. Wool, in its new high-fashion guise, will be seen in many forms, in a gossamer weight like sheer silk chiffon, in fluid jewel-colored jersey, in classic tweeds, in new poodle weaves.

The clothes are the couturiers' interpretation of their spring collections in wools. They have done this as a tribute to the Australian woollen industry and to the Australian woman.

This dramatic gesture means that for the first time in Australia's fashion history the high-fashion world's spring line in wool will be shown at the beginning of the winter season, that the clothes-conscious Australian woman will be in line —not six months behind—the European woman.

National event

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to be associated in an event of such national importance—an event that highlights the importance of Australia's wool industry.

But patriotism in fashion is not enough. And Australian wool, loomed to lissomness by weavers with a tradition of centuries of fine work behind them, does not make a collection.

Australian wool plus the inspiration of the world's finest couturiers DOES.

The clothes for the parade were all chosen after a couturier tour of the world's fashion centres by David Jones' fashion director, Mr. Frank Cox, and our representatives in Europe.

"COQUELICOT," by Dior, one of the dresses in our Wool Parades. Made in the new Dior-red, it is worn with a necklace of black jet matched with long suede gloves.

Top fashion models from France, Italy, and America will fly to Australia for our Wool Parades. They will be joined here by two of Australia's leading models and a German model.

Already preparing for the trip are three internationally famous models, Carol Dumont, of France, Marzia Becchio, of Italy, and Natha Smith, of New York.

Marzia is 22, an auburn-haired madcap. Her name is tradition in Italy for people born in March and colloquially translated means "March mad." The madness involved is a gay madness embodied in the old saying "Mad as a March hare."

Envied model

Marzia is the most envied girl in the highly competitive couturier model class in Rome today. For since the astounding success of our Italian parades in 1955 an Australian tour has been regarded as the highest model award.

As soon as her Australian tour was announced Italy's leading couturier, Schuberth, engaged her at a fabulous figure for his next collection in August.

One of the first girls to congratulate her was dark-eyed Eletta Polvani, who since her success in our 1955 tour has become Italy's top model.

French Carol is described as "black and exciting as night." She is 28, tall and willowy, with straight black hair, jet-black eyes, and olive skin. A Dior model, she has gone to London now to work for Hardy Amies and "get some English" for her Australian tour.

Natha Smith, of New York, is 29, married, with a six-year-old daughter. She has that trim, New World look that seems to go with models from America.

The three girls will rendezvous in London before they fly to Australia.

Most exciting parade news for most women is that the spring line is natural—the waist is back in place, belts are worn.

Skirts are longer, but still short, with the hemline never lower than two inches below the knee. Shoes are still pointed, long, and narrow, hats are back.

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Leroy's wool-award winner in sheerest printed wool by Classweave

This is the year you will go gay in wondrously soft fine wool — printed wool that glows with a richness of colour you've never known in any other fabric. In gossamer wool sheers, beautiful jerseys, or heavy textured hopsacs, top designers are featuring their "best for 1959" in glorious printed wool —

★ LEROY ★ SHARENE CREATIONS ★ ELEGANCE
★ DOMINEX ★ NINETTE ★ SPORTSCRAFT ★ HILTON
★ GALA GOWNS ★ FLAMINGO BLOUSES ★ MISS GLOWEAVE
and many other famous fashion names

this is the year of printed WOOL

AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU FW1

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IS SINATRA COMING TO SERENADE AVA?

● Frank Sinatra — due in Australia this month — has twice set out to come here. The first time, in 1955, he made it. The second time, two years ago, he took a huff at Honolulu and flounced back to America.

By ***DOROTHY DRAIN***

THAT 1957 fiasco looked like costing Sydney promoter Lee Gordon somewhere round £40,000. Later Sinatra set the books straight by giving some American performances under the Gordon banner.

Now he is coming back—and at his own request.

The interesting question is—why? Having grossed two million dollars last year, actor-singer Sinatra doesn't need money.

Maybe he likes Australia. Or Australia may be more interesting because his ex-wife, Ava Gardner, is here.

Sinatra was already separated from Ava when he made his first trip here, though the divorce didn't go through for another two years.

The popular story in 1955 was that he still carried a torch for Ava. He was still so touchy on the subject that his protectors warned everyone, "Don't ask him about her."

On that first visit I flew to Fiji to travel back in the same plane with him. I wrote a story, but it wasn't the full story.

Mr. Sinatra, who is exactly like the little girl with the curl, began by being horrid.

By the time we reached Sydney he was very, very nice.

Thinking it over later, especially when Frankie, having been pleasant in Sydney, swept past his airport fans in Melbourne, it seemed a pity not to have told more.

For Sinatra is such a complex man, so thoroughly unpleasant in some ways, so sensitive in others, that a close look at him is of more than usual interest.

At the airport at Nandi, Fiji, I carried a letter of introduction from Lee Gordon.

I gave the letter to Hank Sanicola, Sinatra's manager. "Sure, sure," he said, and handed the letter over.

Sinatra glanced at it, didn't look up, ostentatiously turned his back.

"Never mind," said Sanicola. "He's sometimes a bit touchy at first. You sit with me at lunch at the hotel, and he'll thaw out."

When Sinatra entered the dining-room he cast a harried, sour look at Sanicola and a Lee Gordon offsider—both of whom were busy assuring me cranky Frankie had a heart of gold—and sat down at a table across the room.

"He gets like this," said Sanicola. "I'll fix it on the plane. But just remember one thing. When you do get to talk to him, don't mention Ava Gardner.

"People ask him about Ava Gardner; he just clams up. He just won't talk to you or anybody if you mention Ava Gardner."

HAPPIER DAYS in the Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner affair. The then loving couple are with Jack Benny.

On the plane Sanicola took me into a cabin and introduced me to the other American artists coming to Australia for the show, and to Sinatra's daughter, Nancy, then aged 14.

Nancy, a pretty, pleasant child, was curling her hair and painting her nails. On a chain round her neck she wore a St. Christopher medal.

"It's an old one of Daddy's," she said.

Daddy was still curtained off at the back of the plane. "He's having a sleep," said Sanicola. "He'll be better when he wakes up."

Nancy's remark set me speculating on whether her father's divorce from his first wife, clashing as it must have with his religious beliefs, had contributed to the unhappiness apparent in so much of his behaviour.

I had plenty of time to speculate. Three hours passed. I filled in the first hour or so talking to the other artists, a lively and attractive lot, all happy to discuss themselves.

Then I began to sink into gloom, brooding on a wasted air fare.

At that moment Sinatra, clad in a Hawaiian shirt and looking as sulky as possible, emerged.

"Dorothy here wants to talk to you," began Sanicola. Sinatra said nothing.

"Mr. Sinatra," I began, controlling a quaver, "I've come 3000 miles for this interview . . ."

Nancy looked at her father. Children don't like their fathers to show an unpleasant aspect to strangers.

"Oh, well," ungraciously said The Voice that has made a million females sigh, "you'd better come and sit with me, I suppose."

By that time I was in no humor to gush. Ava Gardner, Lauren Bacall, Lady Beatty, and a host of glamor girls may have found Sinatra attractive, but I couldn't see why.

"I've been reading about you," I said, "and you appear to be an intelligent man. I merely wished to ask you some serious questions."

Sinatra turned. He actually smiled. By accident I had hit on the right approach. .

A man who has been married to Ava Gardner, who in his youth had bobbysoxers ripping his ties off, is impervious to the "I-just-adore-your-records" line.

To call him "intelligent," even in a sour, impersonal voice, was a stroke of luck.

He began to talk. He didn't stop talking for the next hour.

He is an intelligent man. He craves, I think, to be taken seriously as an intellectual.

About his singing he is serious and a little defensive. "Popular songs," he says earnestly, "are the poetry of common people."

He is, I think, an unhappy man. It may be that quality which has made him attractive to so many glamor girls. Some women find a challenge in unhappy men. They think they can cheer them up. I doubt they could cheer up Sinatra.

There is, I believe, only one thing that really makes him happy. I saw a glimpse of it as we circled Sydney Airport and he saw a crowd gathered below to meet him.

He straightened up. A small, secret smile touched the corners of his mouth.

In that hour's talk he almost talked to himself. He spoke of his childhood, his career, his ambitions. He even spoke of his first wife, Nancy.

It crossed my mind to be brave and ask him about Ava Gardner.

But I recalled the advice of a famous war correspondent.

"It's good to be brave when you must," this correspondent had said, "but I always measure the risk. The most important thing is to write the story. To do that you have to stay alive."

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THE BANGTAIL MUSTER

BEARDED BILL WARDBY (it's a real beard), owner of Central Mount Wedge station, played the part of Sir Charles Todd, who, as P.M.G., laid the Overland Telegraph Line to Alice Springs. Alice Springs was named after Todd's wife.

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

• Respectable clergymen furtively covered their tracks when they hid camels in the bush, prisoners in the local gaol painted signs in their cells, and frantic S.O.S. calls went out to Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Darwin for Indian turbans, early police uniforms, tophats, and morning-suits, dray-horses and harness. Alice Springs was staging its first Bangtail Muster.

IT was every man for himself when the town suddenly decided to hold the Muster at six weeks' notice to coincide with the opening of the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London, where the Australian section was set up as a model "Town Like Alice."

Although they didn't have to make a quick muster of stock —a pastoralist carries out a bangtail muster by cutting off a portion of the tail so that when he makes a second check he can quickly see what stock he has missed—the local townspeople had to get ready for the festival in a hurry.

They had no easy access to supplies as do carnival organisers in big cities. The nearest big town is 1000 miles away, telephone calls are expensive, and road and rail transport of goods takes time.

Faced with the prospect of taking part in the pageant depicting early pioneer days of the town, Alice Springs people had to find the correct costumes, decorations, and horse-drawn vehicles to give the necessary historical flavor.

And with the town fast becoming mechanised, dray horses and harness were as scarce as gold nuggets in Sydney's Pitt Street.

But by scouring the neighborhood and with the help of local pastoralists, enough horses and four-wheeled drays were finally found.

Camels, which played such an important part in the transport

Continued on page 10

BARBECUE UNDER THE STARS. One feature of the Bangtail Muster was a giant barbecue in which bullocks weighing 250lb. were spitted.

POST-OFFICE WORKERS show how their counterparts used to go to work in the pioneer days of Alice Springs. The John Flynn Memorial Church is seen in the background.

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A riot of color in the Alice

THE OLD AND THE NEW. Gool Mahomed, representing one of the early Australian Inland Mission padres in the Territory, poses in front of one of the latest modern transports in the Centre—a Cessna aircraft. Gool Mahomed is the son of Peer Mahomed, one of the most famous camel-drivers in Australia.

ABORIGINES, representing the Myall aboriginal party met by John McDouall Stuart during his original explorations, made a colorful addition to the Bangtail Muster Pageant. Later in the evening, the locals were fascinated spectators at corroborees performed by aborigines who came from far northen Australia.

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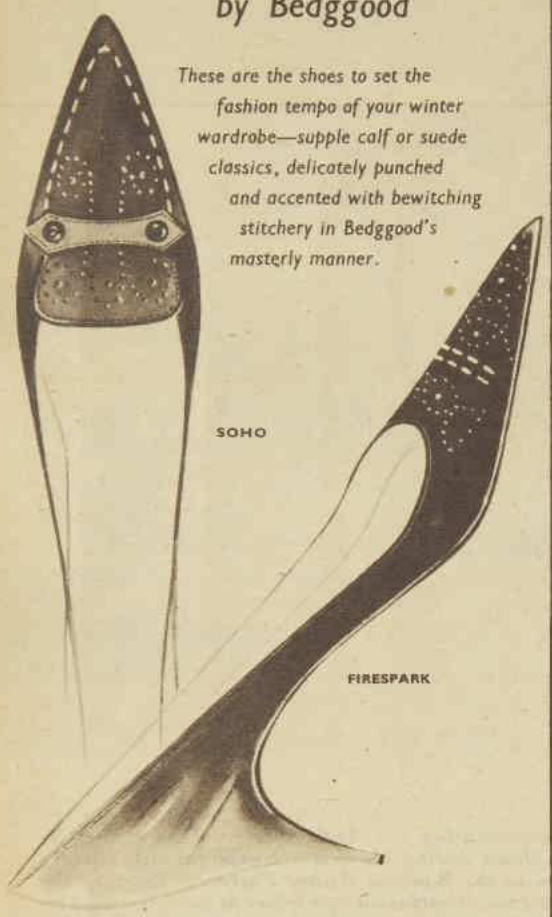
Bewitching Stitchery

by Bedggood

These are the shoes to set the fashion tempo of your winter wardrobe—supple calf or suede classics, delicately punched and accented with bewitching stitchery in Bedggood's masterly manner.



SOHO and FIRESPARK — Bewitching Stitchery models with Tapier Toes and slender heels in Black, Moose, Hennessy and Whisky.

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FEEL THE COMFORT OF THE SOFFLEX CUSHIONED INNER SOLE

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THE BANGTAIL MUSTER

Parson hides camels in bush

LONDON CALLING. Mrs. Colleen Thomson, on whom Nevil Shute, author of "A Town Like Alice," based his character Rose Sawyer, telephoned London to officially open the Australian section of the Ideal Homes Exhibition, which coincided with the Bangtail Muster. Pictured with her making the London call is A.B.C. announcer Mr. Christopher Symons. Some of The Alice townspeople and officials are listening in.

Continued from previous page

of goods to the Centre in its early days, were another necessary ingredient for the success of the pageant.

There are hundreds of camels in the Territory, but most were inaccessible or too wild to ride. And when they were found there was still the problem of getting someone to ride them.

The Reverend Fred McKay, superintendent of the Australian Inland Mission, was quick off the mark.

He made a fast trip to Jay's Creek, a mission reserve about 27 miles out of town, and collected three camels used by the aborigines.

Mr. McKay was also jubilant because he had a rider—Mr. Gool Mahomed, son of Peer Mahomed, one of the most famous early Afghan camel-drivers in the Territory.

Gool Mahomed, a charming man, with warm, laughing, brown eyes, began with the camel trains coming up from Oodnadatta to Alice Springs as a boy.

"There'd be about 60 camels in a train carrying a load of up to 16 tons," he told me as I watched him stitching up an old camel pack he had been lucky enough to find.

"We'd do about 20 miles a day, taking four weeks for the trip."

When he had finished repairing the camel saddle and pack, Gool Mahomed, Mr. McKay, and I drove out in the bush to make sure the camels were safe.

Neither was taking any chances of camel "duffing." They had heard on the town's grapevine that a local storekeeper was also looking for camels for her section of the pageant.

There was great consternation when we arrived on the spot where the camels originally were hobbled to find no trace of them.

Eventually we found them several miles away beside a waterhole, and after that Gool Mahomed took no chances. He arranged to have them safely in his own backyard near the railway, where he is now employed.

All Mr. McKay had to do then was to get a cleryman's collar and stock sent up from Sydney for Gool to wear in the parade in his role of an early Inland Mission padre.

While the clergy were chasing camels the Alice Springs police were wiring to Adelaide and Darwin for early police uniforms.

An Adelaide inspector came to their aid with a sergeant-major's dragoon uniform worn in the 1930s, but when it arrived it posed another problem.

Boot problem

"The coat is built for a six-footer," said Inspector W. McKinnon, who is in charge of the southern police division in the Territory, "but the pants could be worn only by a smaller man.

"And the leather boots are size 6. Where would I find a policeman who could wear size 6 boots?"

However, the police finally got their uniforms — from a store in Adelaide that specialises in hiring costumes.

During all this intriguing for costumes and floats the organisers were worried about decorations for Todd Street, the main street of Alice Springs, and for the oval where the gymnastic displays, footraces, and corroborees were to be held after the pageant.

They had some Government street decorations, but these were in need of repair, and new calico welcome signs had to be made.

Here the town's prisoners came to the rescue.

They repaired tattered bunting and measured out and painted huge signs to go across the street.

All the hard work by committee members and organiser Mr. George Smith paid off in the end.

The Bangtail Muster, after a slow beginning, was a success.

Throughout the week-long celebrations the very serious drought in the area, which is comparable to the devastating droughts of 1902 and 1928, was never far from mind.

With cattle dying in hundreds, most of the pastoralists had no heart for festivities, but the townspeople turned out in force for the most spectacular of the celebrations—the pageant (biggest held in the town), sporting events, and corroborees on the oval.

And at night in the floodlit oval I sat on the grassy lawns completely fascinated, listening to the didgeridoos and watching corroborees staged by natives specially brought down from Melville Island, Delissaville, and from Milingimbi, in north-eastern Arnhem Land.

Overhead the stars were six times bigger than you ever see them in the built-up cities, and the mulga trees rustled in the slight breeze.

The chanting and droning music went on and on against the roar of excitement from another group of spectators watching boxing events in a floodlit ring.

The Bangtail Muster ended on a more sedate note with a ball at which two bands played European music until 2.30 a.m.

The only other climax to the Muster that would have pleased the Centralians more was a steady downpour of rain to bring the parched country back to life again.

SURE
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Right through active summer days, Sure keeps you fresh and safe. This amazing new anti-perspirant deodorant stick by Goya really does stop perspiration as well as odour, gives you double safety. You'll never be guilty of unpleasant underarm odour if you use Sure every day. There's no mess, no bother with Sure's pretty push-up case. It strokes on in seconds. Use Sure and be sure every day.

Goya

7/9

Pretty Powder

Make beauty gains with subtle powdering. For you, the blonde, there is extra beauty in sun tan peach. Your hair is black, then look to rachel. You're auburn, then peaches and cream or biscuit will bring out your true loveliness. There are shades really for you, and don't forget to take skin tone and dress into account. For day-long unblemished powdering, first cleanse, bleach, and tone the face and neck with your lemon delph, then smooth over with oil of ulan before tinting or powdering.

. . . *Margaret Merril.*

Beauty Hint:

Sensational Hairdressing News

A setting that creates semi-permanent waves! Takes no more time than an ordinary set Creates soft "natural" waves that last well

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AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

THE scenic grandeur of Tasmania's mountain country is seen in this aerial picture of Cradle Mountain (5069ft.) and Barn Bluff (5114ft.), rising behind Dove Lake in the Cradle Mountain, Lake St. Clair National Park. This 525-square-mile area of lakes and mountains, largest of Tasmania's scenic reserves, lies in the Central Highlands about 40 miles south-west of Devonport. Every year hundreds of walkers and climbers travel there from all over Australia. The first white man to climb Cradle Mountain (left) was explorer Henry Hellyer in 1831. Heavy snowfalls and blizzards sweep the region, even in summer. This picture was taken by N. R. Harvey, of Launceston.

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shining silken-soft
and lovely !

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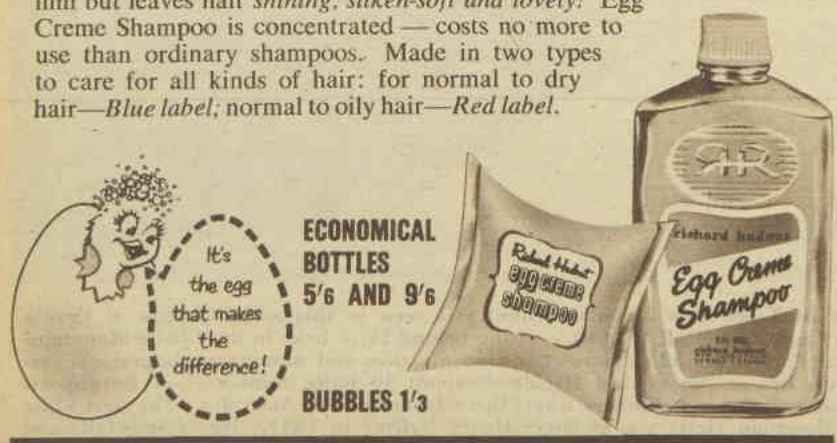

ECONOMICAL BOTTLES 5/6 AND 9/6
BUBBLES 1/3

ECS30.143

"I told you to tidy up the house—not the CUBBY-House!"

It seems to me

By

AUSTRALIA'S older actresses have reason to be grateful to local playwrights.

In "The Slaughter of St. Teresa's Day," the Trust Players' first production at the Elizabethan Theatre, there's a wonderful fruity role for veteran actress Dorothy Whiteley, who plays Aunt Essie.

And she makes the most of it.

To some extent the part resembles that of Emma in the "Doll."

Both the characters are tough old girls, battlers with a shrewd wit acquired over long, hard lives.

"Slaughter"—as it is regrettably being called—is a lively, amusing play that deserves a good run.

It won the General Motors-Holden's 1958 prize for its 27-year-old author, Peter Kenna.

There are some faults. The first act is too slow. There is some rather overdone comedy about a pair of tight corsets at the beginning and a speech that's far too long in the second act.

For these trifles no blame attaches to Neva Carr-Glyn, who wears the corsets, or Frank Waters, who makes the speech.

Both of them—and, indeed, the whole cast—give full value to a play that contains some acute observation of human behaviour and talk.

It's a pity about the name. When I first heard of it I thought it must be about riots in a European city. It was a surprise to find that it's set in Sydney's underworld.

* * *

WHENEVER a new cleaning product comes on the market the manufacturers must rub their hands in glee and say, "Well, we're sure of selling one packet the first week."

Though sceptical about the claims for some goods, I am an easy mark for cleaners.

When they promise miracles, miracles are just what I expect.

In a sense many of them do accomplish a miracle—they make me attack with pleasure some piece of floor, patch of tile, or area of paintwork on which I have gazed unmoved for a month.

The part I like best is reading the directions. I wonder if manufacturers know how important the directions are?

For instance, I am impressed by one new product, not because I am certain that it is superior to other products in its class, but because the instructions say: "Dissolve two tablespoons in half a bucket of water."

"Half a bucket" is a quantity with an immediate appeal. Women dislike gallons and half-gallons.

Nobody minds pints. Most kitchens have a two-pint measuring-jug. And two cups to one pint (regardless of the size of the cups) is near enough for most of the ladies.

But remembering how many pints to a quart and quarts to a gallon is a strain. As for gills! I hate gills.

"Half a bucket" is a masterstroke.

A SURVEY of Hollywood's broken marriages of the past 25 years made interesting reading when it was published recently.

The author of it had collected the remarks made by husbands or wives on the reasons that led to divorce.

These covered the full range of marital discord, though some had a flavor peculiar to Hollywood.

They ranged from Anne Shirley's charge against John Payne ("He was rude to my mother") to Olivia de Havilland's complaint of Marcus Aurelius Goodrich ("I had to read in the newspapers that he had been married four times previously").

The most touching reason was given by old-time comedian Buster Keaton, who said of his wife, Elizabeth: "She didn't think I was funny."

Of all the fates that could befall a comedian, could any be worse than this—to marry a woman who didn't think him funny?

It is incompatibility in its most acute form.

But you must spare some sympathy for the wife, too.

Suppose she married a tragedian: Tears are easy to simulate.

Suppose she married a painter: She could always say, with her head on one side, "Well, that's very interesting."

If he were a writer, she could pretend to like his novels.

But when a man's a comedian positive action is required. You have to laugh.

If you can laugh when you are not amused, you should be on the stage yourself.

* * *

EVER wish, as you lug home the provisions from the shopping centre, that you were a gilded beauty whose parcels came home in a Cadillac?

Every woman does. But I heard of one the other day who makes the best of her lot as it is. She carries a string bag embroidered with pearls.

* * *

THE news that a Townsville doctor has a lawn that does not need mowing caused enormous interest among gardeners. The grass is commonly called Korean grass. Its botanical name is Zoysia japonica.

When they're writing up the record
And totting up the score
Of the steps in human progress
By the men who went before—

There'll be those who worked with ploughshares
And those who fought with swords,
And some who moved the others
With lofty thoughts and words.

And there's one won't be forgotten,
Not while grass and flowers grow,
He, the saviour of the suburbs,
Found the lawn you needn't mow.

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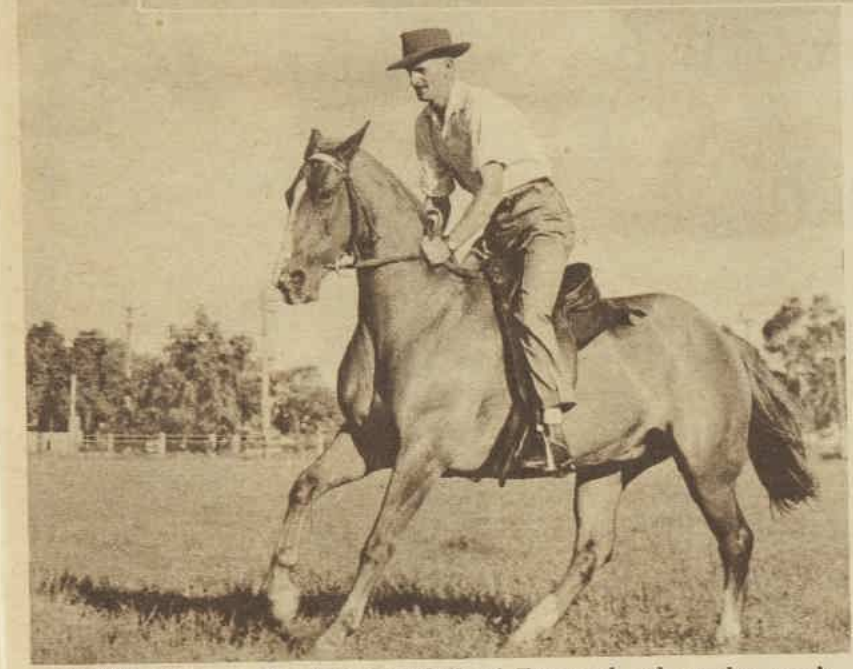
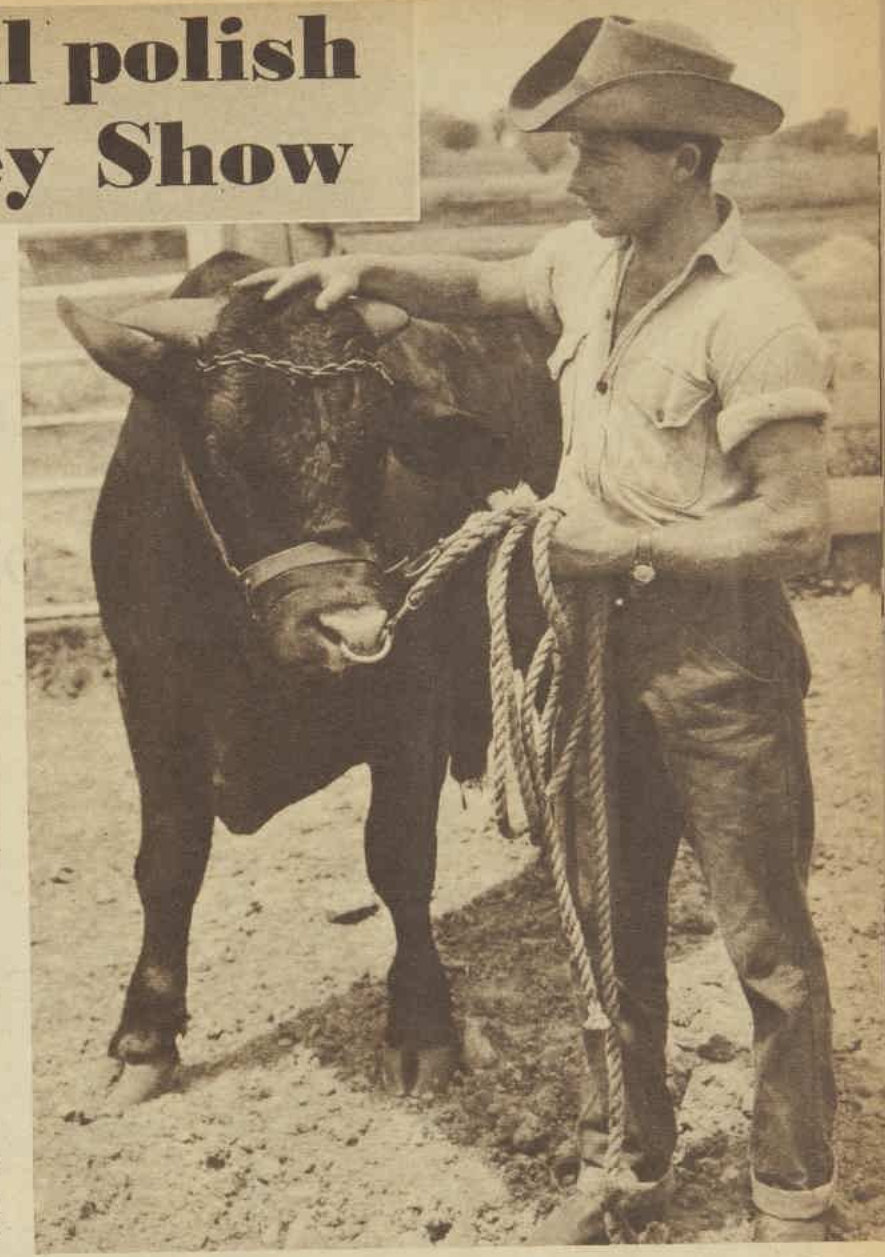
Bees wear nail polish for the Sydney Show



RIDING Gleam is Mr. Max Campbell, of Tamworth, who at last year's Show won the World Championship Camp Draft on this horse. Gleam, a light Galloway, is trained for drafting. They will compete this year.



GOONOO MONKEY, one of the bulls of the Santa Gertrudis breed from "Goonoo Goonoo," near Tamworth, is held by Barry Hobson. This is one of two bulls—the other is Goonoo Mandrake—being sent to the Show.

● Sydney's Royal Easter Show is the "shop window of the State." From Tamworth down through the Hunter Valley staff reporter HELEN FRIZELL and staff photographer JIM ELLARD did some advance window-shopping of exhibits ready for the Show.

THEY were on a Royal Agricultural Society tour sponsored by Shell and Shell Chemicals.

They saw—

● **"Ladylike Caucasians"**—mild-mannered queen bees who don't go in for stinging, but identify themselves more subtly by wearing dobs of scarlet nail polish on their backs.

Apiarist Mr. Ian Dutton, of Manilla, imported the queen bees from U.S.A. (the pedigree-marking nail polish was painted on them), will package them for the Show, display them in a glass observation case, feed them on honey and water.

Favorite delicacy for queen bees is "royal jelly." The Dutton family—Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, Melissa, 13, Ian, 17, Pauline, 12, and Christopher, 3½—all eat it.

"Wonderful for you," says Mrs. Dutton, who also uses royal jelly as a face cream.

● **Mandrake**, a beefy bull of the Santa Gertrudis breed, from historic "Goonoo Goonoo," out of Tamworth. He has a ring through his nose, the initials P.R. over C. branded on his hide.

The letters stand for "Peel River Land and Mineral Co. Ltd.," which operates properties through N.S.W., Queensland's Barkly Tableland, and the Kimberleys of Western Australia.

"Goonoo Goonoo," settled in the early 19th century, once covered 313,000 acres, including the present site of Tamworth, has now an area of 26,500 acres. The property, like a village in itself, has school, church, main homestead, 14 houses, and airstrip.

● **Green-panic eaters** — Poll Herefords from Dr. D. N. F. Leake's out-of-Tamworth property, "Bahreenah." Green panic, a plant, not a state of mind, helps form diet of Show entry "Bahreenah Rehearsal 17th," a gentle-natured bull who doesn't mind in the least when four-year-old Jane Leake rides on his back.

● **Well-groomed turkeys** from "Sunny Ridge," Wallabadah, where 12,000 birds roam the range, under farm manager Ken Heath. The selected few off to Sydney will have their combs, wattles, feet, and legs scrubbed with soap and water, then massaged with olive oil, have their white feathers whitened by a cold-water rinse, and a rub down with silk rag and methylated spirit.

Seen, too, at "Sunny Ridge" was Flip, a two-year-old sheepdog who's never rounded up sheep—only turkeys.

● **Prize beef:** Mr. Jock Robertson, of "Turan," Scone, at 27 one of Australia's youngest cattle judges, is sending four bulls and four heifers to the 1959 Show, says that, when producing beef, "You look for the greatest production on the butcher's block in the minimum of time."

● **Dried Milk.** Produced by the cow, in usual liquid form, then spray-dried in the modern Muswellbrook factory of the Hunter Valley Co-operative Dairy Company Ltd., this milk powder beat entries from all over the world at a recent London Dairy Exhibition.

● **Hunter River Valley wines.** The wine industry, unlike the milk, isn't mechanised. Once pickers take the grapes from the vines, old-fashioned methods are the best. You can't hurry a good wine.

At Lindeman's wooden rollers squeezed juice gently from the grapes; at McWilliams' loads of grapes were tipped into a stainless steel press; at Tulloch's five men crushed a ton of grapes by grasping long handles.

Then, like old-time sailors walking around the capstan, they strode backwards and forwards till the juice was squeezed out, only grape-shells left.

WINE is hand-bottled at Tulloch's Hunter River Valley vineyard by, from left, Bob Burns, his son, Lyndley, and Keith Tulloch. They bottle 10,000 gallons a year.

JUNIOR FARMER Roslyn Burns, 17, with produce on sample stand set up at Mr. A. Poole's property, "Llanillo." Ierry's Plains.

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SOCIAL JOTTINGS

● ***Two very pretty weddings next month, with Margaret Edwards and Caroline Graham both choosing April wedding days.***

Margaret marries Gordon McFadyen — he's the elder son of the Lionel McFadyens —at All Saints', Woollahra, on April 1. Her attendants will be Julia Arnott, Mrs. Trevor Potts, and Patti Griffin.

Caroline and her fiance, Garry Seaton, have chosen April 23 for their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and Caroline's four pretty bridesmaids will be Adrienne Hill, Sally Crossing, Jan McWilliam, and Gail Goodall. Caroline is the Francis Grahams' only daughter.

• • •

I'M looking forward to the Peter Pan Ball at Prince's on March 20—always THE glamor night of the Easter season, it promises to be better than ever this year. There'll be lots of guests over from Victoria, including Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke, the Jack de Littles (remember he was a super polo-player), and yachting brothers Frank and John Livingston. And last but not least, Sabrina will arrive about 11.30 escorted by Noel Vincent.

THEN on Tuesday, March 24, the young fry from both city and country will be arriving in full force for the Broadbrimmers' Ball at the Trocadero — in true country style, they'll dance from 9 till 3.

• • •

HERE'S a date for your diary . . . March 21, when the Kooroora Club will celebrate their thirtieth anniversary with a dinner party at Glen Ascham.

• • •

THERE'S always something for everyone at the Royal Easter Show — and this year there's an added attraction for the artistic housewives. Four of the Kelvinator refrigerators, decorated by leading Australian artists, will be on show before their auction with seven others in David Jones' Great Restaurant on March 25. And if you can't get out to the Showground, the seven others will be on show for a week in the Great Restaurant. Don't forget the proceeds go to the Torchbearers for Legacy.

Anne

COUNTRY WEDDING. Mrs. Robert Hill, formerly Patricia Andreas, in the garden of her Bowral home with her attendants (from left), Denby and Julia Westbrook, Margaret Andreas, Mrs. Michael Biddulph, and Pam Hill. INSET: Robert Hill and his bride. Robert is the son of the Jack Hills, of Mudgee.

SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Margaret's Church, Turramurra, are Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Badham-Jackson. The bride was formerly Elaine Crawford, the only daughter of Mrs. G. M. L. Crawford and the late Brigadier J. W. Crawford.

AT LEFT: Picnic lunch between races at Flemington, Victoria, for (from left) Mr. Massey Burnside, Mrs. Claudia Creswick, Mr. Kenneth Crawford, of "Nooroona," Holbrook, Mrs. Crawford, and Mr. Terry Greene.

AT LEFT: Debutante Virginia Campbell (left) with Andrew Ferry, Primrose Lysaght, of Wollongong, and Jean Michel Heintz, at Virginia's coming-out dance in Melbourne.

YOUNG FIRST-NIGHTERS Fran Morrison (left), David Brown, and Suzanne Baker at the opening of the new Australian play "The Slaughter of St. Teresa's Day" at the Elizabethan Theatre.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Julian Gardner, who were married at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. The bride was formerly Helen Ruhfus, of Neutral Bay. They met in London, and will make their home there.

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All the charm of childhood

● These portraits, reproduced with their sitters, were painted by Paul Fitzgerald, who hopes, through his work, to arouse more interest in child portraiture. The subject, he feels, has been neglected in Australia. Paul Fitzgerald returned to Melbourne two years ago after painting children overseas.

ARTIST Paul Fitzgerald (left) with 10-year-old Joanna Myer and his portrait of her. Joanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Myer, Melbourne, is wearing her Laureston school uniform.

CLARINDA MOLYNEUX, seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bing (G. C.) Molyneux, and her portrait. The artist spends the first of his three sittings getting to know his subject.

BROTHERS James, Edward, and William (arm in sling) beside Paul Fitzgerald's painting of them sailing at Sorrento, Victoria. In the portrait, from left, are James, 9, William, 7, and Edward, 5. The three boys, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Darren Baillieu, Toorak, sat separately for the painting.

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captured forever on canvas

ELIZABETH NATHAN, aged seven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Nathan, Toorak, copied the pose of the portrait for this photograph. Artist Fitzgerald is married to TV star Mary Parker, sister of Michael Parker, former secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh.

FAVORITE football clothing was chosen by Charles Baillieu, 6 (above), son of Mr. and Mrs. John Baillieu, Toorak, for his portrait.

AGED EIGHT, Andrew McKenzie Richardson (left), the eldest of Sir Frank and Lady Richardson's three sons, was a serious-faced sitter.

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PEA SOUP	15 MINS.	2 hours
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Namco Pressure Cooking is the modern, magic way to cook that cuts kitchen hours, keeps precious vitamins alive in the food and brings out all the flavour.
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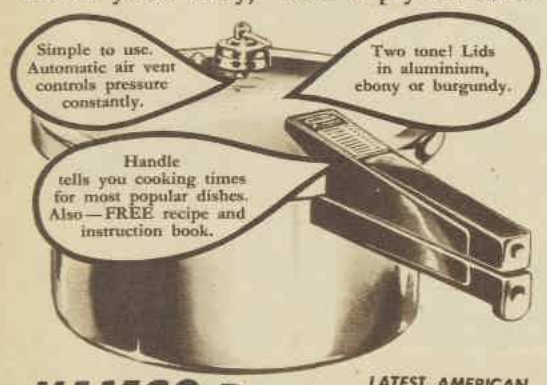

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Toy guns should be banned

ARE toy pistols, guns, etc., a good thing? I think it is bad to give children the idea that shooting at people is right. Some say that children have played these games for centuries without harm, but is this true? After a stay in hospital I was appalled to find my young son slinking around the doorpost, pointing a finger, and making shooting noises—learnt from an older boy during my absence. I do not wish to make my boy one apart—wanting to be the same as the gang is very natural. But war is terrible, and I would hate to feel that we have contributed to its support in any way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. L. Jennings, Lower Ferntree Gully, Vic.

Sex equality

I WISH John Adamson (18/2/'59) had made himself clear. He argues, among other things, that, because women have an equal right to smoke on public buses, to the discomfort of non-smoking men, they also have an equal right to stand. Is he referring to carcer women only, or does he mean that he would not offer his bus seat even to a young mother struggling with children and provisions? We young mothers work an 80-hour week for no pay—never have money for cigarettes, let alone time to smoke them in public buses. In fairness to us, women who are striving to attain equality with men should wear trousers, so that they can be recognised as such.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. R. Morley, North Bundaberg, Qld.

Deafness

THIS is a plea for the mildly deaf, which includes myself. When in company we are often embarrassed because few people understand how to talk to us. Two things are necessary: do not speak loudly, but sound each syllable clearly; and look straight at the deaf person while speaking, as lip-reading is helpful.

£1/1/- to J. Graham, Ballina, N.S.W.

Germ-carriers

I MUST complain about the number of selfish mothers who thoughtlessly take their children, suffering from infectious complaints, into contact with other children. One mother brought three sick children, covered with sores, to our Baby Health Centre for sister's advice. They had chicken-pox, and had been sitting among mothers and young babies while waiting. When a child becomes sick and feverish, mothers should call the doctor—that's what he's for.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), West Heidelberg, Vic.

Boredom

AS a worker for a charity organisation I meet many housewives—and most are bored with life. Even with children, they still have time left with nothing to do. Most of them are struggling to save, so why don't they learn to earn a little money by making ornaments or small rugs for children? These will always find a market at a local shop, or among friends and neighbors.

£1/1/- to "Rosne" (name supplied), South Perth, W.A.

Mites!

ON the shop counter of my business is a collecting-box for a charitable organisation. Women are slightly more generous than men, but children are astounding. They come in, ask for a sixpenny line, see the box, then say, "I'll have a threepenny one," and put the change in the charity box. They do this several times a week.

£1/1/- to Rex Smyth, Nunawading, Vic.

Extra parties

WHY wait for Christmas or birthdays to give the children a party? When there isn't a party date in sight and the children are feeling a bit fed-up with themselves I put on a party, with caps and all the trimmings, just to cheer them up. It works wonders.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. McGuinness, Coburg, Vic.

How late?

IT would be a good idea if theatres would publish finishing as well as starting times for films, plays, or pantomimes in the school holidays. This would assist a mother who also has to prepare an evening meal for father. If she knew she was going to be late she could plan accordingly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Hislop, Attadale, W.A.

Misspending

WHY do so many families with small incomes spend such a lot on going to the pictures or other entertainment, and then grumble about not being able to buy this or afford that? If entertainment money were put aside each week, with some desired article as the goal, it would not be long before the combined effort would make the purchase possible.

£1/1/- to Miss Elizabeth White, Redland Bay, Qld.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Brushes for young shavers

I ALWAYS had trouble in getting my two young children to wash their necks, behind their ears, etc., until I hit upon this idea. I produced a shaving-brush, just like Dad's, for them to use as their own. There is no more trouble getting them to wash, and preparing for bed is now like a game to them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Carroll, Pyramid Hill, Vic.

Room on wheels

THE problem of providing Junior with a room of his own and at the same time, with limited finance, continuing to have family holidays cheaply was solved by the purchase of a caravan. It stands where ultimately the bedroom extension will be made, and the young occupant is very proud of his "own quarters." When holidays come, all the family moves to seaside or country — something which would not have been possible had the limited funds available been spent adding another room to the house.

£1/1/- to E. Parsons, Canberra, A.C.T.

Ross Campbell writes...

THEY'RE RACING!

I WAS listening to a description of a race, the Benelong Guineas, on the radio.

Merv Gabb, the well-known commentator, was speaking with his usual fluency.

"At this juncture it's Widgie Bride half a length in advance of Wonder Drug," he said, "closely followed by Stimulant, Pharmacy, and Battery Boy. On the outside Tumbleweed is coming into the picture—Jockey Fixall is going for the doctor—with Usherette, Elvis, and Simple Simon two lengths behind, then Sleepwalker, Inhibited, Opium Girl, and last of the lot is Sedative as they turn for the run in to the judge."

It is amazing how these race-describers can identify horses so quickly.

They must know a great many horses, and have a wonderful memory for their faces.

The men who describe football matches on the radio are nearly as clever, in their own way.

They can correctly name players who are tangled in a heap on the other side of the field, with their jerseys covered in mud.

A man needs natural aptitude to succeed in this type of broadcasting.

Otherwise he may have the disappointing experience of a young fellow named Len who lives out our way.

Len is an indoor type, but for

some reason he set his heart on being a sports broadcaster.

They tried him out first at a Rugby League match.

Unfortunately it was a muddy day, and all the players looked alike. Poor Len became very confused.

"A big chap has got the ball," he said. "I think he's Jones, of North Sydney. No, he's running the other way. He must be someone from South Sydney. A little chap is tackling him—it might be Smith. No, it can't be Smith, he's got a broken ankle. Perhaps it's Brown . . ."

After that they tried him as a racing commentator. It was only a minor race, the Crows Nest Handicap, but it was a major disaster for Len.

In the final stretch he told listeners: "Two horses are running neck and neck, a black one and a brown one with a white forehead. It's terribly exciting! Just a minute, I'll look up the book and see what their names are. Yes, I think the black horse is called High Voltage. Oh, what a pity—the race is over! I didn't see who won."

They took Len off race broadcasting. He should never have been in the hands of the starter.

He's doing better now running a session called 200 Top Tunes, where less mental effort is required.

Len's story shows that a race broadcaster must show form right from barrier rise. He can't expect a saloon passage to the major money.

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"Hugh, Hugh, where are you?" Joyce Mitchell cried out before she realised he had come up behind her.

Cone of Silence

BRITISH civil aviation circles are shocked when a Phoenix jet airliner, a plane that is considered perfect by the men who designed and built her, fails to take off from the runway at Ranjibad airport, and crashes. At the court of inquiry veteran pilot CAPTAIN GEORGE GORT tells how he could not make the plane become airborne, although he was flying it according to all the rules. The Queen's Counsel SIR ARNOLD HOBBES seems to establish from Gort's evidence that the plane's nose was too high, but Gort denies this. CAPTAIN HUGH DALLAS, in charge of training the jet pilots, agrees that the Phoenix can never fly if her nose is too high. When he leaves the court he is stopped by a pretty blond girl whom he mistakes for a reporter. He tells her he is convinced the crash was the result of "pilot's error." Later he discovers the girl to be CHARLOTTE, Gort's only daughter, and implacably loyal to her father.

At a party at the Gort's home the pilot tells his guests, who include his old friend and former pilot, Phoenix fleet superintendent EDWARD MANNINGHAM, that he is sure the plane's outer engines faded at the critical moment of take-off. After the party Charlotte tells her father Dallas has asked her out, but she refused his invitation, feeling his evidence at the inquiry had been hostile to her father.

The inquiry's results are released and "pilot's error" is the verdict. Manningham, knowing the airways company is desperately short of pilots, decides Gort should go on flying and asks Dallas to give him a further check flight. NOW READ ON:

By David Beaty

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

HE'S going to miss it, Hugh Dallas thought to himself; he's going to miss it, anyway.

He watched the huge sunburned hands gripping the stick too tightly, making controlled but still awkward little movements as Gort flew Phoenix Victor Kilo on instruments along the south-east leg of Hunnington Range. Not like he flew it. Not like a young pilot would fly it at all — flowing in with the machine, indissolubly joined in a flesh-and-metal marriage — but as though the aircraft was a strong, wild animal, to be subdued by his strength and will. He was the master; the Phoenix was the servant. Well, he'd been doing all right till now. Pity, then, that now he was going to miss it.

The evening light, streaming through his clear windscreen, soaked everything — the airbrake lever, the ebony co-pilot's controls, the typewritten "Jet Pilots' Routine Check" that lay already half filled in on the throttle box — in a kind of thin amber juice.

The other side of the cockpit was bright green. On the captain's windows the instrument flying screens were up. Gort, in dark spectacles, looking like a blind man, hunched over the few things he could properly see — the compass, the artificial horizon, the gyro, the airspeed indicator, the altimeter — his eyes in this black world through which, even though the inboard engines were throttled right back, he was hurtling at 170 knots, listening to the only sound that mattered: the Morse drone of the range.

Dallas adjusted the earphones over his head, heard the clicking Ns on the edge merge into the steady note of the middle of the leg, then go right through to the other side — the beam here was narrowing, they were getting closer — into clicking As.

Gort made a slight turn to port. He appeared to be still bracketing — trying to gauge the drift effect of the wind on the aeroplane. Another left turn. Back into the beam. Now he'd over-corrected: clicking Ns, muzzy Ns, twilight Ns. Then unmistakable, naked — clear Ns. Dah dit. Dah dit.

An alarm signal, a warning to do something.

But Gort did nothing. He was going to go clean over to the other side of the range, get panicky because the cone hadn't shown up, and then proceed to a let-down five miles or so beyond the station. Something that even experienced airmen did, something that had caused hundreds of accidents, cost thousands of lives. There was only one thing you could do with pilots who descended through cloud, not knowing where they were. Fail them.

Dallas was not altogether sorry. It would be a clear-cut case. There would be no alternative. No point in giving him another chance, either. They weren't trying to push him through, after all. They were only trying to be fair to him, and after his check (Dallas said to himself, stirring in the left-hand seat, listening to the whine of the outboards) justice would have been done. He would have had his chance. It would have been proved conclusively that it would be better for everybody if Captain Gort was kept off the Phoenix.

Clear Ns still. Dah dit. Dah dit. Louder than ever.

The instructor glanced at the altimeter. Still 4000 feet. He was keeping his height well. The airspeed was rocking around — but, then, it was blustery up here. He was making Gort fly on the aural signal of the range, technically the simplest let-down aid in the aircraft, the one least likely to go wrong — just an ordinary radio set, that was all. No visual aids whatsoever. No pointing needle of the radio compass allowed. No flashing fan lights to denote position. The best instrument flying test, he had always found. The pilot had to keep his wits about him to keep orientated, as well as having to cope with flying the aircraft blind.

Clear Ns still. Loud and clear. Dah dit.

He saw Gort turn down the volume. So he must be hearing it. He was making small movements. The wings were rocking a little. The gyro swung five degrees to starboard on

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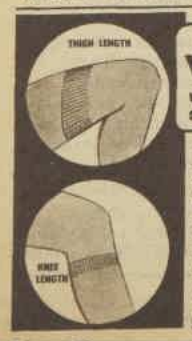

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The night the cat stayed out

An exciting mystery story

By MICHAEL GILBERT

MATRIX STREET is an outpost. On both flanks rises the advancing tide of bed-sitting-rooms and shops; behind it, in the open space caused by a landmine in 1940, office blocks have risen. In Matrix Street the little houses, with their three white steps leading to their gay front doors, still belong to people. People live in them.

They are not the sort of people who trouble the police except when their chimneys catch fire or they lose their dogs. Detective-Constable Patrick Petrella was on his way to see a retired Colonel who had been using a real Smith and Wesson .455 revolver to shoot imaginary rats in his back garden. He was using Matrix Street as a short cut. Outside No. 15 he noticed Miss Flint's large tortoiseshell cat, Tinker, sitting on the low wall beside Miss Flint's porch. As he went past Tinker looked at him and lifted the side of his velvet mouth in the lightest of protests. Petrella said, "Good morning, Tinker," but his mind was on the Colonel.

Nearly an hour later he was on his way back. The Colonel had proved amenable to reason and the right-hand pocket of Petrella's raincoat was weighed down by a .455 Smith and Wesson revolver. Tinker was still sitting on the wall. As Petrella approached he jumped down, ran to the front door, and scratched at it delicately.

Petrella stopped.

Now that he had time to consider the matter it occurred to him that No. 15 still wore an overnight appearance. The downstairs curtains were drawn. The end of a folded newspaper protruded from the letter-box. Petrella looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock.

It was, of course, possible that Miss Flint was away. But before going away she would surely have made proper arrangements for Tinker. In some households cats were left to fend for themselves when the family went on holiday. Not in Matrix Street. Petrella climbed the three white steps and pressed the bell. He heard it buzzing in the back of the house; and then, so faintly that it might have been the echo of an echo, he thought he heard a cry.

He stood for a moment and heard nothing but his own heart; then went down the steps, through the little green side door, which stood on the latch, and down the narrow side passage. Outside the back door was an untouched bottle of milk. He felt a pressure on his ankle. Tinker had followed him.

The window which looked most hopeful was the smallest of the lot. Petrella, by a torpedo-like manoeuvre, and at the expense of a coat button, injected his thin body through the opening, and found himself in a larder. The door was held by a thumbcatch on the outside but yielded to treatment.

In the tiny front hallway he stopped again and called out. This time he heard the answer. It was a feeble hail and it came from upstairs.

He tried the two bedrooms, without success, noticing that neither had been slept in. Then the voice spoke again.

"Stop pottering about, whoever you are," it said. "I'm in the bathroom. The door isn't locked."

Petrella opened the door and looked inside with caution. It was a long, narrow, coffin-shaped bath with high sides and Miss Flint was sitting in it. She had a towel wrapped round her shoulders.

"This is no time for modesty, young man," she said. "I've been here all night."

Petrella found another towel, wrapped this also round the old lady, picked her up bodily, and carried her into the bedroom. She was surprisingly light. Here he tucked her up as best he could.

"I shouted and shouted. People must be very deaf in this street. I thought no one would ever come."

"It was Tinker brought me in," said Petrella.

"Darling Tinker," said Miss Flint. "As soon as I'm up and about he shall have a whole haddock for himself. If it hadn't been for him I might still be in that horrid bath — how I hate it — bawling my head off."

"How did it happen?"

"I got in," said Miss Flint. "I couldn't get out. That's all. Something's wrong with my legs. I managed to pull the plug out and all the water went away. And I got hold of a towel and the bath mat. Lucky it was a warm night."

"Yes," said Petrella. A sudden thought of what it meant to old people to live quite alone came into his head. "You lie quiet. I'll send the ambulance round."

"Ambulance?"

"Certainly," said Petrella. "Just lie still."

"But what about Tinker?"

"I'll look after Tinker. My landlady's fond of cats."

"It's very good of you," said the old lady doubtfully. "I don't even know your name. Who are you?"

"As a matter of fact," said Petrella, "I'm a policeman."

. . . . . .

Two days later he called in at the hospital to tell Miss Flint that Tinker was settling down in his new home. He had a word with the doctor before he went in.

"She's a marvellous old lady," the doctor said. "It would have killed some people a lot younger than her."

"Will she be all right?"

"Certainly she'll be all right. The delayed shock was the worst part of it. That and the very slight stroke which affected her legs. She'll be up in another week. They don't make 'em like that nowadays. You go and have a gossip with her. She thinks very highly of you."

Petrella found Miss Flint in a reminiscent mood. She talked of her father, who had been a colonel, and of her great-uncle, who had been a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury; and quite suddenly she stopped and said, "You don't think I'm mad, do you?"

"I've rarely met anyone saner in my life," said Petrella sincerely.

"Then let me tell you something. I was helped."

"Helped?"

"During that dreadful night. Quite late. I'd heard the church clock strike midnight and I knew I was there until morning. Perhaps for ever. For the first time I really thought about that. Suppose no one came. Not for days or even weeks. And I started to scratch at the side of the bath — what good I thought it could do — and I think I opened my mouth to scream, and I knew, for my father often talked to me about panic, that if I started to scream I should be finished, and at that moment I saw it."

"Yes," said Petrella, in what he hoped was a soothing voice; but it is doubtful if Miss Flint heard him. She was back in the night fighting the terror with only the shades of a long line of hard-living, hard-headed ancestors to help her.

"It was the most beautiful thing. A face, bearded and strong, and lit up from behind by a glow of goodness and kindness. Every time that I weakened I saw it. I don't know how many times. And in the end I went to sleep. Now do you think I'm mad?"

"I'm not sure," said Petrella truthfully. "How good is your eyesight?"

"Better than yours," said Miss Flint tartly.

"How far away did this — er — face seem to be? I mean, was it just outside the window? Or farther away?"

"If it wasn't inside my own head?"

"If it wasn't inside your own head," agreed Petrella.

Miss Flint considered and then said, "You're so rational. About a hundred yards. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you saw it," said Petrella. "The interesting question, to my mind, is whether anyone else, similarly placed, would do the same."

Miss Flint fumbled in the old black bag on her bed table.

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When Detective-Constable Petrella pushed the door open he saw that Miss Flint was sitting in the bath, a towel around her shoulders.

"Here's the key," she said. "Why don't you go and have a look for yourself?"

It was mad, of course. Petrella told himself so, quite firmly, more than once during the course of the afternoon and as the afternoon faded into the smoky grey of evening. A dream, a vision, an hallucination. Something born of strain and nurtured by shock.

He told no one.

At eleven o'clock, feeling curiously guilty, he let himself into No. 15 Matrix Street, climbed the stairs to the first floor, and stopped to listen. The clock in the hall ticked loudly back at him.

Using his torch discreetly, he moved an old wheelback chair from Miss Flint's bedroom across to the bathroom and padded it with two cushions. He had a long wait in front of him.

He positioned the chair in front of the bathroom window, settled himself into it. After which he took from his pocket a small but powerful pair of night glasses and placed them ready.

The gardens of Matrix Street run sharply down to the railway, which is embanked above them; a branch line, little used at night. Beyond the railway the ground rises again to the backs of the big new shop and office blocks which have risen there since the war. These, in their turn, front on the High Street.

Petrella dozed. Behind him, Matrix Street slept the deep sleep of clear consciences and small incomes. An occasional car passed the end of the street, dipped down — what was it called? — a funny little street of cellars and warehouses which ran through the arch under the railway embankment, then rose again to join the High Street at the War Memorial.

He could trace the progress of each car quite clearly: the run down in top gear, the slight booming noise as it passed under the arch, the gear change for the steep rise beyond, then a glimpse of the lights as the car slowed at the corner.

What was the name of the street? Petrella was irritated. He prided himself that he knew his area forwards and backwards.

Piggott Street? Parrott Street? Perrin Street?

Not street — hill. Pearson Hill — Pearlyman Hill — Purton Hill. That was it!

At this point Petrella, who had had a long day, most of it on his feet in the open air, fell fast asleep.

When he woke he found himself looking at a face. Bearded and strong and lit from behind by a glow of light. Even as he fumbled for his glasses it faded.

Petrella shook himself. "Now did I dream that?" he said.

Outside the window everything was dark and quiet. There was a faint flicker of lights from the High Street as a car ran past the corner. He looked at his watch. A quarter to one. And getting cold. He moved across to the bedroom, pulled the patchwork quilt off the bed, and swathed it round him. There was now no question of going to sleep. He had rarely felt more wakeful.

Ten minutes. A quarter of an hour. Another car—it sounded like a homing taxi — came slowly past the end of Matrix Street, hesitated, then dipped down Purton Hill.

Suddenly the face was there again.

Petrella snatched up his glasses: focused them, steadied them, saw nothing but blackness. When he lowered them the face was gone.

Speed was going to be essential. If only I knew when it was going to happen, he thought, I could be ready with the glasses actually up. Otherwise I don't know how I'm going to catch it. On — off, on — off, like a blessed magic lantern.

At three o'clock he suspended his vigil. The face had appeared no more. He got stiffly to his feet and went home to snatch a few hours' sleep.

The following day, after turning matters over in his mind, he telephoned Nicholas Freeman. It took him four shots to run him to earth, for Nicky was a bird of passage, a young man of a type now almost extinct, who did nothing and did it beautifully.

"Will I do what?" said Nicky.

"I don't think I can explain over the telephone," said Petrella. "Meet me at the Crown and Anchor, on Highside, in half an hour."

"Highside?"

"It'll broaden your mind," said Petrella. "Jump to it."

Half an hour later they were sampling the excellent mild beer of the Crown and Anchor and Petrella was drawing a little sketch for Nicky. "You'd better have a girl with you. Can you manage that?"

"Leave it to me," said Nicky, stroking his small moustache complacently.

"Then you drive twice down this street. Once at a normal pace. Don't stop. The next time, go slowly, as if you were looking for somewhere to park. Stop at the bottom of the slope. Spend about five minutes——"

"You can leave that bit to me," said Nicky. "What happens next? Is it Jack the Ripper? Does some character jump out of the shadows and cosh us?"

"If I knew exactly what was going to happen," said Petrella, "I wouldn't be bothering you. Now be a good chap and don't ask questions."

At eleven o'clock that night he again let himself into Miss Flint's house. The clock had run down, otherwise everything seemed much the same.

At one minute to midnight he heard the unmistakable exhaust of Nicky's car and gave that gilded young man full marks for punctuality. It turned the corner, passed the end of Matrix Street, and headed for Purton Hill. Petrella had his glasses up to his eyes, and practice enabled him to focus them on roughly the right spot.

There was no doubt about it. A window, a pane of glass; a somewhat dusty pane of glass which reflected back the light of a torch and showed up the face of the man holding it. On for a count of three seconds. Then off.

Petrella lowered the glasses and looked again at his watch. He had some time to wait for the more serious part of the performance.

Punctually at half past twelve he heard the car once more. It was idling this time. Very slowly it approached the top of Purton Hill. Then it changed gear, rolled down, and stopped.

"That's shaken him," said Petrella with satisfaction. This time the torch in the window was performing a fandango of dots and dashes. "They don't like that. I only hope Nicky doesn't overdo it."

All was now dark and quiet. Four minutes later Petrella breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the car start and glimpsed its lights as it swept away. He put back his glasses and went downstairs and home to bed.

"It was a swindle," said Nicky indignantly the next morning. "Nothing happened."

"On the contrary," said Petrella, "it went excellently. You were an important part of an experiment. A most successful experiment."

"What d'you mean? Nothing happened at all. And I'd promised the girl there'd be some excitement."

"What sort of excitement?"

"I thought somone was supposed to jump out and cosh us," said Nicky. "I had a loaded revolver ready under the dashboard but I never had a chance of using it."

"Thank goodness for small mercies," said Petrella, and meant it.

Later that morning he paid an unostentatious visit to the office block where he had seen the torch in a window. It fronted the High Street and was an ambitious building with a reception hall, a gold-lettered board of tenants' names, and, more unusual in that part of London, a commissionaire.

He knew Petrella and invited him into his sanctum. "No trouble, I hope?"

"Not for you," said Petrella. "Just some information. Which offices would it be that possess a window on the third floor, six from the left-hand corner as you look at it from the back?"

The commissionaire consulted the letting-plan and did some calculations on his fingers. "That's the new crowd. Novelty Projects."

"What do they do?"

The Commissionaire scratched his head. "I don't rightly know," he admitted. "They took two rooms — let me see, three weeks ago. But they haven't started up yet."

"But they've got the keys?"

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A MATTER OF MONEY

A short short story

By Lorna Slocombe

"It's all too rare these days that a man has the chance to rescue ladies in distress," a deep voice said to the three women.

LIZ announced over coffee in my kitchen one morning: "Well, she did it again. It only cost me seven cents this time, but it's the principle of the thing."

It was early March, and we were in the final stages of the pre-spring doldrums that every New England woman knows. Our conversation had hit a new low. "What's new?" merely brought forth a recital of our children's viruses. But Liz and I had developed some slight interest in life because we were both exasperated with Valerie Wilson, and we could talk about her together.

Valerie was comparatively new in our suburban community. She was one of those sweet, ultra-feminine and very beautiful women who arouse antagonism in other women and make them feel guilty about it at the same time. Could Valerie help it if she was vague and impractical? Presumably, she could not.

So we felt we should forgive her when she forgot she was supposed to provide the programme for the Parents' Association or when her children arrived at our houses to spend the afternoon because they didn't know where their mother was. And Valerie looked so truly distressed when she didn't have enough money with her to pay her admission to the movies that we would tactfully produce what was needed. We felt, somehow, guilty that Valerie was used to having a man look after all these things, and if we weren't such efficient types we'd be in the same predicament.

But in the dark days of March Liz suddenly came up with a question: Did it take better management to have enough money, or always to have not quite enough? Almost anyone could, with a rough estimate, take along enough money to cover the day's expenses. But it took a kind of genius to fall invariably just short of the needed amount.

Since Valerie was not the type to be a financial genius, Liz declared, then she must just find it satisfying to chisel us out of a few quarters. You notice we never get the money back.

"Well, she really is forgetful," I said.

"Hah," said Liz darkly. "Yesterday I had to provide the nickels for the parking meter, and then put up the last seven cents for her grocery order. I was just going to stand there and let her return something, but she looked at me so desperately, right in front of the cashier, that I would have seemed like a heel. For seven cents. But listen, I have an idea. We're all lunching together at the Colonial House tomorrow before the Civic Art Gallery meeting. So let's only take along a dollar each, you and I. It won't be enough. For once Valerie will have to help us out."

"What if she hasn't got enough money?"

"Well, that's one thing we'll find out. And I don't suppose they really make you wash dishes . . . Darling, promise me you'll co-operate. You don't have to lie. Just don't bring money."

Well, it was March, and I said all right . . .

Valerie walked into the Colonial House looking gorgeous in a new French beret. "Imagine putting her on a Ways and Means Committee anyway," Liz groaned. But Valerie gave us such a radiant smile that I really felt mean. In my purse rested a solitary dollar bill.

"I don't believe I'm hungry," I began, as we started to order.

"Don't you dare have just a sandwich," said Liz fiercely. "It's not good for you," she added. "Have a Viennese salad. It's full of vitamins."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful," said Valerie. "I'll have that, too."

Usually I revel in any excuse for eating lunch away from home. There's always a new face or two at the Colonial House to break suburban monotony; today there were even two men there having lunch. But I just couldn't enjoy myself. Liz and Valerie prattled on about how to raise money to pay the Gallery's rent, but all I could think of was when the bill would be presented.

When our checks came, Liz wasn't a bit subtle. "Oh, dear," she said in two seconds, "my check is a dollar thirty-five and all I have is a dollar."

Valerie was dredging around in her purse and had produced a fifty-cent piece and three pennies.

"I'm afraid," I said, sounding and feeling truly embarrassed, "that I'm in the same predicament."

"I'm sure I have some money here somewhere," Valerie said cheerfully, putting on the table a nickel and a lilac chiffon handkerchief and looked hopefully on the table under it. "I know I had some money recently," she said. She gazed off to the left and to the right, dabbing with lilac chiffon at the tip of her pretty nose.

We both looked at Valerie, and Valerie looked around the room with the expression of a wounded faun. And at that point a masculine voice behind me—deep and humorous—said, "It's all too rare these days that a man has the chance to rescue ladies in distress. If you will allow me!" He was speaking to Valerie.

Well—it was a rather nice feeling, being rescued. And after the man had put up a dollar and forty-seven cents, plus tip, and Valerie had said how perfectly marvellous of him, we all trailed out together. By the time we got to the front door, Valerie had the man and his companion interested in the Art Gallery, and first thing you know they came along with us, and the other man bought a wrought-iron-alligator garden piece that had been there for three years. The commission on that sale would pay the Gallery's rent for two months.

"Weren't they nice!" said Valerie, waving goodbye to the men. "I know it's silly, but I'll sort of miss that old alligator. That reminds me, I promised to buy Biffy some goldfish on the way home." She reached into her coat pocket and produced a much-folded ten-dollar bill. "Oh, there's my money!" she said.

I got Liz off to one side. "All right," I said, "now what are your conclusions? Does she do it on purpose?"

"It seems there are things about finance," said Liz, "that you and I will never understand." She gazed morosely out of the window. "Oh good," she said with relief. "There's a crocus coming up through the snow!"

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She was the only one who knew that it was wrong for him to abandon the dream that had filled his life for so many long years

The Romantic

By STANLEY ELLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

MY sister Harriet, who was going with me, came into the airline's terminal fifteen minutes before our plane was scheduled to leave LaGuardia. I didn't see her at first, but I knew she was there. Every male eye in my vicinity suddenly focused at a point beyond my shoulder. When I turned I saw for that one objective moment what the eyes were seeing — and a little more.

Harriet was a strikingly beautiful woman, but I have met a good many other women almost as beautiful who never managed to strike the response in men that she did. And every one of her thirty years of good living, everything Harriet had known in them — marriage, travel, a great deal of money — had been a means of rounding and polishing the beauty to a flawless finish. So Harriet not only looked beautiful, she looked expensive. Very, very expensive. And there is a magic to that all its own.

She came up to me in a whirl of mink and apologies and kissed me affectionately on the cheek. "Billy, boy," she said, "I haven't kept you waiting, have I?"

"No," I said, "you're right on time as usual."

She fanned herself briskly with her magazine. "It was a mad rush, too," she said. "I had to go into the city to do some shopping, and the traffic just crawled. And the crowds! I don't understand how you stay sane, Billy. I really don't."

"Please," I said. "Let's not go into that."

"But why can't you live at home? The Island is just fabulous now."

I knew what was coming and I didn't want any part of it. I started to walk quickly towards our plane, but Harriet was never one to give up easily. She slipped her arm through mine and tugged sharply.

"Billy," she said, "is it because of this last play?"

"Look, Harriet," I said wearily, "let's settle this at the start. I have now produced three flops in a row and I know the kind of triumph father is enjoying at seeing his blackest predictions come true this way. But I happen to be doing what I want to do. Going into the grand old family business as father's partner or living at home would be all wrong for me. Is that clear."

"You're underestimating father by a good deal."

"I am not underestimating father. Nobody could. I am merely trying to explain something which you seem incapable of understanding."

She turned bright pink. "Maybe I understand much more than you realise, Billy. You went into theatrical production against our advice, you've done wretchedly at it, and now you're ashamed to admit that it was all a mistake. Or too stubborn. And that's what's been making you so grim and edgy every time I see you, isn't it?"

"No," I said. I was going to say much more, but then I gave up. It was useless, really.

By the time the plane was pushing through the first cloud banks beyond the Hudson, Harriet was in a brown study, her eyes fixed unseeing on the window; so I busied myself with the playscript I had resolved to read during the weekend. I was ploughing through the murky complications of the second act when Harriet stirred herself.

"I suppose Wade will meet us at the field," she said.

"He said he would."

Harriet looked at me curiously. "How did he sound when you phoned to tell him?" she asked.

"How did he sound?"

"You know what I mean. When you told him I was coming along."

"Oh, that. Well, he did ask if you were still as pretty as ever. I guess he remembers you, all right."

She dropped her head back against her seat and looked up at the ceiling of the plane with a little smile. "What's Kentucky like, Billy?"

"I think it's colored pink on the maps."

"I'm not fooling. I want to know."

"I'm not fooling either," I said. "After all, I've never been there myself."

I couldn't get back to the playscript after that. I never had been to Kentucky before, but I did know what it was like. You couldn't be Wade Cochran's room-mate at college and not know.

In a lot of ways he was quite a character in school, Wade Cochran: a big, rangy football player who hated the game; always broke and never would borrow a nickel. And in his last year at college he found himself rooming in the swanky Alpha house with William Voorhies III, of the North Shore Voorhieses, and wasn't a bit impressed.

I didn't know all this at the time, because the first month or so we were together in the room I don't think we said more than a dozen words to each other. I was studying law and working overtime as director of the class play; Wade was school of commerce and always at football practice.

It wasn't the kind of arrangement that helps room-mates get to know each other. We slept in the same room and occasionally did some studying across the same desk, but that was about all.

It was a letter Harriet sent me that provided my real introduction to Wade. Harriet's letters came religiously once a week and were, I suppose, part of the maternal role she chose to play so intensely ever since mother had died.

Usually there were five or six pages in a small precise hand about various family matters, few of which mattered to me at all. This letter was different. It was much longer than usual and it was entirely devoted to the subject of our younger sister, Gretchen.

Father, it seems, was furious because Gretchen, after only two months at Miss Wilbraham's Academy, had left the school. That is, she had not exactly left of her own volition, nor had the school really expelled her, but Miss Wilbraham had explained to father that Gretchen wasn't really getting what the school had to offer, and there seemed to be no point in carrying on the experiment any further.

It had been explained to father (as if he didn't know!) that Gretchen was an incurable romantic, totally impractical, out of touch with reality, and impossibly shy. She was disinterested in her work; her grades were uniformly poor. It was not, as Miss Wilbraham had delicately put it, that Gretchen wasn't a charming child; she simply was not academy material.

I could see Harriet frowning prettily as she wrote this. If she had been taking the maternal tack with me, she had been taking it even more firmly with Gretchen; and since this was the third school Gretchen had run through in the past two years, Harriet must have been pretty well disheartened by now.

The gist of her letter dwelt on the fact that instead of spending the Christmas holiday on a school outing as had been planned Gretchen would now be at home, that she was eighteen, and in need of some suitable young man (the "suitable" was heavily underlined) to partner her during the round of holiday parties, and would I please do something about it. If I would invite some nice suitable classmate (the "suitable" was again heavily underlined) to be my house guest for the holidays, it would take care of things very nicely.

It was my turn to frown. Dismal experience had already taught me that any one of my friends who knew my sisters would no more accept invitations to squire Gretchen through an otherwise festive week than he would refuse one to partner Harriet. And the word "suitable" kept ringing through my head. Harriet had her own definition of the word in terms of family, background, and money. It was hard to imagine anyone who wasn't North Shore or Old Westbury or proper Boston coming up to that definition.

Wade Cochran was sitting across the desk at the moment. I asked him to be my guest at home for the holidays.

"Why me?" he really wanted to know.

"Because we're brothers in Alpha," I said, "and we ought to get to know each other better. And I'm sure you'll have a terrific time at the house."

"And?"

"And it so happens that I've got a sister who'd give her right arm to meet you."

"I'll bet," he said, and grinned at me so that I suddenly found myself liking him very much. "What's she like?"

That, as they say, was the jackpot question. You just couldn't pin down Gretchen with some pat definition. Harriet, you might say with justice, was beautiful, charming, sensible, and the words would add up to Harriet.

But to say that Gretchen was pathetically plain, that she was a moony, romantic kid who took it out in reading poetry, that she was so terrified of people that she was like a ghost around the house when strangers were there — these things were all true in their own way, but they didn't add up to the real picture. Just as the things Miss Wilbraham had said were each true enough, but still not the whole truth.

It was suddenly very important to me that Wade Cochran understand what I was getting at. And, for all I know, he might have understood, except that I then made the mistake of showing him the photographs.

I had one of those twin-frame arrangements with Harriet's picture on one side and Gretchen's on the other, and where Harriet emerged as a misty vision of loveliness Gretchen looked gaunt and angular and a little frightened. I liked that picture of Gretchen, because I liked Gretchen so much and the picture brought her very much to life.

But looking at it through Wade's eyes, so to speak, I knew I had made a mistake showing it to him, and I knew from his expression that the game was all Harriet's. He was at the house that Christmas week as Gretchen's partner all right, but it wasn't Gretchen who brought him there.

It was not a good Christmas week for me, although it should have been. There was a cold rain nearly every day, so we did a good deal of lounging around in the game room talking. Interesting talk, too, because Wade was as strange to us as we were to him, and instead of the weary, familiar conversation about family and friends we spent most of the time in a comfortable exploration of one another's ideas.

That is, Harriet and Wade and I did. Gretchen would sit off to the side, her hands usually folded tight in her lap, and if anything was said directly to her by Wade she would go rigid and look as if she wanted to sink through the floor. It took me just one day to realise that whatever Wade felt for Harriet, Gretchen felt for Wade in double measure. And, obviously, all she required was to sit like a shadow in the same room with him and listen to him talk.

It never struck her to challenge Harriet's proprietorship, even though Harriet was taken off every evening by somebody else and Gretchen was left to Wade. But I saw him come to think of her as I did, a younger sister needing to be cherished.

Meanwhile we talked lazily through the days, and the picture of Wade Cochran became very clear. He had gone to high school in Kentucky, where his father had been a sort of roving horse trainer; he had played some notable football in high school and his father insisted that he get a college education.

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All that Gretchen needed to be happy was to sit in the same room as Wade and just listen to him talk.

When his father had died Wade had a chance to work in his place for someone, but then a football scholarship had been offered to him. That and the interest of somebody named Eames, rabid football fan, were seeing him through college. It was Eames who had promised him a job after graduation.

"Some kind of junior-executive deal," Wade said. "A real shiny desk, charcoal flannel, expense-account deal."

"You don't sound very happy about it," Harriet said.

Wade shook his head. "I don't know. Sometimes I don't know. When I was a kid out in the Bluegrass I used to think that all I ever wanted from life was a farm of my own, fine stables, the kind of breeding stock you can buy when you have the money, and even a half-mile track to work a horse on.

"But if I talked to the old man about it he'd get scared. He was all for the shiny desk and the white collar. Let the horses be to the rich or to the dumb old-timers like him who couldn't do better for themselves. Trouble is, I don't think he really convinced me. Funny how you hang on to the big ideas you had when you were a kid, and how they make everything else look a little sour, isn't it?"

Harriet said primly, "I think it's a sign of immaturity when you're not realistic. Father says that in his opinion most of the world's troubles are because people just aren't practical about things and, of course, he's right. We all have to grow up some time."

"Yes," said Wade, "I guess that's the case, all right." He was at the stage where if Harriet had asked him to go out into the rain and swim Long Island Sound he would have tried it on the spot.

Watching them, I began to wonder how Harriet really felt about him. She had started off by being the coolly proper hostess, which was about all I had expected, but as the days went by it seemed to me that she had thawed to a startling degree. Then one time when we were alone together I put the question to her straight out. She was obviously taken aback.

"Does it show that much?" She laughed in a breathless sort of way and said, "I suppose it does. But he is awfully attractive, Billy, and he's so different from anything you've ever brought around, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said, "he is. That's why I'm surprised to see how chummy you two are. Matter of fact, I sometimes get a whiff of orange blossoms in the house. It adds an interesting touch to the party."

She stared at me and this time the laugh was genuine. "Billy, you can't really mean that. Why, you're priceless, pet, you really are. Of course he's sweet and all that, but you can see he's impossible. He'll never be any more than suburbia and secondhand station waggon all his life. There's just nothing there at all."

"All right," I said, "I'll buy that. In which case, don't you think you ought to leave him and Gretchen to each other? I figured that this arrangement was to get someone interested in Gretchen. You haven't been giving him much of a chance to do that."

"Well, I like that!"

"It's true, isn't it?"

"I beg your pardon, pet, I have been trying to make your guest feel at home, because if you leave that to Gretchen he'll take his hat and bolt in five minutes. You know it's true, Billy; she's just hopeless. She sits there starry-eyed without a thing to say; her head is still full of mush about knights and damsels and young Lochinvar riding along, and when it comes to being with a boy she's as gawky as ever. Have you ever watched her when Wade is trying to get her to talk? He thinks she's a sweet kid and he's so gentle."

I had, and it didn't leave me much of an argument. Nor, as I knew, would it do any good to talk to Gretchen about

To page 47

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New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!

Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!

ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE, 5/3 • REGULAR, 3/3

Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble . . . 1/3

U148C

Puzzle out a Crozzle for £500!

● This week's word competition, CROZZLE No. 3, is based on the names of animals.

NOW that you have practised on Crozzles Nos. 1 and 2, see if you can get an even higher score with CROZZLE No. 3.

Entries for **CROZZLE** No. 3 close on April 1. The results of **CROZZLE** No. 1 will be published in our April 8 issue, and of **CROZZLE** No. 2 in the April 15 issue.

All you have to do is make up a crossword in the blank grid provided, using any of the animal names in the word list, and black in the remaining unused squares. The crossword you make does not have to fall into any particular pattern. Black squares will, of course, occur between words on the same line of the grid.

CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 3 must be received by April 1 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 3," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Names in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

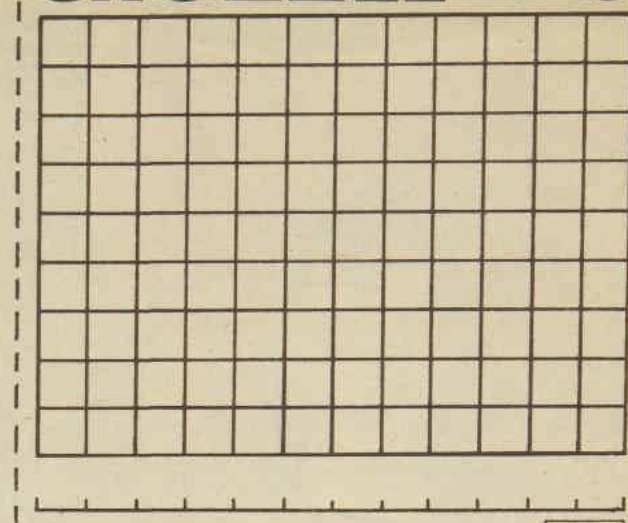
4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of a tie for top score, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be awarded the prize. If there is still a tie, the winning entries will share the prizemoney.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies are not eligible to enter this contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

This contest is governed by the rules as published in our issue of March 11.

CROZZLE No 3



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS ☐

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED ☐

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ STATE _____

INTERLOCKING LETTER SCORE

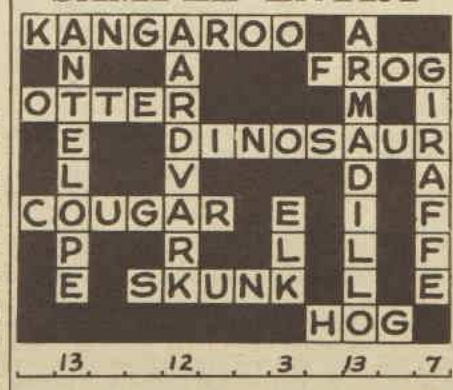
1 Point Letters	3 Point Letters	6 Point Letters	12 Point Letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

HOW TO SCORE

For every word used in the crossword you score 10 points. In addition, you score points for all interlocking letters — those occurring in the same square in a word going across and one going down — at the rate shown in the table below the coupon.

Competitors must add up their points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with their grand total clearly marked.

SAMPLE ENTRY



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 48

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 120

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 168

Word list for CROZZLE No. 3

3 LETTERS
Ape
Asp
Ass
Bat
Cat
Cow
Dog
Elk
Ewe
Fox
Gnu
Hog
Pig
Ram
Rat
Yak

4 LETTERS
Bear
Boar
Bull
Calf
Colt
Deer
Eyra
Fawn
Frog
Goat
Hare
Ibex
Lamb
Lion
Lynx
Mink
Mole
Mule
Puma
Stag
Toad
Wolf
Worm
Zebu

5 LETTERS
Bison
Camel
Civet
Dingo
Eland
Gayal
Genet
Horse
Hyena
Koala
Lemur
Llama
Moose
Mouse
Okapi
Otter
Panda
Sable
Sheep
Skunk
Sloth
Snake
Stoat
Tapir
Tiger
Zebra

6 LETTERS
Alpaca
Baboon
Badger
Beaver
Cougar
Coyote
Donkey
Ermine
Ferret
Gavial
Gibbon
Goanna
Gopher
Jackal
Jaguar
Jerboa
Lizard
Monkey
Ocelot
Python
Quagga
Rabbit
Turtle
Vicuna
Walrus
Weasel
Wombat

7 LETTERS
Buffalo
Bullock
Chamois
Cheetah
Echidna
Gazelle
Giraffe
Glutton
Gorilla
Hamster
Leopard
Mammoth
Opossum
Panther
Peccary
Polecat
Raccoon
Roebuck
Serpent
Wallaby
Zorilla

8 LETTERS
Aardvark
Anteater
Antelope
Dinosaur
Elephant
Hedgehog
Kangaroo
Marmoset
Mongoose
Platypus
Squirrel
Tortoise

9 LETTERS
Alligator
Armadillo
Bandicoot
Chameleon
Crocodile
Dromedary
Phalanger
Porcupine
Springbok
Wolverine

10 LETTERS
Babiroussa
Chimpanzee
Chinchilla
Rhinoceros
Salamander

11 LETTERS
Orangoutang

12 LETTERS
Hippopotamus

NEXT WEEK: Final £500 Crozzle

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• Traffic troubles
• Hazards in the country
• Which car for you?
• Home maintenance

• These four articles have been written specially for The Australian Women's Weekly by BETTY McKAY, wife of racing motorist and Sydney journalist David McKay. Mrs. McKay, who is the mother of a small daughter, is herself an experienced driver, having shared the wheel during a round-the-world car trip with her husband, and tested cars in Europe. At home she drives all her husband's racing-cars. His highest praise: "I sleep peacefully in a car only when she is at the wheel."

CITY TRAFFIC

TRAFFIC driving is a hurdle which, once successfully cleared, makes motoring more pleasant and safer for everyone.

The hurdle is mainly psychological, and the first step towards overcoming it is to rid yourself of all extraneous worries, leaving your mind free to concentrate entirely on the art of driving.

So, remember, **DON'T WORRY!** There are many worse drivers on the road than you, and at least you are going to improve, whereas many of them never will.

Before going into heavy traffic, practise round the suburbs until you become proficient in the use of your gears and brakes. Smooth progress is the sign of a good driver. Nothing should be done suddenly or impulsively.

You should accelerate smoothly, running up through the gears until reaching the speed and gear best suited to the flow of traffic.

Similarly, deceleration with the brakes should be equally smooth—keep a good watch ahead, not only on the car directly in front of you. This allows you to judge the rate of traffic flow, and be prepared for an emergency.

Before leaving your garage in the morning, put your handbag and other odds and ends in positions where they will not slide about the car and distract your attention.

It is all-important to get comfortable behind the wheel—do NOT sit too close to it; allow plenty of room for arm movement.

Of course, your distance from the wheel is determined by the reach of your legs to the pedals, over which you must have full control, and also your arm reach to the gear lever.

Arrange your skirt when first getting into the car (don't shut it in the door). Then you won't be worrying about its being creased. Remember: To drive well calls for complete and undivided attention.

Keep a pair of low-heeled shoes or moccasins in the car to slip on in place of high-heeled shoes. The backs of shoes suffer when driving, and the use of old or inexpensive footwear will prevent any worry on this score.

Before driving off check your rear-vision mirror for the best possible angle, and avoid as often as you can having three people in the front seat. This not only cuts down driving control but completely eliminates rear vision, which could be fatal to you and your passengers.

At all times make a habit of glancing in this mirror at least once every 15 seconds.

Before you start up the cold engine, put your foot right down on the clutch to take some of the load off the battery.

Be quite certain the handbrake is fully off.

Take a practical grip of the wheel—firm but not tight, and with your hands well spaced, one on either side of the wheel. Do not copy the many men you see with both hands together on the wheel—this is a sign of bad driving, as steering control is at a minimum with this grip.

Once into traffic remember that women drivers usually give better hand signals than men, so you have something to live up to.

Patience will pay

Make your signals definite, but once again do nothing without first checking that rear-vision mirror. I suggest that you cut your conversation to the minimum—it is not possible to natter and drive well at the same time.

Every city has its major traffic obstacles: in Sydney it is the Sydney Harbor Bridge. This is not much fun even for the most experienced driver, particularly in peak hours and on drizzly nights.

Invariably another lane of traffic seems to be moving faster than yours, but it usually evens out in the end, so relax.

Have your toll money ready well in advance, but don't worry if you have to change a five-pound note. It happens every day, and you'll find the toll man quite tolerant.

Allow three-car lengths between yourself and the car ahead if you are moving at 30 m.p.h., and don't drive on the other driver's brake lights. Look as far ahead as possible.

In the generally chaotic conditions around the toll gates a smile and a little courtesy go a long way. Where two lanes have to merge into one, it is usual for each lane to go ahead alternately.

I won't delve into the intricacies of the traffic laws—how far to park from a hydrant, how far from an intersection, or how to make a right-hand turn—you should have learned these in your "Highway Code."

Courtesy can kill

The method of making right-hand turns in State capitals varies, but an interstate number-plate will shield you until you learn the differences.

You will help the police if you keep the traffic flowing—by this I mean filling up spaces, making two lines instead of a staggered single line, and being ready to move off on a green light or the policeman's signal.

Courtesy is all right provided you mix it with a liberal portion of commonsense. It is no good being stupidly courteous. This will often result in an accident, not to you perhaps, but to some unfortunate driver behind.

One example of this kind of "courtesy" is giving way to a car trying to enter a flow of traffic, usually from the kerb on your left. Despite the fact that the driver's hand is out, he or she has no right of way.

If you are suddenly overcome by a rush of courtesy, see that there is no one close behind before you brake.

Similarly, it is often dangerous to stop suddenly and wave a pedestrian across in front of you without checking your mirror—dangerous to you who may be run into from the back, dangerous to the motorist behind who could be impaled on his steering column through your "courtesy," and dangerous to the pedestrian who could easily be run over by a car swerving to avoid your suddenly halted vehicle.

Parking frequently troubles women—and men, too! I suggest you practise in the suburbs before joining the race for parking meters around the cities. It is always easier to go past the space and back in than to make a forward entry.

When you are parking, look through the rear window, NOT the side window. This way you get a much better appreciation of how close your car is to the kerb.

City driving is tough on a car's engine and transmission. When waiting in traffic on a rise, do not "ride the clutch," but make use of the handbrake.

Taking off on a hill is ticklish. Ease your clutch pedal up until you hear the engine just begin to labor (against the holding action of the handbrake), then simultaneously gently increase your engine revs, ease off the handbrake, and let the clutch pedal fully out. Sounds easy, but takes a lot of practice!

Of course, an automatic transmission will do it all for you—at a price!

Watch your instruments for undue overheating or low oil pressure, and make sure you always push the choke in fully as soon as practicable after a cold start.

It is a good idea to give an honest report on the car and its performance to your husband from time to time. This could save him some costly repairs later on.

BETTY McKAY, in her racing-driver husband's Jaguar, is wearing a specially fitted harness-type safety-belt which she considers safer than lap-belts.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4820724

A do-it-yourself guide to better motoring

TRAFFIC JAMS, such as occur around peak hours on Sydney's Harbor Bridge approaches or in other bottle-neck areas, try the skill and patience of the driver to the utmost. For absolute concentration all distractions, such as discomfort, should be eliminated. Below, Mrs. McKay shows how to sit, upright but firmly supported, with the wheel at just the correct distance from her, hands resting ready on the wheel at the "quarter to three" position. The bottom picture shows that she has changed her town high-heeled shoes for a pair of flatties.

IN THE COUNTRY DRIVING in the country demands a vastly different technique from city driving. The hall-mark of the good country driver is her ability to maintain good average speeds in safety, without placing unnecessary strain on the car's engine, transmission, and suspension.

We will assume you have the car in good running order and that you are making an interstate journey. The first thing to ensure is that you have packed the car for greatest stability, and that you have compensated for the additional load with higher than normal tyre pressures.

If possible, remove the rear seat and put your heavy luggage in its place. The car's boot can be filled with lighter paraphernalia.

Wedge cases

Thus you will have your own weight and the majority of your load situated between your front and rear wheels, making the car easier and safer to handle. See that your baggage is wedged so that it will not slide about.

I usually have my tyres at least 4lb. higher than recommended. This gives greater cornering force and helps protect the tyres from the generally poor surfaces.

Should tubeless tyres be fitted, even higher inflation, say six extra pounds, would be advisable.

When the Mt. Druitt racing circuit was flourishing, my husband raced on tubeless tyres — much to everyone's surprise—and had no trouble whatsoever. But he used 30lb. instead of the recommended 24lb. for his car.

Damage from blowouts is lessened. After all, it is the air in the tyres that actually carries the weight.

A good idea is to have a wet chamois-leather in a screw-top jar for keeping your windscreen clean, particularly at night. A dirty screen and the resulting glare have caused many road deaths.

Some cars are equipped with screen - washers. There are many good screen - washers available, and I do recommend one as a really worthwhile extra—it could save your life.

Driving comfort is even more important in the country than it is in town. I have found a fairly firm upright seat the least fatiguing. Back support is also most important.

I am an advocate of the harness-type safety-belt, which, apart from the safety angle, makes you feel part of the car and consequently helps you to drive better.

Incidentally, I advise belts for use only in cars with fixed roofs. In an accident, the occupants have a better chance if thrown clear of an open or soft-top car.

The art of maintaining a good average speed is not as difficult as "trials" drivers would have you believe; but it is essential to plan ahead.

Plan your stops for fuel and food. If you have a passenger, while one is ordering the meal the other can supervise refuelling and general checking of the car.

A 45 m.p.h. average doesn't sound high, yet it takes a lot of doing if you are going to stop often.

If you waste half an hour every two hours you will have to average a mile a minute to make up for your stops and get back on to a 45 m.p.h. average. And a 60 m.p.h. average is really "motoring."

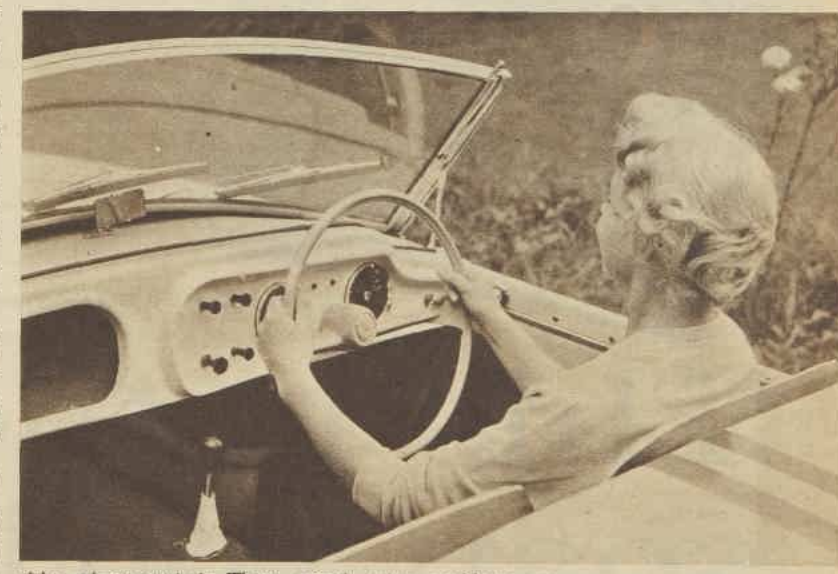
So instead of wasting a quarter of an hour for fuel at one stop and a quarter of an hour for a "cuppa" the next, roll it into one quarter and save unnecessary hurrying to arrive on schedule.

To avoid accidents, pay particular attention to:

Overtaking: Allow yourself plenty of room and look well ahead. Drop down a gear if on an upgradient, and get back into line as soon as possible. Remember that if you are doing sixty, and an oncoming car is also doing sixty, the road between you is being swallowed up at a rate of 120 m.p.h., or 176 feet a second.

When overtaking heavy transporters, lights are more useful in signalling your approach than the horn, even in daylight. Turn them on and flick them up and down a couple of times. This will catch the truck-driver's eyes in the rear-vision mirror, and he'll know you're coming through.

Look in your own rear-vision mirror regularly. There are many fast cars on the roads nowadays, and you shouldn't hinder their progress unnecessarily.



Road Hazards: I can't emphasise too much the danger from road works, bad surfaces, and one-way bridges. Road works are often inadequately signed—the sloppily erected board has either fallen down or is so near the danger that pulling up in time is virtually impossible.

Keep a fair distance behind a car—a stone from his wheels could break your windscreen. Never overtake in dust unless you have been able to see ahead beforehand. The dust may hide a parked truck.

On wet roads, as with gravel, most accidents are caused through drivers applying brakes in skids or over-correcting. Turn slightly into the direction of the skid and use a touch of accelerator, which will tend to straighten the car's line.

It is also helpful to change down if in trouble. The gear will act as a brake and also give you quicker response (acceleration), if necessary.

For hill-climbing, change down early to keep up your revs. Avoid slugging the engine on hills.

Which car? And how to keep it going—Page 31

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Delicately perfumed with finest French lavender. Now available at these popular prices: Regular size 10d; Bath size 1/3; Family size 1/8.

This is the gentlest soap you'll ever use

CORONET IS A NEW EXPERIENCE IN GENTLENESS FOR YOUR SKIN. You can actually feel Coronet's silky lather smoothing your skin while you wash. Coronet is the truly mild toilet soap blended from luxurious beauty oils which give your skin a soft, smooth *younger* look.

See that younger, lovelier look come back to *your* skin. Take a cake of Coronet from its gleaming foil wrapper. Feel its ivory smoothness. Smell its exquisite French lavender fragrance. Now feel the delicate touch of Coronet lather on your skin. Isn't this the gentlest soap you've ever used? Your skin will look younger with Coronet.

Coronet Toilet Soap

Made for J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Limited, makers of fine soaps for over 100 years.

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CHECKING tyre pressures is a weekly duty urged by Betty McKay.

Which car should you choose?

• Selecting a car is a problem which faces many women nowadays. With many a husband using public transport to go to work, the wife uses the car more than he does, and sometimes has the choice when buying it.

IT may be better not to discuss the pending purchase with the family. It will only confuse matters, as each member will have a different idea.

Dad will probably want a big six-seater with space for camping gear, golf clubs, and other male impedimenta. However, he will also want it to cost next to nothing, and have the petrol economy of a motor scooter. As Detroit or anywhere else has not found the answer to this yet, you can rule out your husband's ideas.

Your son will try to lure you into the sports-car specialists.

But if you bought the sports car, Junior would do the driving, and his latest girl-friend would sit alongside; and, anyway, there are only two seats for the four of you.

Daughter's choice may be even more difficult to put aside, for she will think as you once did and perhaps still do.

She will probably favor a smart-looking convertible with off-white leather seats to flatter her suntan. These need not be as expensive as they look, but in Australia's harsh summer climate convertibles aren't really as practical as the advertisements would have you believe.

It looks as though the decision will be yours alone.

Obviously, your first step is to figure out how much you are going to pay for the new car.

Bargaining

If you already own a car, you can often do some bargaining, but there are dangers.

Motor house "A" will allow you £500 for your old car—a full £100 more than motor house "B."

But "A's" new car may not really be the car best suited to your requirements, so although you gain £100 on the deal you may easily be buying twice that amount of trouble for the future.

In many cases it simplifies matters if you sell your own car separately and have the price of a new one ready in the form of a bank cheque. Now you can go shopping. As with your normal household buying, be firm with yourself. Resist the temptation to look at the sleek, shiny cars that cost more than you can afford.

If you falter, you will find eager salesmen ready to show you why, for only £250 more, you can own your dream car. Then you will be faced with the struggle to pay for a rapidly depreciating monster.

The next consideration is size, bearing in mind whether the car is to be purely for pleasure or for part business and pleasure.

A family of four really needs a five-six-seater car for any degree of comfort.

I consider the all-important factors for the budget buyer are a car's inherent reliability and the cost of regular servicing.

The trusting owner is still very much in the garageman's hands, but as the public becomes more motor-minded there is less chance of an unscrupulous mechanic wiping a rag over the engine and charging you £15/15/- for a mythical valve-grind.

The next thing to look for is ease of driving. Some cars are definitely easier than others as regards gear-changing, smoother use of clutches and brakes, well-positioned handbrakes, easy starting, and good driving position.

This latter point is important and one which only you can decide. Don't be told, "You'll grow used to it." The odds are you'll grow to dislike the fault more each day.

Vision is most important, both fore and aft, as safety and vision go hand in hand.

Also check how wide the doors open, particularly if any of your passengers are elderly or heavily built.

Don't be put off cars with two doors if that's the only criticism you can make. Entry and exit to the front seat — the one you'll use most — is invariably better in the two-door car.

Comfort of seating must be considered if you intend doing any lengthy trips.

Safe doors

If you have a young family you must examine the interior door-handles for safety devices. Doors hinged from the leading edges (those nearer the front of the car) are generally safer if accidentally opened when the car is travelling at speed.

Take note of luggage space and the ease of getting suitcases in and out of the boot.

The station waggon, sometimes called "station sedan" or "estate car," has a definite place in Australian motoring. Having had some experience of these vehicles, I can honestly say I consider them ideally suited for shopping, camping, and transporting a family.

An important point is that they are usually ruggedly built, well able to withstand our generally poor roads.

There is a great deal of nonsense written and a lot of money spent on advertising the importance of petrol economy. I personally think miles per gallon is one of the least considerations when buying a car.

For instance, take a 30 m.p.g. car and a 40 m.p.g. car, and assume they both do an annual mileage of 10,000. The thirstier car will consume an additional 83 gallons, and at approximately 4/- a gallon that's £16/12/-, or less than 6/6 a week, which is little enough to pay for the added pleasure the more powerful engine gives. But do see that your 30 m.p.g. car has a sensible petrol tank, large enough to guarantee you a range of 300 miles.

Keep your car—and hands—clean

• Few women know what goes on under a car's bonnet and most don't want to. Maintenance to them means dirty, grease-covered hands, and is therefore repugnant.

HOW wrong they are! It is really so easy to help keep a car in first-class condition without getting dirty hands.

But if your car stops you'll probably ring the local garageman, who never fails to help. This is all right if you don't mind paying out the housekeeping money on the car instead of the new hat you'd hoped to buy.

You'd be annoyed if you realised how frequently delay and the expense could have been avoided had you carried out some simple home maintenance.

Apart from appealing to your pocket I am going to suggest that you'll get more fun out of motoring if you take a little more interest in your car. And if you keep a pair of old gloves handy in the garage the manicure need not suffer.

Two essential maintenance jobs are checking the engine oil level and the radiator water level. These should be done daily. Assuming the car stands on level ground the obvious time to do these two jobs is before you start up in the morning.

You will get an accurate oil reading because all the lubricant will have drained back into the sump, and also the job is easier when the engine is cold.

If the engine has been running, allow a minute or two for the oil to settle before taking a reading.

Most oils contain special additives, and, although it is permissible to mix engine oils, it is nevertheless undesirable.

The radiator water level is easily checked, particularly when the engine is cold. Top up the level to the neck of the filler, and in areas where the water is hard, use rain water, if plentiful, as hard water can produce a scale which in time will affect cooling efficiency.

Another daily job—silly as it may sound—is checking that you have enough petrol in the tank. Some cars have no gauge, and in these it is advisable to jot down the mileage when you last filled the tank. This will enable you to judge your supply fairly accurately.

Check the tyres

Many cars have a reserve tap on the tank—make sure you know where it is, and how to operate it. Always remember to put it back to normal after refilling.

An important weekly job is checking tyre pressures. This should be done first thing in the morning to get a "cold" reading.

Buy a good tyre gauge and check your own tyres. If your readings are 2lb. down, go to your nearest garage and put in the necessary 2lb., irrespective of whether the tyres have now "made" 2lb. on the run to the garage.

This is only "build-up" from heat generated from the flexing of the under-inflated tyre, and will disappear on cooling, leaving your tyres still 2lb. "short."

You will get "build-up" on hot days or after fast touring—sometimes as much as 4lb. to 6lb. Don't bleed the air out; this only makes matters worse, and the "build-up" will occur again as the sadly deflated tyre overheats. Always keep caps on the valves, tubeless or otherwise.

Tyres are expensive and your life can depend on them, so take good care of them. See that they are changed to diagonally opposite wheels every 2500 miles.

Another weekly job is checking the level of the electrolyte ("water") in the battery cells. This is also most important—batteries are expensive, and an ill-treated battery will get square with you one day when you least expect it to.

Wipe the engine

Batteries are sometimes awkward to fill carefully and accurately. Buy a bottle of distilled water—clean rain water can be used—and top up the level in the cells until the separators, visible when you look down the holes, are just covered.

Never overfill, because splashing will result, and battery acid can make a mess of most things. A hand-mirror is useful for seeing into awkwardly placed batteries.

During this weekly maintenance, get into the habit of wiping a rag over the engine, noting any leaks or new marks on the garage floor. By keeping the engine clean, any leak or crack will be detected.

Should there be any change in the normal oil or water consumption, don't delay in finding out why—it could save you inconvenience and money later.

At least once a month brush out the interior or use a vacuum-cleaner.

The chrome needs regular attention to avoid discoloration. A soft cloth and some polish is the normal method, but my husband uses nothing but dry steel wool—sounds dreadful, doesn't it?—yet the chrome work of his MG was glorious after five years of this.

Leather and imitation leather upholstery should be wiped over with a warm, damp, soapy cloth. Follow this with a fresh cloth and clean water, and finish by drying and polishing with a soft, dry cloth.

Duco should always be washed with a good chamois leather and running water.

A regular coat of wax three times a year will repay the effort necessary to apply it. A very light dusting of cornflour over the wax makes the polishing-off easier.

Get into the habit of keeping a log of your maintenance, and also the maintenance carried out on regular servicing by the garage.

If you use your car for city driving, or in dusty conditions, change the engine oil every 1000 miles.

If you generally tour on good roads at a reasonable pace, 2500 miles between changes is normal. However, small sumps holding a gallon or less should be changed every 1000 miles. Oil is cheap, and it is the lifeblood of your engine.

BETTY McKAY road-testing a car from the Mercedes Benz factory in Germany during a recent overseas trip with her husband.

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The smoothest taste of all!

"GARRICK" provides you with the smoothest taste of all through its miracle filter tip. Each tip contains 20,000 tiny filters and is made from pure cellulose. "GARRICK" brings you smoking perfection . . . all the good taste of mild, rich Virginia tobacco.

And now...

for your added convenience the "GARRICK" pack provides a tear-off strip for easy opening of outer wrap, also a slip-top inner foil.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM 22 and work in the office of a department store. The manager of one of the departments insists on coming to my desk looking for invoices, which he has only to ask for and they will be given to him, but he waits until I am out. As my other jobs take me out of the office quite frequently, I find this embarrassing, as part of one drawer contains personal belongings, and he looks through everything. He also has been seen in the accountant's office after working hours looking through files. It would be useless to approach this man as he is a friend of one of the directors and ignores the office staff, including two of the seniors. Can you suggest anything I can do, as it seems hopeless to me? All the other girls in the office are of the same opinion."

"Worried Worker," N.S.W.

I find nothing more irritating than people going through the drawers of my desk, but employers are quite entitled to do so. They provide you with the desk and the stationery and so on that fill the desk to further their business interests, not as a series of cubby-holes for your personal or private possessions.

I am sure, though, that employers generally treat a desk as private property, and only go through drawers when urgency or special circumstances demand it.

Why not keep a whole drawer for your personal possessions, and keep whatever is necessary in it arranged tidily? People will soon learn then there is nothing of interest in it.

"WE are two teenage girls aged 16 and 15 who have rather old-fashioned parents. They are always suspicious of what we do, and do not seem willing to let us go anywhere. They are prejudiced against girl-boy friendships until the parties are 18 or more. All the other girls at the high school we attend have boy-friends, who escort them to entertainments such as the school dances and occasional film evenings at the local theatres. These girls, we have found, are nice and are good scholars. Are we justified in wishing to have their freedom, or are our parents right that girls should not be allowed out with boys until they are 18 or more?"

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

Wishing is quite free, and there is nothing to stop you wishing for more freedom 24 hours a day, but no matter what the song says *wishing doesn't make it so.* I think you are both too young yet to have male escorts except on occasions where it is absolutely necessary, such as a school dance.

Your parents obviously take the view that your schooling is the most important thing in your life at present, and you must see that it is. It is much more likely that parents will relax an edict and let you go out more often if you obey them and work hard.

I think 18 is perhaps a little late to start going out with boys if that is what your parents mean. I think perhaps they may mean any regular association with a boy. I believe myself that dating during school years should be cut to a minimum. I don't think there should be any of it before a girl is 16, and after that until she finishes her schooling it should be occasional, not regular.

But do give your parents some credit. They do not sit up at night trying to work out ways and means to thwart you and stop you having fun. They are concerned with turning out a happy, poised, well-educated, well-mannered girl to face the world, and all their edicts are directed to this end.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith.

"I HAVE a problem, and I was wondering if you could find a solution for me. I am a girl of nearly 20, and a fortnight ago I went to a party and met a very nice boy of 21. He seemed interested in me, and he saw me home and kissed me good-night at the end of the evening, and he left it at that. Last Saturday night I went to another party and he was there again. He seemed quite interested in me again, stayed with me practically all evening, and later took me home, but again he just left it at that. I am going to another party in a fortnight, and I know he will be there, too. Do you think there is any way I can induce this boy to take me out, as I like him very much?"

"Impatient," Queensland.

You've used a fitting pen-name. I think "Impatient" suits you down to the ground. Give the young man a chance. He must make up his mind about you before he starts dating you in private. He might think you're just good company and is enjoying himself with you at parties. There's nothing wrong with that, is there? A party is always much better when you're enjoying it madly with someone nice. I'd just let nature take its course and let him make the running.

★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★

THERE are so many albums of Strauss waltzes in the stores that the prospective buyer must often be in a tiz as to which one to choose. At least one should be in every collection (except that of the musical snob), and I think you should be very happy with a recent 12-incher by that doyen of the luscious-music school, Andre Kostelanetz. The recorded sound is opulent to a degree, and "Kosty" turns on some really glittering arrangements. This is the sort of disc you can put on and then loll back and really revel in it with C. B. deMille abandon. The ten waltzes are "Blue Danube," "Roses of the South," "Tales From the Vienna Woods," "Gypsy Baron," "Artist's Life," "Voices of Spring," "Emperor," "Vienna Life," "Thousand and One Nights," and a medley from "Die Fledermaus." Could anyone need more?

I THINK I'm right in saying that Dean Martin's real name is Dino Martini, but he changed it because there was another singer with the same moniker. His Italian background comes very much to the foreground in his latest disc, "This Is Dean Martin" (T.1047), with songs such as "Volare," "Buona Sera," and "Write to Me From Naples." Dean alternates verses in English and Italian, and the record is sure to be very popular with Italian-speaking people as well, of course, as with his solid fans. A feminine chorus pipes up now and then throughout this 12-incher, but they don't stand much chance against the star vocalist.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

A word from Debbie . . .

● Fashions come and fashions go, but pink roses stay forever putting the capital R into Romance.

Make a rose your signature this autumn. Try a rose, a deep pink dream, tie it with a velvet ribbon worn in your hair; sew a row of pink buds along the ends of a white satin stole; sew a pink rose to the toes of your black satin flatties, wear them with the sheerest black stockings.

An odd one looks divine sewed to the pocket or the hem of your black velvet sit-by-the-fire skirt.

And by the way, be sure and scent the ones you wear in your hair with some of your favorite scent. That makes it You.

blow hot . . blow cold

with Michel's four madly delicious shades

HOT ORANGE
Fired to a dazzling sunny orange.

FROSTED APRICOT
Iced to the palest pinky apricot.

HOT PEACH
Sun kissed to a warm peachy coral.

FROSTED MELON
Chilled to a delectable rosy orange

Try one . . . try all for the most unusual — most flattering lipstick shades you've ever worn.

Michel 'STAYS ON LONGER'

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She rests on the seventh day

● "Six days of the week I stick to a rigid diet," says Mrs. M. Fiszer, of Scarborough, W.A., winner of this week's £50 prize for the best way to stick to a diet. "The seventh is 'My Day,' when I relax."

THE £50 for the best reducing hint goes to Mrs. D. Massingham, of Turramurra, N.S.W., whose "Half and Double" idea keeps the essential foods in her diet.

These are the final progress prizes in our £1200 Diet Contest.

Winner of the big £500 prize for the best hint of the contest will be announced as soon as all entries have been judged.

Here are this week's £50 winners:

"Half and Double"

EVERY Christmas I put on weight—those parties! But the extra pounds soon fade away when I go on this "Half and Double" diet.

Eat **half** your usual servings of fats, sweets, and starches, and **double** the times you chew every mouthful.

The extra chewing, besides improving digestion, makes you feel you have eaten more than you actually have. It also saves you from the embarrassment of sitting with an empty plate while everyone else is still eating.

You continue to enjoy the same foods that you prepare for the family, but halve the sugar and milk in your tea, eat one slice of bread instead of two, halve your own helpings of all fried foods and all puddings, etc.

I find I lose about two pounds weekly on this diet, without loss of essential food elements.

There is no temptation to over-eat when the dieting period is over, thus the lost pounds do not soon return.

£50 to Mrs. D. Massingham, 8 Normurra Avenue, Turramurra, N.S.W.

"My Day"

UNDER my doctor's supervision, I reduced three stone on a very strict diet. I have tried all sorts of devices to stay slim. After many failures, I think I have now hit on a very good method:

I plan my week's work well ahead and choose one day a week as **"MY DAY."**

On the other six days of the week I stick to my rigid diet, and I organise my work so that on "My Day" I do only the bare essentials.

The day is spent in relaxing. I shampoo my hair, massage my face and neck, have a face-pack and manicure, and do all the other things that get shelved in the daily bustle.

For one day I forget my diet and have many of the things that are normally taboo. "My Day" is a joy.

Two things are important in this method:

- I always weigh myself immediately before "My Day," and if there is any increase "My Day" is forfeit.
- Discretion must be used in the relaxing on the diet. Too much extra food upsets the system.

I now look forward so much to "My Day" that I am most careful not to jeopardise it.

£50 to Mrs. M. Fiszer, 140 Burniston Street, Scarborough, W.A.

DIET CONTEST

● Here are this week's winners of £2/2/- prizes.

SWEET 'N' SODA

IN the hot weather I find that a refreshing drink is a glass of soda water with a sugar-substitute tablet dissolved in it.

This tastes just like lemonade.

£2/2/- to Mrs. Helen Loy, 49 Ellison Road, Geebung, Qld.

"BABY" MEALS

I PUT on a stone last winter by filling up with bread, cake, and leftovers—although I always gave my three small children a proper lunch.

Then I began serving myself exactly what I gave them, and the results have been amazing. I lost seven pounds the first week.

In doing this, I have decreased the amount of food I was eating, and improved the quality of it. I have substituted milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables for my former large intake of carbohydrates.

The children stop me from having extras during the day, as they would want the same.

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. J. Robertson, 9 Elamis Avenue, Pickham, S.A.

£2/2/- each for these

VARIED FLAVORING

WHEN your diet becomes monotonous, and you feel like giving it up, vary your food with flavorings.

There's a variety to choose from: Chopped herbs, mint, onion, and parsley, green peppers in salads, curry powder, meat extracts, or any of the thin bottled sauces, with savory dishes.

£2/2/- to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Avenue, Oakleigh, Vic.

WEIGHTY DISC

I DECIDED the weight that would be my goal. I had it engraved on a metal disc, which I attached to my watch —always on my wrist.

As I look at my watch countless times each day I am constantly reminded of a slim figure when I see the disc.

Now, I very rarely lose my self-control.

£2/2/- to Mrs. J. Ulman, 255 Beaconsfield Parade, Middle Park, Vic.

FROZEN ORANGE

SLICE an orange, not too thinly. Cut the slices in halves, with the peel left on, and put them in the freezer.

Let the orange pieces freeze hard.

Then, when you feel that you must have a snack or a glass of cordial, just suck a piece of frozen orange.

£2/2/- to Mrs. Joe Rattray, Pyengana, Tas.

NEW CONDIMENT

WHEN dieting, I always use lemon juice as a condiment.

I find it improves salads and vegetables—and practically no calories are added. Irksome food is given a much-needed lift.

£2/2/- to Mrs. Rita Sadler, Common Street, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

LATE BREAKFAST

ALTHOUGH I get up at 6.30 a.m., I never eat my breakfast with the family.

When they have gone to work I make the beds, wash the dishes, and sometimes spend an hour in the garden watering or weeding. About 10 o'clock I make myself a proper breakfast and eat it while I read the paper.

By doing this I eliminate the mid-morning snack, can also have a later and lighter lunch, and cut out afternoon tea.

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. E. Bould, 7 Pellew St., Sandringham, Vic.

BACK-TO-FRONT

BEGIN your meal back to front. Eat your fruit first, followed by salad vegetables and proteins like lean meat, eggs, cheese, poultry, and fish.

Eat these foods till your appetite is satisfied.

Then you cannot possibly eat any starchy foods.

£2/2/- to Miss V. Rampton, 62 Main Road, Eltham, Vic.

Nothing quite compares with the comfort and elegance of

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SOCKS FOR MEN

All over the world
men who appreciate quality socks, quality that
means superb comfort and long wear choose Jaeger.
There's a wonderful range of original Jaeger
styles and colors in short, long and big lengths
to suit the most fastidious male, the most particular wife.
Buy them at stores that sell quality men's wear.

Jaeger stretch-nylon socks, snug-fitting, easy-to-wash, darn free.

Jaeger pure-wool socks . . . so soft, so warm and absorbent.

JAEGER SOCKS — FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER!

W2

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This season's suit takes a feminine shape

Suits are a large part of the autumn fashion picture, with a variety of fresh approaches to the new short-jacket line. What they have in common is femininity—and an easy-going fit. What's out? The suit with the nipped-in waist and the flavor of men's tailoring about its cut. Gone, too, is the neat little accessory plan: the inevitable white gloves, string of pearls, and careful handbag and hat. Overleaf is more suit news.

—BETTY KEEP

Pierre Cardin's superb city suit (right) is made in a smooth cloth and in a new warm red. Note the new accessory plan — the suit pointed up with a mad little hat made in brown satin.

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Supp-hose by HILTON

The sheer nylon stocking that supports without rubber!

You've never worn a stocking like Supp-hose before! Supp-hose looks like any fashion sheer nylon, but it does so much more. It is the first all-nylon sheer stocking designed to relieve leg fatigue—to lift and soothe tired leg muscles—*without using heavy, unsightly rubber.* It took four years of research in U.S.A. to develop this sheer 'compression' stocking that offered the healthful support of which American doctors approved.

SUPP-HOSE IS FOR SO MANY WOMEN

Patented Supp-hose is a new source of fashionable leg support for housewives, expectant mothers, working women, and women who suffer from mild varicose veins. It is for almost every woman who spends time on her feet. Try sheer Supp-hose today and see if it doesn't make a wonderful difference in your day! And the best thing about sheer Supp-hose is that no one will know you're wearing them!

A VERY ECONOMICAL STOCKING

Supp-hose costs just one-third what you'd expect to pay. Each pair of Supp-hose is guaranteed to give five times the wear of ordinary nylons. Supp-hose is available in 7 proportioned hosiery sizes and 3 charming colours—Serene (rose beige), Placid (fawn beige), and Australia's most popular colour—Waterlily.

42/-

Supp-hose by HILTON

Guaranteed to give at least five times the wear of ordinary nylon stockings!

* TRADE MARK — Patent Application No. 36063-58 applied for. 7595

Continued from previous page

A de luxe touch for new suits

The de luxe touch may be fur, a superb top, or just a superb fabric. Winter fabrics are really wonderful. Mohair, mohair mixtures, and dark tweeds frosted with white are much in evidence. There are, too, numbers of spongy wool boucles, some wools in this category giving the impression of having been snagged with a hook. A short jacket worn with a slim skirt or matching dress is the signature of 1959 suit fashions. A new partnership is a longer jacket, about wrist-length, with a slim skirt. This is only for the tall and slender. More suit news is the straight skirt, often not strictly straight, as it is eased at the waistline for a rounder-hip look. Here and there a pleated skirt is seen. Belts are in vogue. When a waist is in its normal place it is belted good and hard, in leather or suede crushed through a broad buckle. Fur trims strike a strong note and long-hair pelts head the list. This season's suit accessories have a stamp of their own. The important turban makes pretty sense above big collars and a short hemline. Long gloves are right in the picture. The glove itself is full and bulky and is worn crushed to meet or slip under above-wrist-length sleeves. Unchanged is the classic pump—still the chic shoe to wear with every suit.

— BETTY KEEP

ASTONISHINGLY FRESH to the eye is the long-haired fur trim on the suit (left) and the matching fur turban. The longer-length jacket has a by-passed waistline, double-breasted fastening, above-wrist-length sleeves. Suit by Madelaine de Rauch.

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STRIKING jacket-dress ensemble (above) made in mohair wool. The dress has a mousseline top matched to the turban. Suit is by Claude Reviere.

BLACK TWEED frosted with white is chosen by Maggy Rouff for the suit (above). The wide black leather belt and bulky turban are both fresh news.

PIERRE CARDIN designed this dress and rose-trimmed jacket ensemble in black-and-white tweed. The ensemble, worn with a turban in white felt, was one of the prettiest suits in the autumn Paris collections.

NEW SHORT JACKET (above) and played-down look is typical of this season's suiting. Note the material—wool boucle—and the eased skirt fullness over the hips. Suit by Lanvin, Castillo.

DRESS AND JACKET (above) designed in wool by Pierre Cardin. Wide collar on the short jacket creates an Empire effect. The longer glove in a darker shade than the suit is a chic accessory.

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The new Kotex box . . . in dove grey and pink. Also in plain paper wrap.
And now Kotex Double Pack has a new low price . . . only 5/6.

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Candy Hardy frock service

● Flattering and versatile teenage fashion is this pinafore dress and long-sleeved shirt-blouse. The outfit is available ready made for a special low price, or cut out ready to sew for even less.

HERE, all ready for the beginning of the autumn season, we present a very special fashion offer — a Candy Hardy pinafore - and - blouse ensemble. Both garments are American styled, and can be purchased as a twosome or separately.

The pinafore is front-buttoned and has straight-cut lines with a bypassed waistline; the shirt-blouse is beautifully tailored; and the whole outfit adds up to figure flattery for the teenage figure. We called the pinafore "Elizabeth" and the blouse "Hannah."

Then, because glowing colors are having a heyday in autumn-winter fashions, we photographed it in vivid red—in direct contrast to the white blouse.

Both garments are obtainable in wonderful colors.

HOW TO ORDER

The pinafore dress and blouse can be seen or purchased at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

It can also be ordered by mail. Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

No C.O.D. orders accepted. Please include a second color choice and state name of garment.

Color range for the corduroy velveteen pinafore is American Beauty, junior-navy, mid-green, pillarbox-red, dark brown, and pink.

Color range for the turella blouse is white, cream, green, lemon, blue, and pink.

Ready to Wear: "Elizabeth" pinafore, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 83/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Pinafore, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 47/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Ready to Wear: "Hannah" blouse, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Blouse, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, 28/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Now choose the colour you love

NEW GLEAMING COLOURED AND SILVER FOIL WRAP SEALS IN THE RARE PERFUME

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BEAUTY SOAP

in exciting new pastels

SCENTED WITH COSTLY FRENCH PERFUME... RICH WITH BEAUTY-GIVING CREAMS

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keeps you *Fresher . . . Smoother . . . Daintier*

Surround yourself with romantic fragrance, and enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin with soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder. This misty fine talc clings all day to keep you fresh always.

Helps girdles, stockings and shoes glide on easily!

K220

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Worth Reporting

BUSHMAN Bill Harney, guardian of Ayers Rock, whom we last met under a mulga tree in Central Australia when the billy tea was boiling, turned up in Sydney last month.

Meeting him for iced-coffee in a restaurant, we found Bill city-style in dark suit, white shirt, and neatly knotted tie.

"Mad, isn't it?" said Bill, as if the tie were throttling him. "But you can't meet a girl in Sydney and wear shirt and shorts."

Holidaying from the Territory, writer-bushman Harney has been travelling from State to State, speaking on radio and TV, receiving congratulations on his latest book, "Content to Lie in the Sun."

"After this I'm going back to The Alice," said Bill. "Got a new house there now and there's plenty to do to it. Then, when the tourist season is on again, I'll be out at The Rock.

"Won't be in the old tent, either. I'll be in a proper building. It'll face the right way, so I'll still see the morning sun coloring up The Rock."

★ ★ ★

CAT Department, Female-claws Division: "Darling," she purred, "may I have another cup of this delicious coffee? It IS coffee, isn't it?"

Vintage lassie—1904 chassis

GENEVIEVE, the "star" of the London-to-Brighton car-race film, has now taken out her citizenship papers to become an Australian.

She's come to live on Queensland's Gold Coast, where her new owner, Mr. George Gilltrap, has installed her as prize attraction in his vintage-car museum. Genevieve, the 1904 Darracq automobile, is still painted red as she was in the film.

Alongside Genevieve are 30 more old-time vehicles, ranging from a penny-farthing cycle to an old aircraft.

Nappy Club of Newcastle

THANKS to a club in Newcastle, N.S.W., more than 60 needy new-born babies have been provided with complete layettes.

The "Nappy Club" was founded by Mrs. Hugh Filson, of Merewether West; now, the Superintendent of the Newcastle City Mission (Mr. J. McCallum) has suggested that other cities use the club as a blueprint.

"Some mothers come directly to us," he said. "Many others go to hospitals or to the Social Welfare Department. In every case investigations are made, and where necessary the almoners or the welfare officers ask us for layettes."

Eight club members meet twice a week at Mrs. Filson's home. They launder and renew used baby clothes and make new ones.

The layettes are supplied to deserted wives, unmarried mothers, women whose husbands are out of work or ill, and to newly arrived migrants.

More about silly games

A FEW weeks ago we published a "Department of Silly Games," in which we made sentences out of the names of countries — "I Trust And Love You," for instance, from Italy.

We invited readers with time on their hands to send us in a few more.

A topical suggestion came from Miss D. Nicholls, of Ulverston, Tasmania: "All Mourning Englishmen Regretfully Inter Cricket Ashes."

Mr. Mac Croll, from Mullumbimby, went all Scandihavian: "Does Every 'No' Mean A Ruined Kiss?"

A Queensland reader told us that "I Trust And Love You" and "Hope Our Love Lasts And Never Dies" are no novelty to her husband and herself.

"They were part and parcel of the many letters we exchanged during our courting days," she said.

"I still have these letters (all tied with blue ribbon), but will refrain from sending them to prove my claim, for understandable reasons!"

The Weekly makes a hit . . .

SOME weeks ago we reported that carrying a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly helped Sydney businessman Bill Gresham meet Sabrina.

"Sabby" was featured on the cover of the paper—she hadn't seen a copy—so she asked Mr. G. if she could look at his.

But Mrs. F. W. William, of Brisbane, told us of quite a different sort of "hit" that she made:

"I was passing a friend's home recently—with my copy of The Australian Women's Weekly rolled up in my hand.

"I heard a great commotion coming from the fowl-run. And as I passed the gate a dog rushed out with a chicken in his mouth.

"I gave him a swift slap with my Weekly, and he promptly released the squeaking chook.

"So Mr. Gresham's advice (to carry a copy of your paper always) can be very useful."

"I've just made a most wonderful discovery."

Once a sower, now he sews

THERE'S nothing "sissy" about men doing needlework, according to an Adelaide man we met the other day.

At the age of 86 he's embroidered 12 supper-cloths, numerous dressing-table sets, pillow shams, and table mats.

"I'd rather do a bit of sewing than sit around in pubs," said Mr. William Pearce when we called on him in his neat cottage in Hindmarsh.

Mr. Pearce is a former market gardener who says: "Working in the markets gave me an eye for color that's been very useful in my embroidery work.

"I started embroidery as a hobby about seven or eight years ago after watching one of my daughters sewing.

"I liked it so much that I've continued doing it."

When we mentioned that we had heard of another male expert at needlework in Sydney, Mr. Pearce looked more than interested.

"I wonder if that's my brother Fred?" he said. "Haven't seen or heard of him for nearly 40 years, but it's a strange thing.

"The other day another brother who had seen Fred in Sydney recently was looking at some of these cloths and said, 'They're not a patch on Fred's.' "

★ ★ ★

WE eavesdropped on two little boys who were solemnly discussing the lesson on their way home from Sunday School.

"Do you believe there's a devil?" asked one.

"No," said the other promptly. "It's like Santa Claus: it's your father."

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LOVELY TV AND FASHION MODEL
GERALDINE BRANSON
says—

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Makes teeth feel really clean...mouth feel fresher!

NYAL BABY POWDER
A fine, moisture-resistant, fragrant talc: prevents chafing: wonderfully refreshing and soothing as an after-bath talc for grown-ups, too! 2/5, 4/9.

SUPER KWIKTAN CREAM
Gives you a healthy, golden suntan without sunburn. Non-staining vanishing cream contains a scientific sunscreen. Ensures no burn, no peel. 3/3, 5/3.

SUPER KWIKTAN SUN OIL
Gives you the finest tan under the sun, quickly. Prevents sunburn. Keeps skin soft and supple. 4/9, 8/-.

Like so many leading Australian models, beautiful Geraldine Branson depends on white, sparkling teeth to enhance the natural loveliness of her smile.

You, too, can brush your teeth to sparkling whiteness with NYAL Toothpaste–the dentifrice that makes your teeth feel *really* clean, your mouth wonderfully refreshed.

NYAL is an honest-to-goodness toothpaste which helps your toothbrush give you *completely clean* teeth. It contains a highly-activated, tasteless dental detergent which foams instantly. This film-fighting foam *sweeps* food particles from between the teeth . . . safely removes dulling film and cigarette stains.

Regular brushing with NYAL Toothpaste *whitens* and *brightens* your teeth as you never thought possible . . . *makes a sparkling difference to your smile.*

You'll like the clean, refreshing "minty" flavour, too. The taste lingers so pleasantly. Two sizes: Regular 3/2, Economy 4/2.

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Suds are old-fashioned

no matter what kind they are!

Why stay behind the times with lazy suds for washing-up when modern sudsless Trix cuts wash-up time in half. Just a teaspoon of Trix and all the washing-up water quickly de-greases grease, swallows dirt like magic. Trix-water drains off completely. There's no rinsing, no wiping-up. Dishes dry rapidly — hygienically pure . . . gleaming clean.

That's why Trix has replaced suds. Suds do not clean . . . they just float, trap grease, stick on . . . make wiping-up a must.

Non-foaming Trix washes cleaner, easier. Trix puts washing energy down in the water.

● THE SUGAR-LOAF CROP, on opposite page, and La Ligne Flash (Flash Line), below, show that the full-blown trend is still tops in fashionable hairstyling. The new look is in outline, which is either seal-sleek or waved. It's the season for hair that is high, wide, and handsome, with a real or false bun for dress-up, a full fringe, and sides that touch the cheek.

Flash line for glamor

A NEW-SEASON hairstyle recently released in Australia by the International Coiffure de Dames is La Ligne Flash (Flash Line)—a creation of M. Guillaume, the world president of this world-wide hair fashion group.

As modern as the hydrogen bomb, La Ligne Flash is a short and bouffant style with a towards-the-face arrangement of full, loose waves. Highlight is a mushroom-type topknot.

Below is a glamorous adaptation of the Flash Line designed specially for Australian women.

The new Paris headline gains height by sweeping the hair off the forehead, fastening it in place with a decorative band, and then "exploding" the mushroom just behind it.

In order to attain the new height and the popular width, hair needs to be of medium length, longer on top, and shaped into the back of the neck.

For everyday wear fullness is achieved over the crown by cutting the top hair shorter.

Paris describes this new fashion as a heady hairstyle to harmonise with the hatty look that goes with the popular Empire line.

The originator believes this style should be popular with women and girls of all ages provided they vary it becomingly to suit their own features and the occasion.

As the style gives width, it's an excellent choice for anyone with a narrow face.

LA LIGNE FLASH (Flash Line), a new hairstyle from Paris, is designed to go with the Empire fashion trend. This lovely model has hair of the ideal texture and length, some curl, and the mobile features to carry it off perfectly. The line is simpler for day wear.

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The Sugar Loaf crop with "bang-on" appeal

SLEEK AS SATIN, this Sugar Loaf version features the covered brow and very slightly pouffed sides.

● The Sugar Loaf crop, created by topflight hair-stylist Michel of Paris and New York, is the latest hairline for autumn-winter, 1959. It features several new, high-fashion ideas.

SIDE-BURNS, fringed and lifted bangs, and a plump sugar loaf of false or real hair look new and gala.

WAVES and curls are out in the essentially young, so-sleek Sugar Loaf crop, which restores the heavy fringe to fashion and brings the rest of the hair forward on to the cheeks in a rounded line.

The look is short, bouffant, and different. The hair, burnished with much brushing, shines like satin and is cleverly arranged in curves that give the appearance of width, height, and fullness.

Focal point in this sophisticated style trend is the bun or "loaf" which is achieved with real or false hair and poised on the crown of the head.

The hair-do may be worn with or without the topknot (see pictures above and at the right), and so is ready-made for the girl who enjoys changing her hairstyle for different occasions.

For the basic crop, the hair is left longer in the front and on top and a smooth bandeau of hair is drawn across the crown in a slightly lifted line.

Back hair is shingled close to the nape of the neck or left just long enough to turn under or upwards.

An interesting innovation in this hair collection is Michel's new treatment of side-burns (see picture top right). For these the hair is left three or four inches long and curved out on to the temple and cheek.

Ideally, bouffant hair styles require thick hair with plenty of body that is easy to perm. Only the lightest perm is needed to hold the shape properly.

If the hair is worn sleek and smooth it also requires frequent and thorough washing and a good deal of brushing to keep the bouffant look intact.

An expensive but superb shampoo can be made by stirring two egg-yolks in a cup and adding a little rum. It cleans and stimulates and leaves a lovely high gloss on the hair.

It's a good idea to keep to one's normal shampoo for the first lather and use the egg-and-rum mixture for the second.

Another worthwhile shampoo notion is to pour half a glass of beer over the hair after shampooing. It won't leave any odor, but it will leave the hair with more body and make it easier to keep in place.

ANOTHER VERSION of the Sugar Loaf hairstyle, cut short and with thick upturned bangs.

Empire fringe

A HIGH BANG and forward winged sides, where the hair is longish, are features of this hair-do. It is an easy-to-change hair-style and is a perfect foil for a long face with a high forehead.

RIGHT: Short Sugar Loaf crop with eyeline bangs, bouffant sides, and a small topknot is easily adapted.

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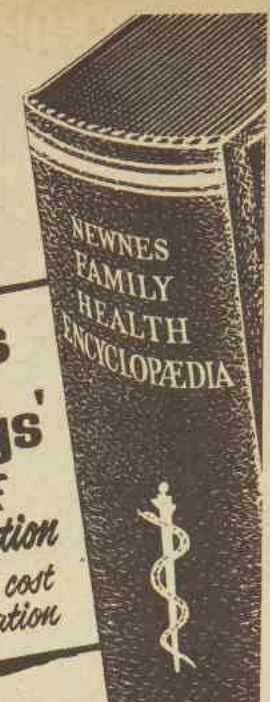

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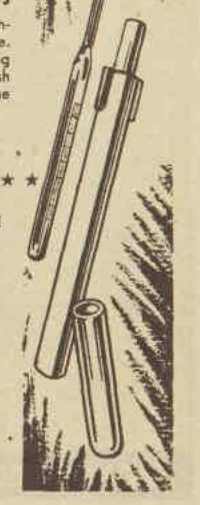

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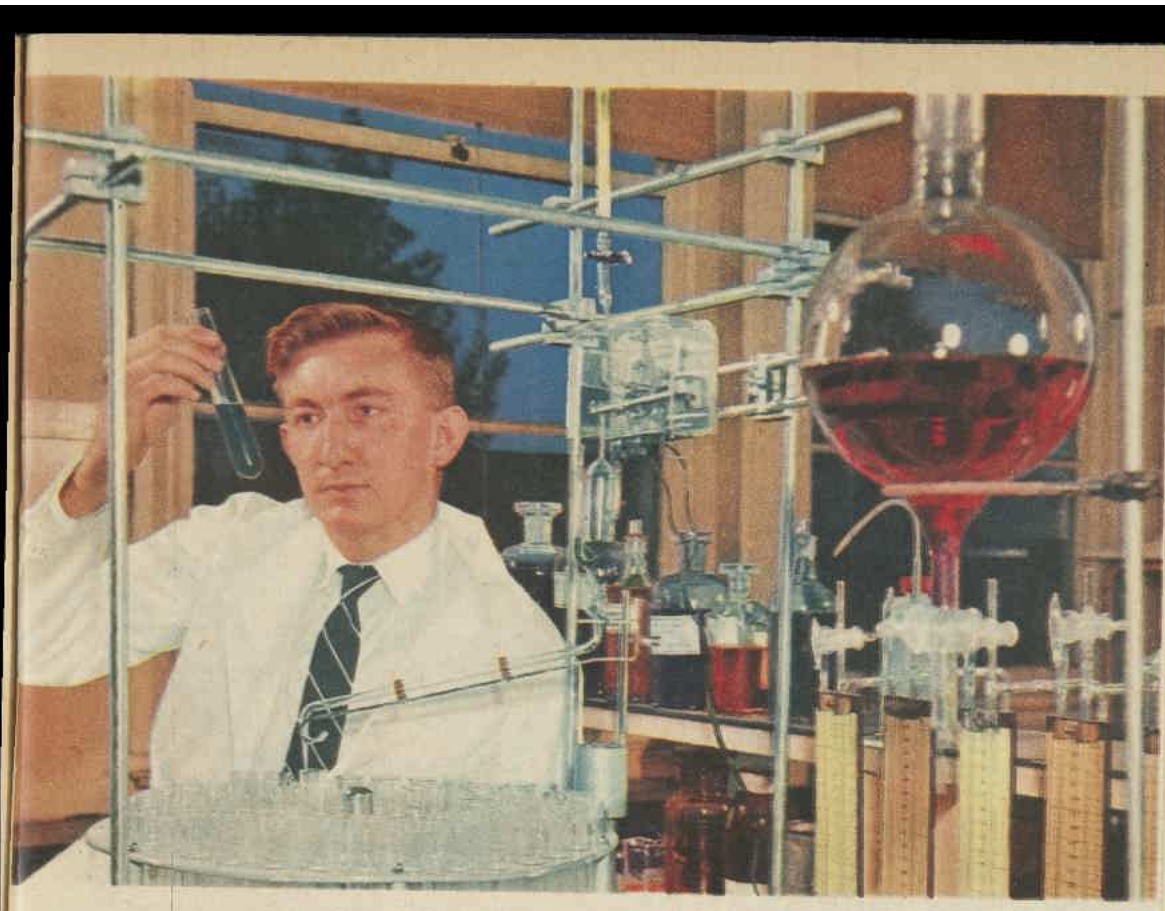

THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

● Medicine today presents an inspiring picture of achievement over many ills. Men argue about its greatest advance — the introduction of the "wonder drugs," new heart-surgery techniques, new post-operative methods, anaesthesia agents, the improvement in diagnosis. Which is the greatest doesn't matter. What does is that medicine, once an art, has undergone a gradual but firm union with science so that it is now both an art and a science.

HERE we give you a glimpse into some of the exciting advances which allow us to enjoy with comfort the greater life span they offer.

A small girl of 14 lay on an operating table surrounded by surgeons, anaesthetists, and their assistants. Her chest was open, her heart was stopped, but she was not dead. She was undergoing a type of heart, or cardiac, surgery made possible only by recent advances in the medical and surgical sciences.

She had a rare congenital heart disease, the correction of which required the surgeon to be able to operate actually inside the heart. To do this her heart had to be stopped and the blood normally entering it prevented from so doing.

Human tissue requires oxygen to survive. The brain, in particular, is very sensitive to oxygen lack. Body temperature is one of the things that controls the rate at which the tissues use oxygen. The discovery that the lower the body

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THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

temperature the less oxygen was required to keep the tissue healthy formed the basis of one of the major advances in cardiac and brain surgery and anaesthesia.

Prior to this girl's successful operation, and after she had been anaesthetised, her body temperature had been lowered by the fairly simple measure of ice packs. More complicated methods have been employed, but this is perfectly satisfactory.

With her temperature lowered in this manner, the surgeon had about 10-15 minutes during which the heart could be stopped, the circulation stilled, and the tissues, including the brain, use the oxygen which was in the blood already surrounding them.

Dramatic surgery

This type of surgery is dramatic in its execution and significant, because it enables some previously fatal congenital heart diseases to be repaired. There are others, of course, which as yet are incapable of surgical cure.

Dramatic though this surgery may be, and great the surgeon's skill, all this would not be possible but for the tremendous advances in anaesthesia.

It is not so many years since "rag and bottle" anaesthesia, when the use of an ether mask was the only common anaesthetic in use.

Anaesthesia aims at rendering the patient unconscious and incapable of feeling pain, and also relaxing the muscles so that the surgeon may have easy access to the part on which he is operating.

The choice of anaesthetic agents is now extremely wide.

Intravenous barbiturates such as pentothal bring rapid unconsciousness without unpleasant side effects but are not always applicable. A large number of gases such as cyclopropane are now available and have their particular uses.

A recent introduction called fluorethane at first sight seems to achieve the sometimes desired cooling of the patient without causing a drop in body temperature.

Most of these agents are designed to induce safe unconsciousness, and with it some relaxation. There are other drugs which are used directly to bring about muscle relaxation.

The South American Indians had a unique weapon. It was their practice to dip their arrow-heads in a plant extract. Their prey, beast or man, hit by these arrows, either died on impact or was totally paralysed and so perished.

Anaesthetic science has taken this South American arrow poison into the field of safe muscle relaxation. The active principle of the poison was curare, which is now widely used in anaesthesia.

The great usefulness of relaxation during surgical operations stimulated the research, and with understanding of the basic chemical processes of muscle contraction a fairly large number of "relaxants" are now available.

Some of them are effective for a short while. Some, like curare, are effective for a long time.

With numbers of bottled gases and with patients more or less paralysed during operations, mechanical devices became necessary to help the patient breathe, and to administer the anaesthetic gas or mixture of gases.

In operating theatres today anaesthetic machines have appeared. They are gleaming consoles of dials and taps, flow gauges, and so on, and the anaesthetist has become over the years a highly specialised individual skilled in his art.

New post-operative techniques have come from considerable study and research in this field.

Previously, this period was full of danger for the patient.

One of its bugbears was thrombosis, or clotting in a vein.

Getting the patient out of bed quickly—what doctors call "early ambulation"—after an operation has been one of the simple measures which has reduced the occurrence of this serious and occasionally fatal complication.

Considerably more is now known, too, about the various fundamental functions of the body, such as its salt and water requirements. The use of intravenous fluids has done much towards preparing patients for operations and towards reducing the severity of the post-operative period.

Laboratory workers have devoted themselves to the study of the mechanism of thrombosis. Out of this research and related studies have come a number of agents called anti-coagulants, because they alter the clotting or coagulation of the blood.

One of the early anti-coagulants came to medical attention from a disease of cattle.

It was found that when cattle ate sweet clover which had been standing for some time they often developed a haemorrhagic, or bleeding, disease.

Investigation of the clover revealed the presence of a substance which interfered with blood clots. From this came an early anti-coagulant called dicumarol.

Heparin and dindevan are other anti-coagulants. They all tend to attack the process of blood clotting at different points, vary in how they are administered, and the length of time they act.

Each has its special use, but all of them require the closest possible medical and laboratory control.

Doctors use them not only in the post-operative period but whenever it appears that a thrombotic process is taking place to the detriment of their patient.

A coronary occlusion is a prime example of what medical men call "a thrombotic process."

Anti-coagulants are sometimes used in an attempt to forestall a coronary or in its treatment.

One of the greatest, and possibly the greatest, advances in medicine has been the introduction of the antibiotics, or "wonder drugs," which are capable of interfering with bacteria without much disturbance to a patient.

Pneumonia is a perfect illustration of this process. Before these drugs were found, pneumonia was a very severe disease carrying with it a fairly high fatality rate.

New drug discoveries wiped out pneumonia's danger.

They have also taken the fear and complications out of meningitis.

Before them, surgery on the bowel was always a risky business because of the large numbers of bacteria present, which could invade the body tissues and cause severe infection or peritonitis.

Simple infections of the hand with bacteria that sometimes caused septicaemia and death or required

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THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

the amputation of part of the limb to save life, osteomyelitis, or bacterial infection of the bone, which often required repeated and sometimes mutilating operations and sometimes caused death, have all lost their terrifying complications because of bacterial discoveries.

The anti-bacterial drugs fall into two great classes, the first represented largely by the sulphonamides, are chemically manufactured compounds. These could be called chemotherapeutic agents.

The second and much larger family of anti-bacterial agents are the antibiotics which are derived from different moulds. The first of these was developed by Florey and Fleming from a mould and is known familiarly as penicillin.

Different moulds produce different anti-bacterial agents, some of them too poisonous to be given or injected into humans. Those in common use include streptomycin, aureomycin, terramycin, erythromycin, chloramphenicol, oleandomycin, and others.

These agents and the sulphonamides probably act by tricking the bacteria into absorbing them, and their action is to interfere with one of the essential chemical pathways in the functioning of that bacteria.

Most of them do not actually kill the bacteria, but they arrest growth or reproduction and allow the normal body defences to deal with the invader.

All these make the bacterial-diseases picture appear as a rosy Utopia in which the physician waves the magic wand of the anti-bacterial agent and the infection disappears. This is not a true picture.

Unfortunately, some bacteria become resistant to the anti-bacterial agent.

Indiscriminate use of the antibiotics has accelerated this process so that the control of some infections, notably the staphylococci, has developed into a race between the rate at which the new antibiotics can be developed and the rate at which bacteria become resistant.

In spite of this, the introduction of antibiotics has probably been the major cause in the fall in the overall death rate.

Cardiac surgery and other forms of advanced surgery, the prevention of thrombi, the treatment of bacterial diseases, and in fact the treatment of any disease pre-supposes that the disease has been diagnosed.

Medical and surgical diagnosis in modern times has tremendously improved.

Diseases have been submitted to more intensive clinical and scientific investigation than ever before, so that not only is much more known about the actual mechanism of disease but the surgeon or the physician has at his fingertips numerous aids other than his own senses.

Refinement and expansion of diagnostic X-ray techniques, the ability to look into parts of the body such as the bronchi, stomach, and bladder without open operation, the exciting advances in the knowledge of the body's chemical processes and their application to clinical laboratories, the improvement in bacteriology and pathology, and finally the welding of all these, plus highly trained personnel in specialised diagnostic clinics, have all contributed to more accurate and, in many instances, more rapid diagnosis.

Accurate diagnosis must precede special treatment, and the advances in special treatment have been great.

Dropsy or oedema fluid can now be got rid of by the body, the thyroid-gland function can be suppressed, hormones can be given as required, the secretion of acid by the stomach can be more or less controlled, and certain emotional manifestations can be modified with the appropriate drug after specific diagnosis.

The therapeutic armament of the physician is becoming impressive, indeed.

The approach to the problem of cancer is proceeding on fairly similar lines.

The necessity for accurate and early diagnosis is obvious and the diagnosis has considerably improved. Many varieties of cancer diagnosed early can be treated successfully surgically, and deep X-Ray and radioactive cobalt also play a significant part in treatment.

Of great interest is the enormous amount of basic laboratory work being carried out throughout the world on the ill-understood nature of the cancerous process and the manner in which cancer cells behave differently from normal cells.

Perhaps one of the great hopes in the problem of cancer is the continual search for chemotherapeutic agents which will more or less selectively attack the cancerous cell.

Today's human being is fortunate. Medicine has now entered a firmly established stage where the ministrations of the doctor are backed by an army of laboratory workers engaged in the study of basic problems in human biology.

● ***This booklet, sponsored by the British Medical Association, New South Wales Branch, marks the gathering in Sydney in conference of some of the world's most outstanding medical men. They are conferring for the good of mankind; their findings will make their lot happier. We publish this booklet as our small contribution to their vast work in the hope that it will help some of our readers.***

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THE COMMON WINTER AILMENTS

● The last rose of summer often signals the first winter ailments—the colds, the bronchitis, the sinus infections, the sore throats—all of which breed and thrive within the respiratory system, the complicated machinery by which a human being breathes.

COLDS, with the many other infections of the area, are generally treated at home. This article tells you of some of the ailments to which this part of the body is subject.

The respiratory system (see picture overleaf) is a quite complicated arrangement of passages, tubes, and sinuses (hollow air spaces) which are in effect the air-conditioning cavities in our foreheads.

The nose is divided into two passages, separated in the middle by a wall of bone and surrounded by sinuses. The nasal passages and all the upper respiratory system are lined with a soft "skin" called mucous membrane. Mucous membrane secretes a clear, sticky fluid called mucus.

Behind the nose is a hollow space called the nasopharynx. It travels down to the back of the mouth, where it joins the oropharynx. From the nasopharynx two canals run backwards into the middle ear. These are called the Eustachian tubes.

Both the naso and the oro pharynx have a ring of special tissue called lymphoid tissue, part of which is the adenoids and tonsils. Lymphoid tissue plays a special role in combating infection.

All these areas are not only covered with mucous membrane, they are also covered with tiny, fine hairs, which can sometimes be observed externally in the nose.

The fine hairs and moist sticky surfaces act as a filter for the dirty outside air, removing dust and other particles.

Anyone who blows his nose after travelling by steam train can see evidence of the efficiency of this filter system.

The mucous-membrane-covered surfaces of the upper respiratory tract also moisten and warm the breathed air, and the sinuses give tone to the voice. The blocked sinus passages are what impart the flat nasal quality to the voice when someone has a cold.

Because the air breathed is dirty and the respiratory system's filtering machinery is not perfect, the whole of the system is prone to infection.

This emphasises the very real need to cover coughs and sneezes and for cold sufferers to stay away from work or close contact with other people.

The common cold (see overleaf) is the infection which is most common.

Next in line probably is catarrh.

Catarrh

Catarrh may be acute or chronic. It is a condition in which the mucous glands are stimulated to produce excessive amounts of mucus.

It has a number of unrelated causes. If the piece of bone, which divides the two nasal passages from each other, is bent to one or other side, so that some obstruction of one of the nasal passages has occurred, then catarrh may arise.

Blockage of the nasal sinuses, enlarged adenoids, and thickening of the mucous lining of the nose from infection or allergy may all cause it. Chronic irritation of the nasal passages from excessive smoking and exposure to certain fumes will also stimulate the glands to secrete more mucus.

The type of mucus also varies from the thin, watery fluid which runs from the nose in hay fever to the yellow thick infected mucus of a common cold and the thick, clear sticky mucus of the heavy smoker.

Treatment of catarrh varies with the cause. Simple measures, such as steam inhalation, the judicious use of suitable nose drops, and the avoidance of irritants, such as smoking, will do much to relieve the discomfort.

Sinusitis

Sinusitis is a very painful condition, arising from infection of one of the sinuses with blockage of the hole leading from it to the nasal passages.

As long as a sinus is able to drain its contents into the nasal passages, it is possible for the lining of the sinus to deal with the infection. But when obstruction occurs the sinus will remain infected either until treatment is begun or the mucous membrane around the hole shrinks sufficiently to allow the sinus to drain.

Sinusitis will rarely occur as an isolated condition in a perfectly normal upper respiratory tract. It is generally a complication of one or other of the diseases which cause swelling of the nasal mucous membrane such as the common cold, any one of the virus infections affecting this area, inflammation of the nasal mucous membrane, swimming or chronic irritation.

The infected sinus fills up with fluid, which is unable to get away and so more or less pressure develops in the sinus. This, with the actual infection of the membrane, causes an ache which can vary from slight to extremely severe. The situation of this pain varies with the sinus affected.

In the case of the maxillary sinus, the pain is generally most severe below the eye and underneath the cheekbone near the upper back teeth. Sometimes, however, the pain is worst at the point where the nose joins the cheek. Frontal sinusitis causes an aching pain between and above the eyes, and the bone above the eye towards the nose may be quite tender.

Sinusitis will often respond to antibiotics, which, combating the infection, allow the mucous membrane to shrink and the sinus to empty.

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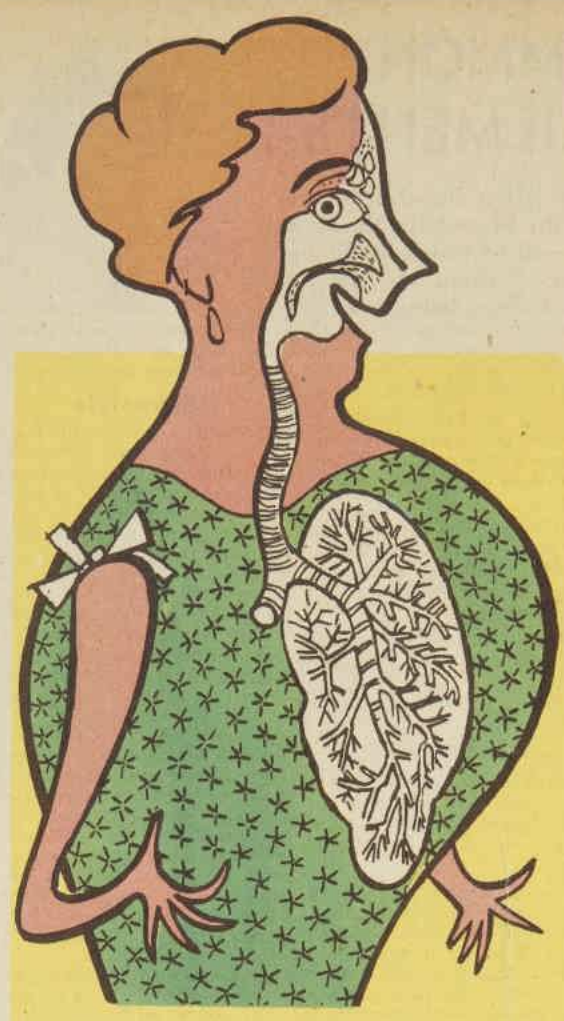

THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM is the white section shown above. The nose passages and sinuses are shown (see explanation on page 7).

From the back of the mouth, the oropharynx, the air passage goes down into the larynx or voice box. This is roughly marked on the surface by the "Adam's apple." The larynx is a rigid tube with two very thin and delicate folds which are moved towards or away from each other by special muscles. The vibration of these folds, in an air stream provided by the action of the lungs, produces your voice.

Below the larynx, the trachea or wind pipe travels down into the chest, where it divides into two main branches called the bronchi. These also divide to form a tree-like structure of finer and finer tubes called bronchi or bronchioles according to the size. The smallest of these tubes are connected with groups of tiny invisible air sacs, of which millions exist, called alveoli. The air tubes and the air sac, together with the smooth shiny covering, make up the lungs.

The commo

WHAT IT IS: An infectious disease sp

HOW YOU CATCH IT: The only wa droplet infection sneezed or coughed on by someone with a cold. (It is impossi chilled, sitting in a draught, getting wet fe

HOW YOU TREAT IT: There is no

(from page 7)

Sometimes the infection is so severe and the pain so intense that in the case of the maxillary sinus, the doctor may actually pierce the bone on the outer side of the nasal passage and wash the sinus out with some warm salt water. This manoeuvre, though not frequently required, can bring dramatic relief.

If the sinusitis becomes chronic and the lining of the sinus itself thickened, more drastic surgical treatment may be required. Simple measures in the early stages of sinusitis may do much towards keeping the hole open. These are much the same as are used with catarrh — nose drops to shrink the mucous membrane and steam inhalations.

Adenoiditis

Adenoids, the ring of lymphoid tissue about the pharynx, are often infected.

The adenoids respond to infection in just the same way as the glands in armpit and groin, where a painful lump develops when an infection attacks arm or leg. The difference with the adenoids is that instead of the infection reaching them along the red streaks seen on the arm and leg, they are directly exposed to the infecting agent.

Acute infections of the adenoids are not terribly important, but repeated infections may cause permanent enlargement and chronic infection of these glands.

The enlarged adenoids then obstruct the free passage of air and secretions down the back of the nose and this makes the upper respiratory tract prone to further infection. True adenoid enlargement of this sort is almost always seen in children. Here is a classic picture:

Jane P. had been a perfectly well child until about 12 months previously. She then got repeated colds, sometimes with sore throat. Now her nose was constantly running, she had lost weight, largely because her appetite had become so poor. She had a dull, rather vacant expression,

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est winter ailment is the cold

by a virus.
u "catch" a cold is by direct
u or into the air around you
catch a cold by becoming
eaving off warm underwear.)
for the common cold despite enormous research. The course of the disease can be made more endurable by bed rest, aspirin, plenty of fruit juices, a light diet. Vitamin C has been said to be a preventive, but so far its value is unproved.

HOW TO PREVENT IT: If possible, stay away from work when you have a cold. Avoid crowds. Cover up coughs and sneezes. Avoid intimate contacts. Wipe out the telephone mouthpiece after use with an antiseptic.

the skin around her nose was red and cracked, and when she spoke it was with a flat, nasal voice.

She also had the appearance of a fullness around the upper part of her nose and face, so that her eyes appeared narrow. When she was examined it was obvious that she was under weight and was perhaps a little small for her age. Her tonsils were grossly enlarged, almost meeting in the middle of the back of the mouth, and pus could be seen from numerous pits in their surface. A small mirror allowed a view of the back of the nose, where large adenoids could be seen. She was six years old and her mother claimed that from a previously bright, alert child she was now dull and uninterested.

She had her tonsils and adenoids removed, and a few months later had picked up the lost ground and had regained her cheerful personality and brightness.

Tonsillitis

The tonsils can be involved in much the same way as the adenoids, except that acute tonsillitis more often causes people to seek attention than acute adenoiditis. **Acute tonsillitis** is generally caused either by bacteria or viruses. It causes an extremely sore throat, difficulty in swallowing, and enlarged tender glands below the angle of the jaw on the affected side.

The infection may be restricted to the tonsil itself or it may involve the tonsil and the surrounding mucous membrane of the pharynx. The tonsillitis is then part of a more widespread infection or pharyngitis.

Quinsy

The infection of the tonsil by bacteria may become so severe that an actual abscess may form beneath the tonsil and this exquisitely painful condition is called quinsy. The treatment of acute tonsillitis is to endeavor to relieve pain with aspirin or some such drug and to attack the infection with one of the antibiotics.

Repeated infections of the tonsils may lead to much the same state of affairs as with adenoids. Chronic enlargement of the tonsils by itself is no real reason for them to be removed.

Many children and probably most children have enlarged tonsils, but they are not reddened, do not contain pus, and except for their size do not look terribly abnormal. These tonsils will in many cases diminish in size as the child grows up.

However, chronically enlarged tonsils which are also infected and are impairing the health of the individual, child or adult, should be removed. Even after the tonsils have been removed the patient can still suffer from sore throats. This does not mean that part of the tonsil has been left.

Laryngitis

Laryngitis, inflammation of the larynx, is generally due to a virus or irritant vapors like tobacco smoke.

The hoarseness of laryngitis usually only lasts a matter of days, but may last for some weeks. Hoarseness which persists for a longer period should lead the patient to seek medical advice immediately, since some serious diseases, not the least of which is cancer of the larynx, may have as their first symptom this alteration of voice. It is particularly important to get early treatment for cancer of the larynx because excellent results can be expected.

Laryngitis may occur on its own, or associated with infections in the upper part of the respiratory tract, or of the windpipe or bronchi.

The most important part of the treatment of laryngitis is that the patient should not talk. This voice rest is necessary to help the inflammation subside, and patients if they have to communicate should only whisper.

Steam inhalations may also help the inflammation.

Laryngitis presents a particular problem in small children because the space in which the infection occurs is a very small tube. For this reason laryngitis in children should be carefully watched, because swelling in the tube may lead to actual interference with breathing and cause a croupy or crowing type of cough.

In extreme cases the swelling may actually block the larynx and, while this is fortunately very rare, the child requires immediate relief either by having a tube passed through the mouth into the larynx or having a hole made in the windpipe below the larynx called a tracheotomy.

Most cases of laryngitis either in a child or adult are mild, and in the child a croupy cough does not mean that the larynx is about to be obstructed. Steam tents are particularly useful for laryngitis in children, but in their absence taking the child into the bathroom and allowing the hot shower to run constantly so that the room becomes steamy may bring considerable relief.

Bronchitis

Acute bronchitis is inflammation of the larger divisions of the bronchial tree. The disease can be started by the common cold, true influenza, or some of the bacterial diseases of the upper respiratory tract.

It is a common disease and is almost always mild. The dangers of the disease are that with infection large amounts of secretion are formed and may lead to obstruction to some of the smaller bronchi and the lung tissue and pneumonia.

Complications are most likely to arise in infants or elderly, particularly bed-ridden, people.

Bronchitis occurs regularly in some of the infectious diseases. It occurs regularly in the early stages of measles long before the rash appears, and it may be seen in such diseases as typhoid and typhus.

Allergy and chemical and physical irritants may cause bronchial inflammation. Tobacco smoke and some of the industrial dusts are fairly common causes.

The chief symptom of bronchitis is a cough. At first the cough is irritating with little or no sputum, but goes on to a productive cough producing varying amounts of sticky sputum,

(to page 13)

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WHEN A GIRL MATURES

● Ignorance, silly gossip, and old wives' tales, not the physical facts of menstruation, cause the worry and uneasiness young girls suffer as they approach biological maturity.

MENSTRUATION is the beginning of a girl's biological maturity. When menstrual periods begin it means that the ovaries, the female sex glands, are producing an egg, and a girl is capable of having a child. One or other of the ovaries produces an egg each month.

Normally, periods start at any time between 11 and 16 years, with the average time in Australia about 12 to 13 years.

Younger than 11 can still be normal, though a doctor should be consulted to make sure, and an apparently normal girl can begin periods up to 18, though usually this extreme lateness is due to some fault in the development of the ovaries.

When a girl is nearing the start of her periods she is often nervous, unreasonable, difficult to handle, and needs sympathetic understanding and instruction.

This "hard to handle" phase generally improves with the onset of the menstrual periods.

Menstrual flow is believed to be due to the withdrawal of a hormone which is secreted for the 10 days after production of the egg.

This is the hormone which has been preparing the lining of the womb for the reception of the egg if it is fertilised by a male sperm.

Each period, which lasts from two to eight days, with the average around four or five, normally follows a 28-day cycle, from the beginning of one period to the beginning of the next.

Before a period, weight may increase up to several pounds, and breasts and stomach may swell. Many girls get very thirsty, due to the body retaining its sodium, which is part of common salt. And, of course, many get cranky.

The best thing to do to reduce the irritability before it occurs is to limit salt and fluid intake, keep off all forms of indigestion powders, bicarbonate of soda, or things like fruit salts — anything that contains sodium.

Pain is not suffered by everyone during a menstrual period. Many, many people have no pain at all, others have slight discomfort, and some girls have severe cramp-like pains which put them to bed.

Pain, if it does occur, is most common the day before, at onset, and for the next 24 hours. Then the pain usually goes.

Menstrual pain

Pain is usually due to some minor physical or mental maladjustment. But here is some good advice:

- If pain is almost unbearable, and if it continues, see a doctor.
- If pain is severe it usually lessens after a few months, but if it doesn't see a doctor.
- If periods have continued for, say, six months without pain, and then pain starts, see a doctor.

The best and simplest method of relief from menstrual pain is a hot-water bag on the stomach and aspirin compounds.

The three most common abnormalities at the onset of periods are:

- The first period, or periods, may be excessive. If this continues, see a doctor.
- The first period may be slight. If it is, there is nothing to worry about.
- The early periods may be irregularly spaced — every five or six weeks, miss a month, resume. This is nothing to worry about.

The most popular myth about periods is that a girl should not bath or swim during them. There is nothing to stop her.

It is perfectly normal and safe in every way to have a shower or a sit-down bath and to swim in the later stages, but if she swims it's good advice not to swim in any enclosed pools or doubtful water, to keep out of heavy surf, and not to dive deeply.

The simple reason for this is that surf or pressure in deep water could force bacteria internally and perhaps cause infection. Doubtful water could also be a source of infection.

Linked with the bathing and swimming myth is another — that a girl should not wash her hair during her periods. This is nonsense. She can wash her hair as much as she likes. It is also nonsense that eating iced food or having iced drinks is harmful.

Young girls are advised to use sanitary pads specially made for the purpose, and not home-made, and not to use tampons for internal protection without first consulting mother or doctor.

Menstruation is not dirty or unhygienic or poisonous or any of the other silly words used about it.

This ancient and ignorant conception probably stems from primitive times, when menstruating women were segregated from the rest of the tribe, but there is no place for such ignorance in modern society.

Many girls have a white jelly-like vaginal discharge before and for some time after their periods start.

This discharge is suffered by most girls and is common enough to be almost normal.

It is not a matter for concern unless there is a continuous flow over a long period, if the color changes to yellow, or is tinged with blood, but it is always wiser to consult your doctor about such things, although treatment is rarely required.

FOOTNOTE: This article is reproduced from "Handbook to Health, 1958," at the request of many readers. Additional material has been added to answer readers' questions.

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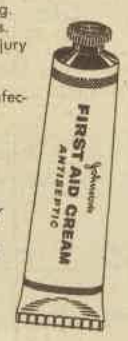

Johnson's FIRST AID CREAM ANTISEPTIC

Emergencies Won't Wait

The very nature of an emergency demands that immediate action be taken. To give you all the help possible when the need for first aid arises, Johnson & Johnson offer a full range of products that are first choice of countless mothers all over the world.

Treat Cuts and Stings Painlessly

Best remedy for all kinds of minor injuries from cuts to insect bites, is Johnson's First Aid Cream. No other antiseptic, even iodine, is so effective yet so safe. Greaseless and stainless, it fights germs, kills infection, yet never stings or smarts.

Protect and Heal All Minor Injuries

By far the best known and most effective protection for all minor injuries is BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages, made with Super Stick for firmer sticking (even in hot water) and with 20 filter holes for faster healing. Awkward spots do best with Plastic or Elastic BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Don't forget you can add fun to children's first-aid with colourful BAND-AID Charmers.

Give Burns Quick Attention

Never leave burns to look after themselves. Whether it's a bad burn or just too much sun, your quickest, safest remedy is Johnson's Burn Cream. Soothing and fast-healing, it draws the sting and relieves inflammation.

Clean Wounds Thoroughly

There's nothing better for cleaning wounds and applying medications than Johnson's Cotton Balls. Get an extra packet for the nursery, for cosmetic use, too.

Keep Dressings Securely in Place

For keeping dressings in place, you will find Z.O. Adhesive Plaster ideal. Made in plain or waterproof, 1 to 3 inches wide. When elastic strapping is needed, use Elastikon Adhesive Plaster.

Check your medicine chest now—make sure you have all these essential first-aid items. Remember, they're backed by the world's most trusted name in surgical dressings.

Johnson & Johnson PTY. LTD.

FASTER HEALING

with **Super Stick**

They stick better, protect better. Won't loosen in water.

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SIMPLE FIRST-AID HINTS

• Simple first-aid in the home mostly concerns the simple cuts, burns, stings, and small injuries suffered by active children, but if a serious injury occurs, contact the doctor immediately.

WHEN you ring the doctor tell him what happened, where the patient is, what has been done for him. Do not move a badly injured person unless it is absolutely necessary.

This short guide will help mothers to deal with some of their small first-aid worries.

ABRASIONS (an abrasion is a wound in which the skin is rubbed or scraped off): Treat for shock by soothing and reassuring the child. Clean the wound with warm water and a few drops of mild antiseptic. Cover with a simple antiseptic dressing. If no antiseptic is available, use a saline. It is made by mixing 1 teaspoonful of common salt, boracic acid, or bicarbonate of soda to 1 pint of water. It is an effective cleaning agent, but does not kill germs.

BURNS (minor): Apply petroleum jelly or a soothing cream to the burned area and cover with a sterile gauze dressing and bandage. If there is blistering, see your doctor. Burns are probably the most painful of all injuries. Pain is most severe at the time of the burn and shortly thereafter. Covering the area with a protective dressing is important in lessening pain. Remember, all burns, except the most minor ones, should be treated immediately by a physician.

BRUISES: Bruises are the most common of all injuries suffered by children at play. Most of them are so slight as to pass unnoticed except for a little pain at the time of injury. In minor bruises no first-aid except a mother's soothing is necessary. For larger bruises, relief can be gained by applying cold to the injured area immediately with an ice-bag or cold compresses.

CUTS (small): Treat as for abrasions. Clean the wound with warm water and a few drops of mild antiseptic. Cover the cut with a sterile dressing.

NOSEBLEED: Place child on chair, sitting up with head back slightly and breathing through the mouth. Gently grasp the lower end of the nose between the thumb and index finger, then firmly press the sides of the nose against the centre nose bone for about four or five minutes. Release pressure gradually. Apply cold cloths to the back of the neck or over the nose. If pressure does not stop bleeding, plug with narrow strips of sterile gauze or cottonwool, leaving about an inch of whatever is used sticking out of the nose for later, easy removal. If these measures do not stop bleeding, send for the doctor.

STINGS (bee, wasp, hornet): Remove the sting if it is present. Apply a small compress moistened with household ammonia, diluted with at least an equal part of water, to the site of the sting. If ammonia water is not available, apply a paste made of baking soda mixed with cold water. If there are many bee stings or if generalised illness appears after stings, send for a doctor immediately.

WINTER AILMENTS

(from page 9)

which will become yellowish or yellow-green as the bacterial infection becomes established.

Although coughing is one of the most distressing aspects of bronchitis, it is most important to recovery from the disease, because this is the mechanism by which the respiratory tract gets rid of the secretions which are the result of the disease.

The other symptoms of bronchitis depend to an extent on the cause, but since most attacks are initiated by a virus infection, chills, a general feeling of ill-being, pains in muscles, headache, and mild to moderate fever are characteristic.

The patient should be put to bed while the fever and sick feeling remain, and with the appearance, or even before the appearance, of the secondary bacterial infection antibiotics such as penicillin may cut the disease short.

A feeling of soreness or tightness in the chest, particularly behind the breastbone, may be relieved by an irritant rub.

The doctor will probably prescribe some mixture to reduce the severity of the cough, but will also probably point out that it is generally undesirable to suppress it altogether. The fever and the general feeling of sickness will respond more or less to aspirin, and this drug will probably make the patient feel a great deal better.

There are several special forms of bronchitis which may be quite serious and sometimes fatal. They occur particularly in infants and young children. These special types of bronchitis generally affect the more minute bronchial tubes. These air passages are so tiny in small children that they may become blocked by sticky mucus. If the disease is sufficiently widespread, then the infant or child will become more and more short of oxygen and may die.

There has been much discussion about whether chronic bronchitis truly exists as such, but there is no doubt that some elderly people suffer from a chronic winter cough and heavy smokers frequently have an irritable morning cough, which may or may not be productive of sputum. Other chronic irritants or repeated attacks of bronchitis may do much the same thing. The real difference between the acute and chronic form is that the acute form leaves the bronchi and lungs perfectly normal. The chronic disease is probably associated with progressive, though small, loss of lung function.

Pneumonia

The tiny air sacs which make up the major bulk of the lung are the areas in which the pneumonia occurs. **Pneumonia** is almost always bacterial, though several distinct types of viral pneumonia occur. Since this area of the body is normally free of germs it is believed that exposing the body to certain conditions may pave the way for the development of pneumonia. A virus infection of the upper respiratory tract may be the precipitating cause.

If the body becomes chilled or if the individual has received an anaesthetic, these, too, may initiate pneumonia, and alcoholic intoxication, particularly if combined with exposure, may do the same thing.

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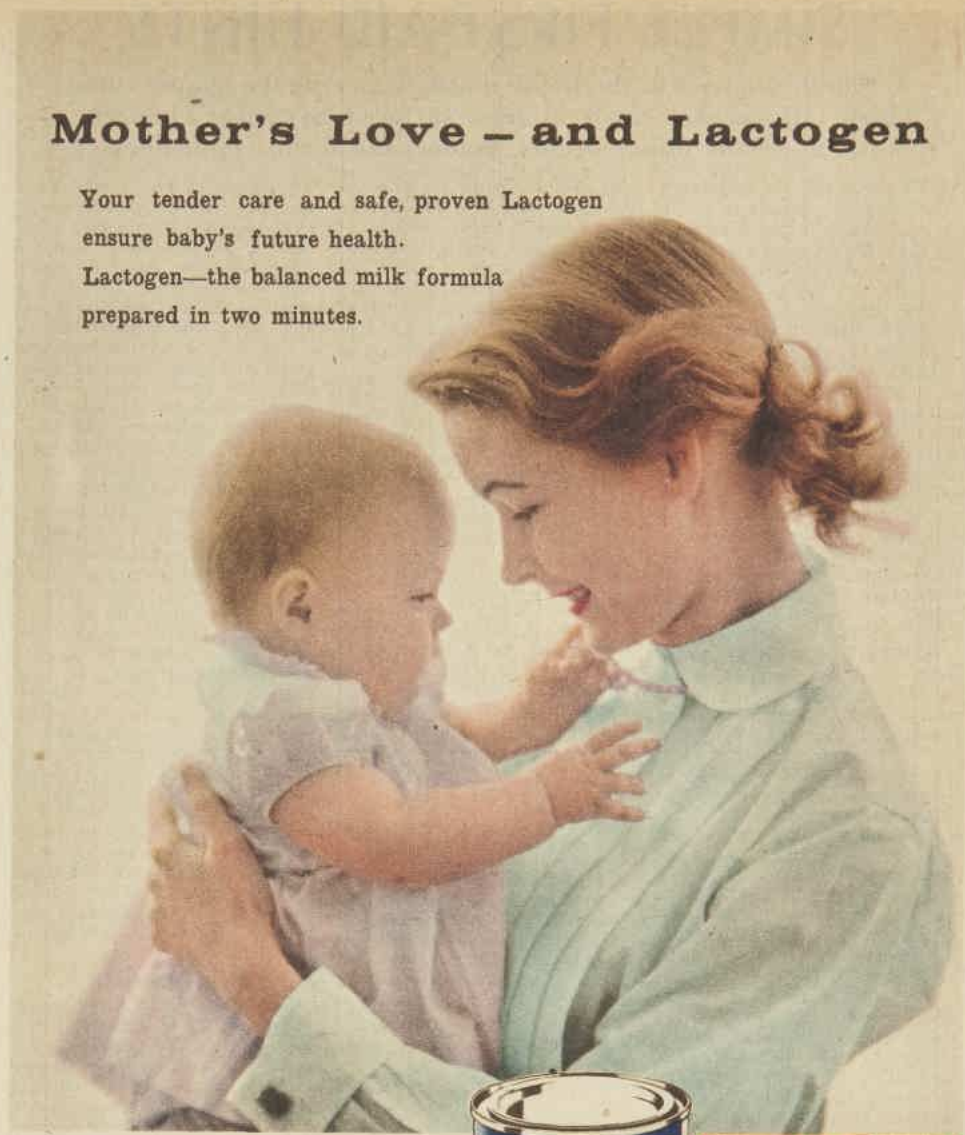
Mother's Love – and Lactogen

Your tender care and safe, proven Lactogen ensure baby's future health.
Lactogen—the balanced milk formula prepared in two minutes.



HERE'S HOW — SIMPLE AS ABC

1. Pour required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into clean jug.
2. Sprinkle measured amount of powder on top of water.
3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

NESTLE'S – DEVOTED TO CHILD WELFARE

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.

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THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH

● Good nutrition is not simply the result of eating a certain amount of food daily. There are many things besides — sleep, fresh air, sunshine, exercise, and all the essentials for good physical and mental health.

HOWEVER, the question of the food supply is without doubt the one which has the greatest influence for good or ill health, especially in the baby and young child.

For the infant, "breast-fed is best-fed" when this is possible. No form of artificial feeding can replace adequately Nature's plan for infant feeding, and the healthy mother's milk is her baby's greatest safeguard and security during the early months of life.

However, some time in the first year of life (and in modern life this is becoming earlier than it used to be) every baby has to become independent of his mother as regards food.

The change over from breast to bottle feeding must be gradual, and, as it subjects every baby to certain risks, the mother must observe strictly certain rules of hygiene.

She should also get expert advice about a suitable formula that suits her baby's age, weight, and nutritional needs.

Of all foods milk most nearly approaches perfection and is the basis of diet for all babies and toddlers.

After about four months it is now thought advisable to introduce small quantities of other foods besides milk into a baby's diet.

Small quantities of cereals, raw egg-yolk, vegetables, broths, and purees, fruit juices and fruits are given to supply extra minerals and vitamins and also to educate baby for the weaning later.

The milks most used for infant feeding are:

- Fresh cow's milk (or goat's milk).
- Dried milks (full cream, half-cream, or skimmed—useful if baby has a fat intolerance).
- Evaporated or condensed milks (sweetened and unsweetened).

(Sweetened condensed milk is not used for the feeding of normal babies and should be used only under medical advice.)

The unsweetened variety is much used. As it is milk in a concentrated form it can very easily be modified, and is thus very useful for infant feeding.

Here are the essential rules for strict hygiene in bottle feeding.

- Always wash hands well before handling baby's feeding utensils and food.
- Sterilise all utensils used—baby's own saucepan, strainer, pint measure, spoons, plates, etc.
- Wash bottles out well immediately after use with cold water, then use hot soapy water and a bottle brush. The bottles should then be put into cold water and brought slowly to the boil and boiled for 5 minutes.
- Rubber teats will soon perish unless cleansed and sterilised with great care. They should never be boiled for more than one or two minutes once daily.
- Keep everything connected with baby's feeding in a flyproof safe.

By Sister MARY JACOB, Mothercraft Nurse

Gastro-enteritis is a fly-borne disease which in the past has claimed thousands of babies' lives.

Always be very accurate in measuring. Stir fresh cow's milk well before using for making a milk mixture.

There are important points to observe when using fresh cow's milk.

It should be the best grade milk from a clean, reliable source, preferably from a mixed herd of tuberculin-tested cows, so that an average fat-content is obtained.

Do not leave milk bottles standing in a warm place or in the sun after delivery. The effect of sunlight on milk is to cause decomposition of the fat and also loss of vitamin value. Milk is not safe in warm weather unless kept at a temperature below 60deg. F., so it should be kept in the refrigerator.

Always boil milk—it is a big risk to give raw (unboiled) milk to any baby or toddler, especially in a warm climate.

The milk delivered by the big dairies is cooled rapidly after milking and pasteurised before delivery.

Even so, it is wiser to scald all milk used for milk mixtures in our hot summer weather.

Dried milks are used extensively for bottle feeding and are often safer to give under certain circumstances and more easily digested than cow's milk.

Dried milk is cow's milk from which all the water (which is about 87 per cent. of the volume of milk) has been evaporated by exposure to great heat, so that the solids remain as a white powder.

Of all the methods of sterilisation this process of super-heating is the safest and the best and has the least detrimental effect on the nutritive qualities of the milk.

The great heat under pressure in the drying process breaks down the casein (protein) in the milk into a more easily digested form. A special spray-process used now as well as sterilising the milk and rendering the curd much smaller also disperses the fat-particles much more finely.

Many babies who cannot tolerate fresh cow's milk thrive on dried milk, as it is so much easier to digest.

It was once generally believed that heating milk destroyed its nutritive qualities. The latest scientific investigations prove that the super-heating needed to make a dried milk produces no change in the vitamin and mineral content except some loss of Vitamin C.

Vitamin C is destroyed when fresh milk is boiled, and since fresh milk should always be boiled before being given to young babies, the dried milk is at no disadvantage here.

In each case Vitamin C must be supplied by giving a daily ration of fresh fruit or vegetable juice.

Babies who cannot tolerate orange juice should be given Vitamin C (ascorbic acid tablets) or rosehip syrup.

Some babies, and adults, are allergic to milk.

In many cases the supposed allergy is due to digestive upsets caused possibly by overfeeding or the use of a milk which has a high fat percentage or by using too strong a milk mixture.

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lifts worry off your shoulders!

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For the first time, people with chronic illnesses, and people with pre-existing illnesses — can enjoy Fund benefits, including extensive hospital coverage — up to 365 days a year.

New extended benefits introduced this year make membership in Blue Cross Funds better than ever.

Choose non-profit Blue Cross Funds shown on this page for the widest cover, the highest ethical standard, the maximum benefit and the minimum cost. Members of the Blue Cross Funds who move to another State (or travel overseas) retain continuity of membership and benefits.

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Already a winner with Mother and Daughter,

now BOND'S "Look-Alikes"®

TV PYJAMAS

for Dad and Junior, too!

For the first time Dad and Junior can have the wonderful warmth of soft, combed cotton "Look-Alikes." They'll know at last the comfort of pyjamas that are free from a cutting, binding waist-cord. "Look-Alikes" have **a boxer top waistband** with soft, firm elastic that makes sleep easier. Designed by Munsingwear (U.S.A.) "Look-Alikes" are all the rage in America.

"Look-Alikes" are cosy to wear watching TV in the the evenings. The pants are plain coloured, the tops are Norwegian design with a knitted-in pattern.

Cuffs are nylon reinforced rib knit. "Look-Alikes" love washing machines—Bond's cotton pyjamas never shrink, need no ironing. In Egyptian Blue, Grecian Grey, Roman Red, and (for Mother and Daughter) Persian Pink.

Dad sizes, SM-OS. Price, 47/6

For comfort and fit it must be knit... buy **BOND'S**

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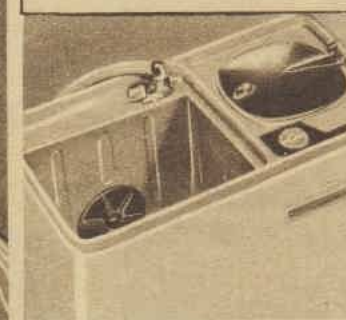
IN JUST HALF AN HOUR

your whole family wash, all washed, rinsed and spin-dried with the new twin-tub Hoovermatic washer

Heats its own water, washes, rinses, spin-dries

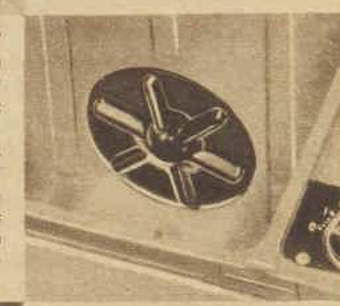
PRICE:
122 GUINEAS
With optional heater 129 guineas
Easy terms, of course

EXCLUSIVE HOOVERMATIC FEATURES



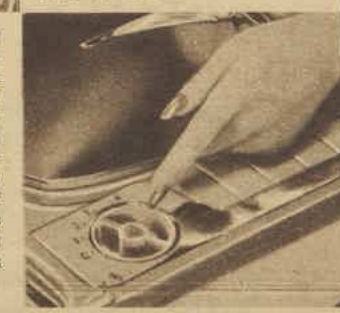
Twin Tubs for Twice the Speed. With the twin-tub Hoovermatic you handle wet washing only once . . . when it goes into the rinse and spin-dry compartment after just one to four minutes' washing. The spin-dryer removes every drop of washing water and pumps it back—hot and sudsy—into the tub. Your second load washes while the first is double rinsed and spin-dried.

Exclusive Hoover "Boiling Action" Pulsator. The washing action 300,000 Australian women know and prefer. Hoover's "boiling action" pulsator sends swift currents of sudsy water swirling through every part of every garment. In just four minutes a full load of whites (one minute does woollens) is sparkling clean and ready for rinsing and spin-drying.



Perfect Rinse and Spin-Dry. The rinse and spin compartment holds a full wash load—even your biggest double blanket. The sudsy water is pumped back into the washing compartment, then fresh water is swirled at high speed through the clothes rinsing them to thorough cleanliness. High speed spin-drying follows: and your Hoovermatic wash is left barely damp . . . some things are even ready to iron.

Automatic Timer and Spin-Dryer Switch. The Hoovermatic's automatic timer stops the washing action at exactly the right moment—when your wash is at its sparkling cleanest — you just set and forget . . . and it guides your spin-dry timing, too. The speedy rinse and spin-dryer switches itself on when you close the lid—stops when you open it. So convenient for you . . . so safe from curious little fingers, too.



HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER. If you haven't a hot water system, you'll prefer the Hoovermatic with the built-in heater, which heats the water as hot as you want it, right in the washing tub. Ask your Hoover retailer about it . . . it costs just a few pounds more.

HOOVERMATIC

Fine Appliances around the house, around the world.

HOOVER

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Continuing . . . The Romantic

from page 25

it. She had a way of looking at you with a wide-eyed eagerness while you talked and yet not hearing a word you said that was absolutely confounding. It was as if she had blown a huge bubble out of her own imaginings and was living right inside it where you couldn't reach her.

For that matter, Wade himself lived pretty much in his own clouds of glory when we got back to college. The spring term was a hard grind, what with clearing-up papers and work for graduation, but it seemed to me that Wade spent most of his time either talking Harriet or writing letters to Harriet. He wrote her almost every day and she answered him once every few weeks, which made her letters that much more of an occasion. I'm sure she never said anything to encourage him, but that didn't matter. He was reading between the lines, and what he saw there it would take a Keats or Shelley to describe.

The blow-up came at the graduation ball. Wade invited Harriet, and she turned him down. But she came, all right, with Gordon Edgely, who was president of Alpha and who sailed his own boat in the North Shore regattas and whose father, among other things, was the Edgely Corporation.

I knew, of course, that she'd be coming with Gordon, but I hadn't had the courage to tell Wade about it. I was sorry about that when I saw him as he caught sight of Harriet coming into the ballroom. He took one step toward her, and then Gordon came up beside her and she slipped her hand into his. Wade stopped short; then he quickly turned and went out a side door before I could get to him.

When I got back to the Alpha house early in the morning he was gone, and his things were gone with him. I wasn't really surprised. As I saw it, since I was identified with Harriet he was just washing his hands of us in the quickest possible way.

So Wade Cochran walked out of our lives, and for a while I felt a little guilty about it. Not too long, however. There was too much happening. I served my time in the Army, and when I got out there was a series of crises with my father because I went to work as assistant stage manager of "Time Out of Hand" instead of going into his office. The bug really bit me then, and the biggest explosion came when I put most of the money Mother had left me into my own production.

There was no living in the house after the play flopped, so I moved to Manhattan and kept up my family duties more or less by remote control.

While I was readying a second production Harriet married Gordon, and from then on had her own hard time in keeping married. Gordon, as it turned out, had an insatiable fancy for any trim ankle that passed by, and had all the money and time he needed to indulge the fancy. Being kept in close rein by his wife was not his idea of marriage, and whenever he rebelled there were dramatic separations followed by equally dramatic reunions.

The only one of us who seemed remote from all this furore was Gretchen. If she changed at all, it was hard to see it. She moved around the orbit of the family in the same quiet way, sunk in her books, her long walks along the shore, her thoughts, whatever they were.

Now and then some young man would come to the house, favor her with his company for a short while, and then move on. If she cared one way or another, she didn't show it. But I don't think she did. I never saw her look at any of them the way she had looked at Wade Cochran, which, I thought, was just as well. Gretchen, no matter how you took her, just didn't add up to what a man was looking for.

And that's how things stood, when out of nowhere Wade Cochran came back into our lives. I was walking along Seventh Avenue and he was coming down the street from the opposite direction; and there we were. Nothing predictable; nothing planned. It was just that at that time and that place Wade Cochran was obviously destined to meet me and wind up coming out for dinner with the family.

We talked a good deal on the train, rehashing the seven years since we last saw each other, and when I mentioned Harriet and her marriage I found he knew about it. He had seen it in the papers.

"You'll probably see her tonight," I said. "She and Gordon usually come out for dinner on Fridays."

"Fine," he said soberly. "You know, we do a lot of business with Edgely. It's a big outfit."

I was glad he took it like this, but at the same time I was being made more and more uncomfortable by Wade himself. He was the complete young executive now, right down to the leather portfolio under the arm and the platitudes about business conditions, but he didn't look happy in the role.

He was thin and sallow, and instead of the easy smile I remembered he had an air of frowning concentration. He wasn't the old Wade at all. The easy-going assurance that had been such an important part of him had just washed down the drain somewhere.

At dinner, however, he was a great success. Harriet was her sweetest self, Gordon was amiable, and Gretchen was content to hang on whatever Wade said. As for my father, he sized up this new Wade, approved what he saw, and by the time coffee was set on the table was using him as a means of getting over to me the ancient sermon on Being Sensible.

It was a crime, wasn't it, Father demanded of Wade, his face red with emotion, when a man shirked his responsibilities? You couldn't call it any less when he played around with a lunatic business like the theatre, could you?

It was an old game to me, but I could see Wade glancing at me uncomfortably, and I felt sorry for him. I felt even sorrier for him when he finally undertook to speak up for me.

"After all, sir," he said to Father, "we're not all of us happy doing the same thing. Maybe it's better sometimes to do what you want to do. Maybe it works out better for you."

"How?" Father said icily. "I'm interested in learning the advantages to be found in wasting time and throwing away money."

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way," Wade said uneasily. "But take me, for example. I'm doing fine now. Doing just fine. But I used to think about a farm out in Kentucky, a nice spread just for breeding racehorses, and sometimes I wonder—if I could lay my hands on the kind of money it would take——"

"Racehorses!" my father said. He stared at Wade. "You don't mean that?"

Wade shrugged.

To page 49

Continuing . . . The Night The Cat Stayed Out

from page 21

Yes, they had the keys. And a key to the front door. That was the right of all tenants, since the Commissionaire went off duty at six. The last man out locked up. They've never had any trouble yet. Has someone been complaining?

"No one's complained yet," said Petrella. He discovered that the Commissionaire had never actually seen any of the members of Novelty Projects and jotted down the name and address of the letting agents.

Midday found him strolling down Purton Hill. It was a curious little street. First came the blind side of the corner house of Matrix Street, then a high blank wall which no doubt marked the garden of this property.

Thereafter the road curved slightly, before running down to the railway arch, and at this point there was a building, fronting on the road and backing on the railway. It had the look of a disused warehouse.

A stubby crane projected at first-floor level, and three low, heavily barred, arched openings, at pavement level, suggested the existence of a considerable cellar.

Instinct told Petrella that he had found what he was looking for, and it also warned him not to stop. He walked past without a further glance. It could have been an indiscretion to walk down Purton Hill at all. He only hoped it had not been a fatal one.

His next call was on Messrs. Ryan & Gosport, who managed most of the worthwhile property in Highside. Old Mr. Ryan greeted him with an enthusiasm which suggested a guilty conscience but was actually nothing but good nature.

"The warehouse in Purton Hill," he said. "Now that is odd. It really is odd. Fancy you mentioning that. A month ago you could have had it for the asking. A white elephant. No market for it. Now I've let it."

"Not by any chance," said Petrella, "to a firm called Novelty Projects?"

"That's them. Nothing wrong with them, I hope?"

"Nothing that I could prove," said Petrella cautiously. "Who actually did the negotiations?"

"A most respectable-looking man. With a beard. I've got his name somewhere here. Henniker."

Petrella made a note of the name and the address, but without much hope. It had the look of an accommodation address. As he turned to go, he said, "What was so special about these premises? Why were they so difficult to get rid of?"

"They were put up fifty years ago," said Mr. Ryan sadly, "by a wine firm. Lovely cellars. Just the thing for storing wine. Then the railway came. Too much vibration. Spoilt the wine. No one else wanted them."

"And those are the cellars you look into, at pavement level? I see. Yes. Thank you very much."

He spent a busy afternoon in the Criminal Records Office, and then sought out his ally, Sergeant Gwilliam, who had once played Rugby football for the Metropolitan Police, but had a shrewd Welsh head on top of his vast bulk. He told him all he knew, from beginning to end, including the rescue of Miss Flint, at which the sergeant laughed immoderately, but when Petrella had finished he scratched his head and said, "It certainly sounds like something, but what?"

Petrella said, "The C.R.O. are inclined to think that my friend with the beard, Mr. Henniker, may be none other than 'Artful' Andrews. He's just out a while. And he works with a little mob."

"Andrews," said Gwilliam thoughtfully. "Shop robbery?"

"Specialising in small jewellers' shops and pawnbrokers'."

"Yes," said the sergeant. "You might have something there. I think we'll bring the inspector in on this."

So Petrella told his story all over again.

"And your idea is?" said Inspector Haxtell.

"I couldn't see at first how it worked, sir. But when you walk down Purton Hill it's obvious. There aren't any street lamps until you get under the railway arch, and it's a nasty little slope with a half turn at the bottom. Any car that comes into it would be almost bound to flick on its headlights. And they would shine straight into one or other of the arched openings. They're at pavement level where the road curves. And I should imagine, though I didn't stop to look, that they give directly on to the old cellar."

"I see," said the inspector. "So if you happened to be doing a little quiet work in the cellar—after midnight, say—something you couldn't very well hide, like swinging a pickaxe—you'd be likely to be spotted."

"That's just what I thought," said Petrella. "You could have blocked up the arches—but that might have been even more suspicious. I haven't quite worked out all the angles, but I should imagine they'd need two guards—one near at hand to warn them about patrolling policemen and pedestrians, and so on. And a second one in the office, with a torch, to give them plenty of warning when a car was coming."

The inspector had been studying a large-scale street plan and directory.

"I see," he said, "that Samuelson's shop is in Comber Street—that backs on Purton Hill. If it's a tunnel they'd need to go about forty yards. I wonder how far they've got."

A few days later, when at the consummation of two weeks' hard work the Andrews mob stepped through a carefully cut hole into the cellar of Mr. Samuelson, the well-known pawnbroker and jeweller, they found an interested reception committee awaiting them.

"Artful" Andrews was a professional, and he acknowledged a fair cop.

"I suppose I been double-crossed," he said, glaring round at his associates. "Which of you's the rat?"

Petrella, who was present, felt tempted to point out that it was not a rat but a large tortoiseshell cat that had been basically responsible for his downfall.

But he refrained. Junior detective-constables were not expected to make jokes.

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Continuing . . . . **The Romantic**

from page 47

Obviously he was preparing to retreat, to explain himself away, but he never had the chance.

"He does mean it!"

It was so astonishing hearing her speak out like that, hearing that flatly declarative statement coming from her, that I couldn't understand at first that it was Gretchen saying it. We all turned toward her in blank disbelief.

"He does mean it," she said defiantly, and then she looked at Wade with her eyes shining. "Don't you?"

Something strange happened to him as I watched. He had been so close to Gretchen so many times before, and yet he had never really seen her. Now he was seeing her for the first time, looking at her with a dazed sense of discovery. It seemed to do something magic to him. To stiffen his shoulders, and bring back the old assurance into his voice.

"Of course I mean it," he said. And it was to Gretchen he said it, not to the rest of us.

"I'm glad. When you've wanted something all your life it's wrong to just give up on it. It's like—oh, it's like giving up on yourself."

Wade's lips quirked in a wry smile. "But you'll have to admit that it's hard to keep your big idea from cooling off when it needs an awful lot of money to keep it warm."

"Just how much money would it need? I mean, to raise horses the way you said."

"Plenty. But what difference does it make?"

"Because," said Gretchen, "I have a great deal of money. And I think a horse farm would be a very good investment."

Father looked at her in horror. "You don't know what an investment is!" he thundered. "And I'll thank you not to talk like a fool in front of me."

"I am not talking like a fool," Gretchen said in a tone no one had ever heard her use before. "Mother left each of us money to do with as we wanted, and I know exactly what I want."

"You know nothing of the sort," Father said dangerously. "And I forbid you to risk a penny of that inheritance on any such crack-brained scheme as this."

Gretchen did not even flicker an eyelash, but turned to me inquiringly. "Billy, how much money would you say it comes to?"

I had to clear my throat before I could speak. "About eighty thousand."

"Do you think that would be enough to start with?" she asked Wade anxiously.

"Gretchen," Wade said, and the way he said it, the way they looked at each other, somehow gave the impression that they were all alone in the room, "that's a wonderful offer. It's the most generous thing anyone could possibly do for me. But I can't accept it. You understand that, don't you?"

My father snorted approvingly. "Eighty thousand in gilt-edged shares," he said to Wade. "Can you see anyone with an ounce of sense throwing that kind of money away?"

"But I'm not throwing it away, Father," Gretchen said patiently.

"I don't care what you call it," Father said. "And I am glad that Mr. Cochran is too much of a gentleman to take advantage of you."

"I am not throwing it away, Father," Gretchen repeated in a bright, clear voice, "because . . . I expect to go along with it."

"Go along with it?" my father said in a tone of utter bafflement. "I don't understand."

But Harriet did. "Gretchen," she said wrathfully, "you are out of your mind. That's positively indecent!"

"For pity's sake," Father demanded of us all, "just what is she proposing to do?"

Gretchen's face was very white, alarmingly so. "I will make myself perfectly clear," she said, and took a deep breath. "I am proposing marriage to Mr. Cochran. I am offering him all my money and me in the bargain. I don't know anything about horses, but I can learn. And I can learn to keep house for him, too, and I'm sure I can have perfectly lovely children. And if you think I'm joking about this, I'm not. I mean it so much that it hurts, so don't anybody try to make a joke of it."

Wade suddenly reached across the table and caught her hand in his. "Do you think you have to offer money?" he demanded roughly. "Do you think——"

"Or what's more to the point, dear," Harriet said to Gretchen in a brittle voice, "don't you think that this is something that could have been worked out on a nice moonlight walk with Wade? I hardly think that the dinner table is the place to lay your soul bare. Or your fuzzy ideas on what makes an appropriate marital arrangement."

"I'm sorry," Gretchen said. She sat rigid, her hand still clasped in Wade's. "But I felt —I had reason to feel—that Wade wasn't very much interested in moonlight walks with me. You understand that, don't you, Harriet?"

My father stood up and flung down his napkin. "And I can understand that this is the most foolish, the most reckless talk I have ever heard in this house," he said. "I will not listen to another word of it!"

He was the first to leave the room, but the rest of us were not far behind. All except Gretchen and Wade, who remained at the table unaware of anything but each other when I closed the door behind me. In the living-room Father dropped into his chair, fuming, and Harriet paced up and down in a fine state of nerves. Only Gordon found it funny.

"The poor guy," he said. "It'll take him an hour to untangle her and get things under control. And believe you me, it'll be the last time he comes within a mile of that girl."

Gordon was never so wrong about anything in his life. Wade and Gretchen left the house without farewell or Father's blessing late that night while we were all in bed, and the first message from them was a telegram which came next day from some small town in Maryland, and was signed "Mrs. Wade Cochran."

I was the only one Gretchen wrote to after they bought their place in Kentucky, not far from Lexington, and Gretchen was hardly a satisfactory correspondent. The letters were a scrawled few lines, and it was difficult to extract the news in them. I gathered that Kentucky was beautiful, that racehorses were surprisingly delicate, that a baby was coming. When the baby came I sent it a gift, but I was the only one in the family who did.

During this time I saw very little of Harriet and my father. Harriet finally divorced Gordon, and this, the first divorce in our family, did not make Father's moods any more bearable.

But Harriet moved back into the house, tried world cruises, oil painting, and finally psychoanalysis to settle her nerves, and from what I could see had no great success with any of them. There was always a tautness in her now, a restlessness, which made it hard to be in her company for any length of time.

I suppose it was that restlessness which made her suddenly decide to go along with me when Gretchen invited me to the farm. Whatever the reason, there she was with me in the plane, and there she was when we landed, running ahead to throw her arms around Gretchen and to kiss Wade with just the right degree of constraint. Wade had filled out considerably; he looked very big and brown. Gretchen was brown, too, except for the tip of her nose, which was red and peeling, but she was as lanky as ever. The more so in worn dungarees and a sweater. Next to her, Harriet looked fantastically exotic and out of place.

Then Wade got our bags and herded us all into an old station - waggon. "It's not much," he said, "but in our business you get what's left after the horses have had theirs."

Gretchen turned around in her seat to face Harriet and me. "He makes it sound awful," she said, "but it really isn't. It was just bad for a couple of years, but last year we had six colts at the Saratoga sales and they all brought top money. And this year we're going to fix the whole outside of the house. Bubba's room needs a lot of fixing, too."

"Bubba!" said Harriet.

"Oh, that's the baby," Gretchen said. "I know it sounds silly, but the stableboys call him that, and we sort of picked it up. He wouldn't know who you meant if you called him anything else."

It was a strange ride for anyone who had known Gretchen and Harriet back in the old days. Gretchen talked steadily, as if all the words stored up for years had to come out, while Harriet after a few attempts to put in a word was stony silent. We drove like that along the highway, and then into a rutted dirt road, and at last Wade pulled up before an immense barn.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he said. "I just want to check the feed."

He got out of the car, and Gretchen slipped out, too, and walked along with him toward the barn. There was a strong smell of wood smoke and wet grass in the air, and on the rise of the hill ahead I could see the house. It looked as sprawling and shabby, but as comfortable, as an old shoe.

"Wade's right," I said to Harriet. "If that house had as much work put into it as this barn it would be quite a mansion."

But she wasn't listening to me. She was watching Wade and Gretchen, Gretchen looking up at Wade, saying something to him eagerly, and Wade's arm suddenly going around Gretchen's waist, pulling her to him in a tight hug. I was sure then of what I had always felt. That night at the dinner table Wade had found the Gretchen who had been there all along, just waiting to be found.

Harriet turned her head away in a quick gesture, and then I realised that she was crying. Silently, her hand over her face, as I had never seen Harriet cry before.

"What is it?" I said. "Is something wrong?"

"No," she said. "No. Just leave me alone."

But I knew what it was. And I knew that though it might be hard to take, there was hope in it for her, too. It was the pain of discovering after all these years that in this hopelessly romantic world of ours the best things must inevitably go to the romantic.

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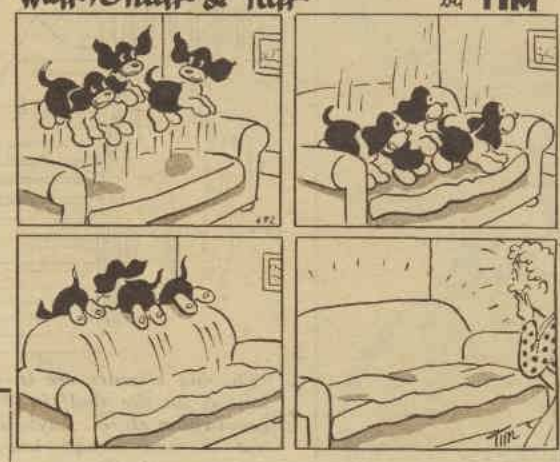

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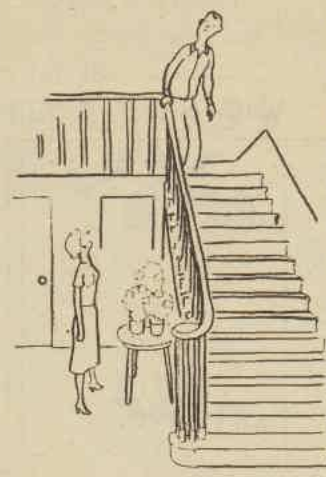

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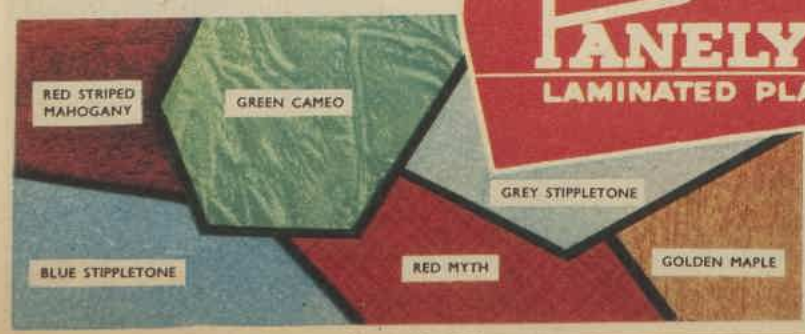

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Continuing . . . Cone of Silence

from page 19

to 320 degrees. Not nearly enough.

Just behind the two pilots, two Atlas engineers were talking in subdued tones: something technical, something to do with cabin pressurisation. There was nobody else in the aircraft. Not even Pickering. When the designer had heard that Gort was to be given another chance on the Phoenix he had first not believed it; and then, when he had realised it was true, had reddened, his boyishness had again abruptly disappeared, and, as he had done with Braddock, now he raised his voice at Dallas. Nerves, of course — brilliant men, Dallas knew, no matter what their walk of life, always had nerves.

Clear Ns. You'd think Gort was drugged, mesmerised into inaction by the noise.

Dallas turned his gaze to the pilot.

Gort's head was still down; his face burning red. Sweat was streaming over his forehead, across his cheeks, making a rivulet running down his neck. Hot work, instrument flying—it always was. Dallas looked down at his check report. A good take-off. He'd done exactly as he'd been always instructed to do; been extra careful, of course, not to get the nose too high; he wouldn't make that mistake again. Steady climb out. Steep turns—he'd lost no height. Asymetrical flying — with two engines throttled back on one side — Dallas had pencilled in "above average" against that. Instrument flying—well, he wasn't a born pilot, and that, of course, showed, but he seemed to know what he was doing.

Till now.

Dah dit. Screaming at him: "You're way off the beam."

He began wondering how he was going to break the news. It had been difficult right from the start. From the window of the tiny office Atlas Aviation had given him, he'd watched Gort arrive in a small black car driven by his daughter. He'd got out, had waved to her as she drove away, and had then clumped up into the office as though he was reporting for execution. Dallas had smiled, joked, tried to put him at his ease, pretending this was just an ordinary trip—not at all important.

Dah dit. Not quite naked Ns—but almost. Just a tiny film of twilight. Dah dit. Dah dit.

Can't you hear? Can't you hear?

There he sat, from the neck down immaculate. His uniform jacket was draped carefully on the back of the seat behind him. But his poplin shirt was beautifuly white, perfectly ironed. A laundry, you could be certain, not the blond daughter. Dallas thought to himself . . . I'll treat the whole thing on a purely business basis: there were other jobs, other aircraft, other lines. You've got many years' flying in you yet. It's just that—

Dah dit. Dah dit. A loud dirge of dots and dashes. This is the end!

He saw Gort's hands make a small, deliberate move. The right wing went down. Then, through his earphones, he heard the twilight rapidly increase, clicking Ns, and almost immediately afterwards the steady signal. Surprised, he was thinking, "The drift must have been more than I'd thought," when suddenly, all at once, there was a sharp falling away of the signals, a dying into nothing. Eeerily now, after such a clattering of morse, there was absolute quiet.

"The cone," Gort said, his hand coming up to punch the stop-watch. "The cone of silence."

He'd hit it, after all—glided into the cone, the central silent hub immediately over the station on which the four loud legs of the range pivoted like spokes: a tiny area, which Gort had found and split right through.

And then — after the slence — came a crescendo of sound, an enormous build-up, swamping through their earphones, drowning all other distinguishable signals.

"Letting down," Gort said. "7000 r.p.m., field approach check."

Gort slowly let the Phoenix descend for three minutes before doing a procedure turn on to the leg; and coming, the opposite way now back towards the airfield, split the cone again, and then, with port drift, still holding the steady signal, kept on coming down, positioning the aircraft nicely for landing, till, at 300 feet, Dallas said, "Not bad. I've got her!"

Gort mopped his wet red face.

"Want a breather? Bit of a rest? A smoke perhaps?"

The dark glasses still over his eyes, Gort shook his head.

"Right! I'll take her up to 2000, and then you can do an I.L.S."

Half an hour later, after Gort had doggedly completed a let-down using the yellow and blue dial of the instrument landing system and an approach on the zero reader, Dallas took down the green screens, put the dark glasses back in their case, and said, "Just the landing now, George."

Gort swung the aircraft round in a wide sweep of the airfield. His face was set and masklike, no longer sweating. When he called for the before landing check his voice was controlled and cold.

Dallas gave him the gear. The Phoenix, slowed down now by the undercarriage, flew lower, her wings erratically unstable in the gusting westerly wind.

"8000 r.p.m., Gort called, and Dallas beside him moved all four throttles forward.

Three hundred feet. Still some way from the field. Quite a lot of power on. Two hundred feet. A hundred feet. Over the edge now. Past the runway threshold.

Nose up, that's right! He's doing a classic cross-wind landing; just how the textbooks say it should be done. Beautiful!

But all Dallas said was: "Taxi over to the production hangar, would you?"

As they rolled round the taxi-track, Dallas wrote on the check report: "Approach good, landing excellent."

On the concrete apron, the aircraft stopped. Gort locked the brakes full on. After all four jets had been shut down the two engineers left. It was usual now for the checker to give a little talk to the checked. In private.

As Gort turned to lift his jacket off the chair, Dallas saw the damp sweat-mark, round and big as a soup-plate, on the back of his shirt. The older pilot slid his arms into the sleeves, did up the buttons, and sat back in his seat and waited.

Dallas, rubbing his pencil up and down between his palms, looked at his report, now all filled in: ticks, remarks, signed. He had still not made up his mind. Now the check was over he felt himself most unfairly pilloried. He had not expected Gort to come out of it so well. Must have put everything he'd got into it, of course. All the same, what could he say if he didn't pass him? Everything had been done according to the book. Yet if he did pass him, there was Pickering to be considered. He could imagine Judd's face when the flight captain got back. And then there was the responsibility——

He had to say something. "Well," he began slowly, "I thought you kept a bit too long in the N signal."

Stony-faced, Gort said, "I'd got the drift. I knew where I was."

"Ye-es . . . I grant you that. But——"

"The wind was strong and gusty. I didn't want to be blown to and fro between the As and the Ns."

Logical. Unanswerable. So that was finished. Done with.

"Otherwise——" Suddenly he could think of nothing to say to the man, except, "You were on form today."

Immediately he felt the figure in the captain's seat stiffen. "I am always available at any time for further checking."

Oh, heavens! Dallas thought, the older they get the more prickly they become. He hesitated, wondered whether under the circumstances that might not be advisable.

"Or perhaps you would like a second opinion?" Gort was again speaking. "Someone else to check me out on another day?"

On his high horse, his dignity! Got no imagination, only sees his own side of the picture, doesn't understand the ins and outs, the complications, the responsibilities!

"If you could tell me where I went wrong, Captain Dallas? The points to watch? Where I deviated from the technique of flying I have been instructed in?"

Dallas turned and, seeing Gort's face, was struck by the raw brilliance of those round blue eyes as unblinking they stared at him.

Suddenly he thought . . . to blazes with them! George Gort had put up a good show; why shouldn't he tell him so? You couldn't always be worrying about politics and side issues. He was the training expert; he'd tell the truth as he read it, in black and white, here on the check report in front of him. He said, "That was one of the best checks I've ever done on anybody."

"You mean——" Gort still sat in his seat, looking at him.

"Yes, of course. We're short of captains. From this moment . . you're on the roster."

I'm glad he's pleased, Dallas thought. So am I—really. At least, I *think* I am.

They left the flight deck together. They walked down the empty passenger cabin, very cheerful, back into informality.

Gort, smiling, stood aside at the door, waved him forward to be the first to descend the steps to the ground.

Outside it had started to rain. Gort said, "My car should be in the car park. My daughter said she'd call for me."

Dallas looked at his watch. Past eight. "I'm afraid we've kept her waiting."

"Oh, that's all right! She won't mind."

"I'll come with you. It's on my way."

They walked together towards the main factory administration buildings. Among the

To page 55

"You can trust me, I won't tell a soul. How is her name pronounced?"

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp*. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

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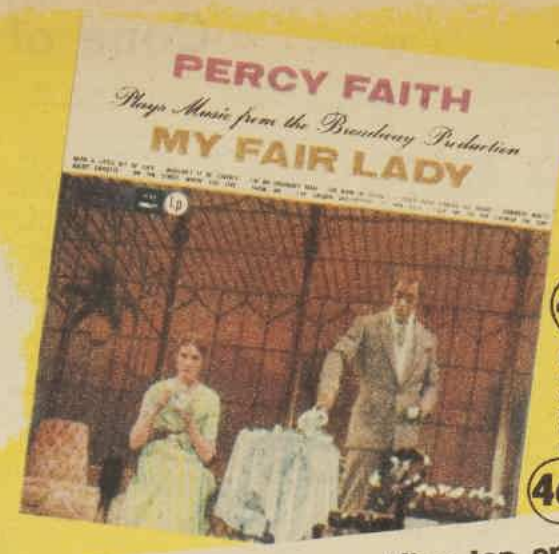

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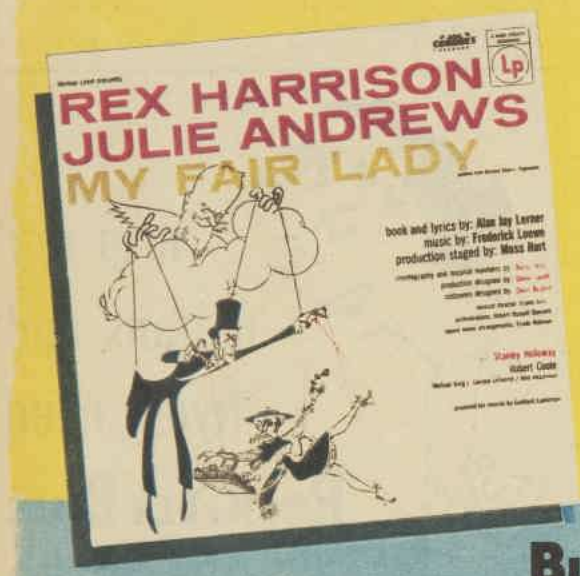

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Waitin' for My Dearie • I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean • Heather on the Hill • Like Being in Love. KGC.406

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Continuing . . . . Cone of Silence

from page 53

scattering of cars parked outside, Dallas was conscious of the girl's face before he recognised the black car. Through the rain-pocked windscreen she was watching them come closer. She'll be wondering, Dallas thought; wondering how he got on. But if she was the cool green eyes did not show it.

Gort led the way to the open driver's window. She must have known, by the way he looked at her. All he said —briefly, half under his breath — was: "Fine." And then, out in the open, publicly now, politely: "I believe you've met Captain Dallas, Charlotte."

Dallas saw the unhurried eyes switch from her father's face to his. No change of expression. She gave nothing away. "Yes, we've met. How are you?"

"I'm all right . . . thanks."

Gort put his foot on the running-board and said, "I'm hungry, Charlotte! Ravenous! And I expect Hugh is, too."

"A bit," Dallas said. "We've been up quite a time."

"How about having a bite of supper with us?"

"A bite of supper?" The usual repetition, to give himself time to think. Turning about to accept, he looked to the girl to repeat the invitation. But she said nothing. Her face was still expressionless. "That's kind of you, George, but——"

It wouldn't do, anyway. It would look too much like, well ——

Not that Gort meant it. Just wanted to show some friendliness. It's his way of saying thank you. "Tonight I can't make it, I'm afraid."

"Well, then, some other time?"

"I'd like that . . . very much."

"Quiggan Square, that's where we live. Number 2, Flat 6. You know Quiggan Square?"

"Quiggan Square? I'll find it, anyway."

"Glad to see you, any time." Gort walked round the front of the car and got in beside his daughter. He waved his leather briefcase as the girl leaned forward to pull the self-starter.

Dallas watched the car move away over the wet tarmac to the entrance gates. It was stopped by the policeman, then turned left, to disappear along the main London road. With his hands in his pockets, he walked up the steps of the administration buildings and mounted the stairs to his office.

He put on the light. He took off his uniform cap, and turned to his desk. He sat there quite still, reviewing the details of the evening's achievement, looking through the check report, remembering the care and accuracy of the flying he had watched.

Then he took out his pen and summarised it in the training record book: "July 11th, Captain G. Gort . . . Very satisfactory."

Next day Dallas said to Manningham: "He did all right. Very well, in fact."

The fleet superintendent looked up from signing the letter on his desk. "Good! I'm glad!"

"I was surprised."

"Were you?" Manningham asked. "Why?"

"He was so much better than last time. Still a bit on the rough side, of course——"

"George never was and never will be what I call an elegant pilot."

"No . . ." Dallas smiled. "Still, he flew with an almost unholy accuracy. Steeled himself to it, I suppose."

"I think George steels himself to everything he does."

"Oh, well, anyway——" Elaborately Dallas stretched his arms over his head. "That's over and done with. One other thing . . . after Saturday there won't be another training aircraft available at the factory for nearly a fortnight." He blew a cloud of grey-blue smoke in front of him. "All right if I do a trip down the route?"

"Ground school can manage without you . . . can they?"

"I think so. The new course is in. They've settled down."

"All right, then. The roster'll be glad to have you. They're short of captains."

"Still five services a week?"

"Still five. We can't go up to six till we get another aircraft."

Dallas tapped the ash off his cigarette and smiled. "If Pickering has his way . . . that'll be never."

"Pickering?" The manager tossed the letter into his "Out" tray. "I suppose he knows about George?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose he's pleased, but he'll get over it. Anyway, I've never liked this . . . well, love affair, I suppose you could call it, between us and Atlas. Parties, dinners, Christian names——"

"Atlas are all right, really," Dallas said, remembering his own share in the hospitality. "They have their problems, too. Just as we have ours."

"I suppose so," Manningham said unenthusiastically.

"D'you want me to wait till Judd gets back before I go on a trip?"

"Oh, no! No need. He won't be back for a week."

"Where is he now?"

"Sydney."

"Still busy arranging the extension of the route?"

"And sending these." The fleet superintendent held up a sheaf of teletype papers. "He doesn't spare himself. Hugh!"

"Yes?"

"D'you worry at all . . . passing people fit to fly the route?"

"Worry?" Dallas raised his eyebrows. "No . . . why should I? They have to satisfy me. I check everything I can. What else can I do?"

. . . . . .

He might just as well — Dallas thought to himself on Saturday afternoon as he climbed out of the aircraft after two hours of circuits and landings with Braddock—give the Gorts a ring.

There would not be another Phoenix available, so there was nothing else to do. He had been along to Operations that morning, and had arranged a trip for himself down the route on Tuesday. On the roster he noticed that Captain Gort had taken off on the Singapore Express-Service that same morning. The girl, therefore, would be on her own and might welcome the chance (this time) of coming along to the theatre with him.

He sauntered across from the hangars to the Atlas Aviation administrative buildings with the Australian, said "so long" to him on the steps, and was walking along the corridor towards his box of an office when he passed Pickering. The designer nodded. Coldly.

Not to be outdone, Dallas nodded coldly back. This ill-feeling, after all, was Pickering's choice. He had to be shown, in any case, the line where his job ended and Dallas' began.

Pickering would, as Manningham had said, get over it.

He pushed open the door of his office and, sitting at his desk, finished off the paper work for the training flight. Then he looked at his watch. Past four. If he was going to ring up, he'd better do it quickly.

He picked up the daily paper he'd bought that morning and turned to the entertainments page. Better have

To page 66

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• ***Here are the final winners of The Laugh Was On Me:***

I THOUGHT I had maintained my youthful looks, and felt I was quite justified in subtracting a few years from my age. However, I was due for a nasty shock.

One night at a party I happened to remark blithely to the man next to me: "Oh, I just loathe the thought of my 31st birthday."

"Why?" he said politely. "What happened?"

£2/2/- to Miss J. Rice, Merrylands, N.S.W.

WHEN Andy Fisher first introduced the baby bonus nearly 50 years ago it was left to me as mailman to instruct a customer, who had her first baby at home, how to apply for the "Fisher's Flimsy," as the £5 bonus was then called.

When she called to cash the order the postmaster congratulated her. She thanked him, then added: "If it hadn't been for the mailman I wouldn't have been getting this today."

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...more appetising with KRAFT CHEDDAR—your best cheese for cooking

Look! New partners for potato—

tangy Red Feather Fish Supreme and nourishing Kraft Cheddar...an economical Lenten special

Ingredients: One 8-oz. can Red Feather Fish Supreme; half an 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 teaspoon grated onion; squeeze of lemon; salt and pepper; 2 tablespoons flour; 3 cups mashed potatoes; 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 tablespoon butter; ½ pint milk.

Method: Add onion, Worcestershire sauce and shredded cheese to mashed potatoes; season with salt and pepper. Line a casserole dish with most of the potato. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until boiling. Blend Fish Supreme with the sauce, parsley and lemon juice. Pour into the potato shell and decorate with the remainder of the potato. Bake in a moderate oven — 350°F, for 25 minutes. Garnish with additional chopped parsley. 4 servings.

Kraft Cheddar gives Lenten meals rich flavour and concentrated nourishment — because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

P.S. If you prefer a stronger flavoured packet cheese for your Lenten meals —then choose Kraft Old English.

Enjoy the true tangy flavour of deep sea fish in Red Feather Fish Supreme — available in economical 8-oz. cans.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, handy 1-oz. portions, the new 1-lb. pack, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

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● Plan this year's Easter food round a ham. Baked and glazed, it provides a delicious hot dish, with plenty of meat left over for other holiday meals.

By **Leila C. Howard,** Our Food and Cookery Expert

EASTER DINNERS

GLAZED leg of ham, tangy and appetising with its coating of red-currant jelly and garnishes of cherries and almonds, plays the starring role among recipes below.

Spoon measurements are level in these recipes and quantities are sufficient for four persons.

GLAZED HAM AMERICAINE

Soak a small ham (10 to 12 pounds) in cold water for at least 6 hours. Remove, wash well in warm water, then place in a large boiler. Cover with cold water, add 1 cup vinegar or white wine, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 bay leaves, ¼lb. brown sugar, and 1 dozen peppercorns and cloves. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer approximately 2 hours, depending on size of ham. Carefully lift ham out, cool slightly and peel off the skin. Mix 1 teaspoon dry mustard with 2 tablespoons brown sugar and press evenly over surface of ham.

Place ham in large greased baking-dish, spread all over with 1 cup red-currant jelly. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. With a sharp-bladed knife, slash ham to a depth of ¼in. to form 2in. squares, garnish with cherries and almonds and rebrush all over with extra red-currant jelly (thinned with wine or water). Return to oven for 10 or 15 minutes. Serve with vegetables.

GRILLED HAM "SANDWICH"

Two slices ham (cut across from end of leg approx. ½in. thick), 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 tin or 1 packet macaroni and cheese (prepared according to directions on package), 2oz. grated cheese, 2 tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Spread ham slices with prepared mustard, cut fatty edge at intervals. Place under heated griller and cook slowly for 5 to 7 minutes. Turn slices and cook for 5 minutes. Remove one slice to heated platter, cover with hot macaroni mixture, and arrange second ham slice on top, sandwich fashion. Cut in wedges and serve with grilled tomato halves which have been sprinkled with grated cheese, pepper, and salt.

TROPICAL HAM TOSS

Two sliced bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup crushed tinned pineapple, ¾ cup chopped celery, 2 cups cubed cooked ham, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard, ¼ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup whole stuffed olives, ½ teaspoon salt, lettuce, watercress.

In bowl, toss bananas and lemon juice. Add pineapple, celery, and ham. Combine mustard and mayonnaise, pour over meat mixture. Add olives and salt; toss. Refrigerate ½ hour. Serve in crisp lettuce cups and garnish with watercress.

LEMON DATE FLUFF

Six tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1¼ cups water, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped dates.

Into a greased ovenware dish place 4 tablespoons of the sugar, 1 tablespoon of the butter, half the lemon rind, all the lemon juice and water. Place in oven to heat while pudding is mixed. Cream together the balance of the sugar, butter and lemon rind. Add beaten egg, then work in sifted flour and salt, making a firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to about ¼in. thickness. Cover with chopped dates, moisten edges, roll up. Cut into 4 or 5 pieces, place cut side down in hot syrup. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Dust with sifted icing sugar, serve hot.

EASTER BOUILLON

One and a half cups chicken stock or broth, 2 cups tomato juice, ¼ cup diced celery, ½ teaspoon chopped chives, 1 clove, ¼ clove garlic, 1 teaspoon minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon beetroot juice or grated beetroot, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Combine chicken stock, tomato juice, celery, chives, clove, garlic, onion, salt, sugar, and Worcestershire sauce in saucepan. Heat to boiling and simmer 30 minutes. Add beetroot juice and lemon juice. Stir well and strain.

WALNUT PRUNE MERINGUE

One cup prunes (soaked overnight or lightly cooked), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 3 egg-whites, 6oz. sugar, extra prunes and walnuts for decoration.

Remove seeds from prunes, cut into small pieces. Combine with lemon juice, cinnamon, and walnuts. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar to form a meringue. Fold in prune mixture and turn into ovenproof dish. Cook in moderately slow oven 30 to 35 minutes. Remove, decorate, serve hot or cold with custard or whipped cream.

ICED ORANGE SOUP

One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup orange juice, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 oranges, 1 tablespoon sweet cordial, extra orange slices, mint sprigs.

Soak gelatine in water for 5 minutes. Heat ¼ cup orange juice, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Stir in sugar and strain. Add remaining orange juice and lemon juice; chill. When mixture begins to congeal, beat with a rotary beater. Do this several times during chilling process. Cut oranges in halves and scoop out the pulp, chopping it fine; combine with orange gelatine mixture and add cordial. Beat thoroughly. Serve in orange cups or dishes garnished with orange slices and mint sprigs.

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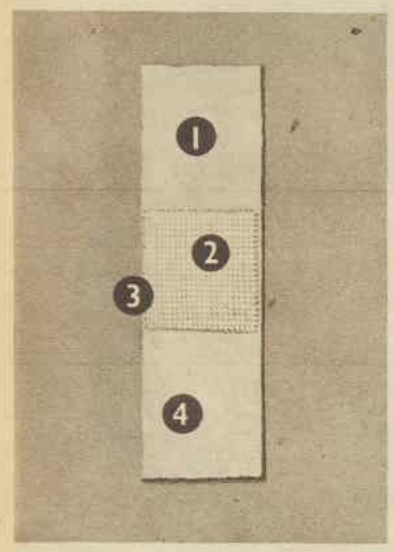

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1 Ordinary dressings with solid adhesive tend to cause soggy skin known as maceration. This arises when the skin is unable to breathe.

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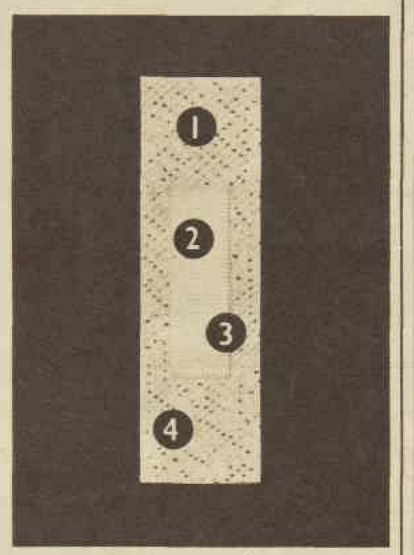

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OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES

Festive ideas for Easter

● Why not celebrate Easter in a really festive way? You could brighten the house with the jolly hen decoration shown above, give an Easter party for neighboring children under four years of age (our plan below gives directions for a successful children's party), or entertain old friends at a formal luncheon with a traditional Easter theme.

PARTY FOR THE VERY YOUNG

NO restrictions, interesting food, and pretty novelties the children can take home highlight a successful party for the young like that shown in color opposite.

For the under-four age group, fold card tables flat and place on wooden boxes on the lawn. Provide thick cushions as seats, washable tablecloths, plastic dishes, and you won't have to worry about spilled food. Feature an Easter-bunny motif with an illustration cut from a book and pasted on cardboard, and use small hard-cover "bunny" books as place-mats — these can be taken home by the children.

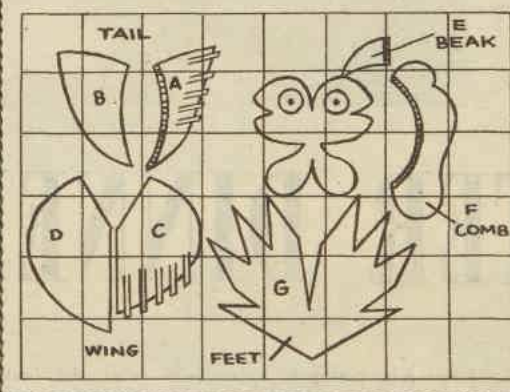
Because food must be simple for the tinies, make it novel. Color the shells of hardboiled eggs with water paint or crayon and set them in pretty eggcups the children can keep. Serve ice-cream in thick glasses decorated as rabbits with tin jelly-mould hats (with a jelly inside), paper ears, whiskers, and eyes, as shown in the picture.

Children of this age are not usually interested in organised games, but would enjoy a treasure hunt in the garden. Hide chocolate Easter eggs wrapped in colored foil, or give each of them a string to follow that ends in a sizeable egg.

Then send them home with their mementoes and as many balloons as they can carry before tiredness overtakes their pleasure.

Easter Bird Decoration

(Shown across top of these two pages)



Materials: Empty eggshell, paper, water paints, glue.

First draw the shapes shown in the diagram at left on to a piece of thick paper ruled into half-inch squares. Cut two extra tail and wing pieces and paint these pieces as shown. Cut feathers on A and C and fold back. Glue A to B and C to D, leaving feathers sticking out. Nick curves and fold on double line to fit curve of egg. Glue face, feet, beak, comb, tail, and wings to empty eggshell. Set on a shelf with row of sugared almonds for eggs.

The Easter Bird also makes a fine decoration for a party table. Set on a nest of crinkled paper in a sugar-bowl and surround with the almond eggs.

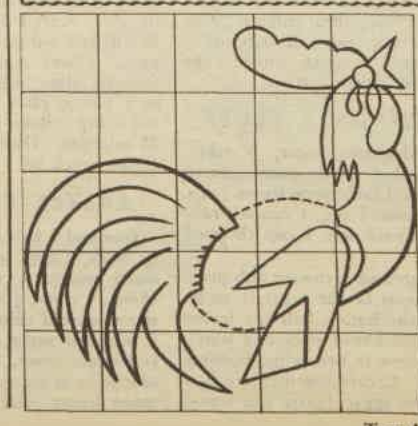


Table Rooster

HERE are directions for making the rooster table decorations shown in picture opposite.

Materials: Empty eggshell or hardboiled egg per person; small glass; thick paper; water paints; glue.

Draw rooster shapes as shown in diagram at left on to a piece of thick paper ruled into 1in. squares. Color shapes as shown in the table-setting opposite. Cut out individual pieces and nick curves. Glue wing, head, and tail to egg, folding the cut tabs to fit curves of egg. Place whole rooster on glass.

For a large party the rooster markers can be used as nameplates by writing a guest's name on a small white card and setting it at the base of the glass.

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EASTER BIRD decoration for a table or shelf is made from a real egg (delicately blown through two holes) and sugared-almond "eggs." The diagram and directions for making the bird are given in the panel on opposite page.

CHILDREN'S party for the very young is set outdoors at a level to suit this age group.

EASTER LUNCHEON SETTING has a harvest theme in orange and yellow that is easily copied. The unusual centrepiece combines a collection of wheat, dried grasses, honesty, and everlastings with eggshells arranged on stalks. We suggest you use the contents of the eggs in a savory omelet or other dish for the luncheon. To make the orange place-mats, cut 1yd. 36in.-wide linen into six 12 x 18in. squares, then fringe. Make napkins the same way from ½yd. yellow linen cut into six squares 9 by 9in. They can be fringed or hemmed. Easy-to-follow directions for making the handsome rooster place-markers are given on opposite page. If you have an egg-shaped table it adds to the effect. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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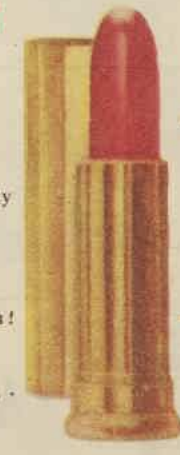

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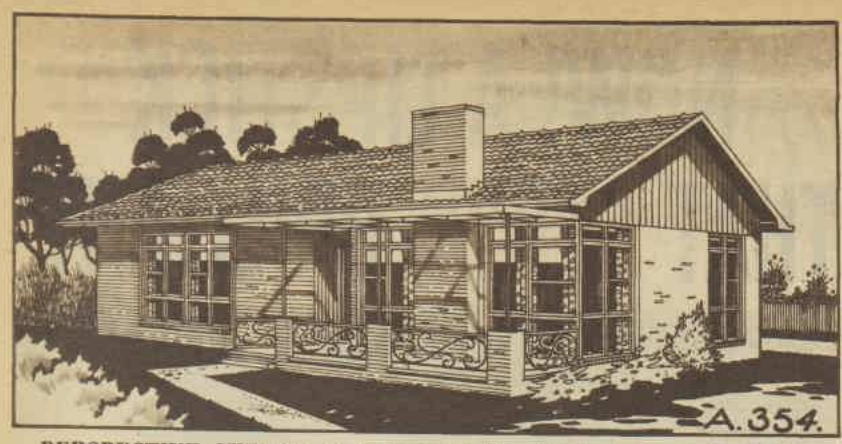
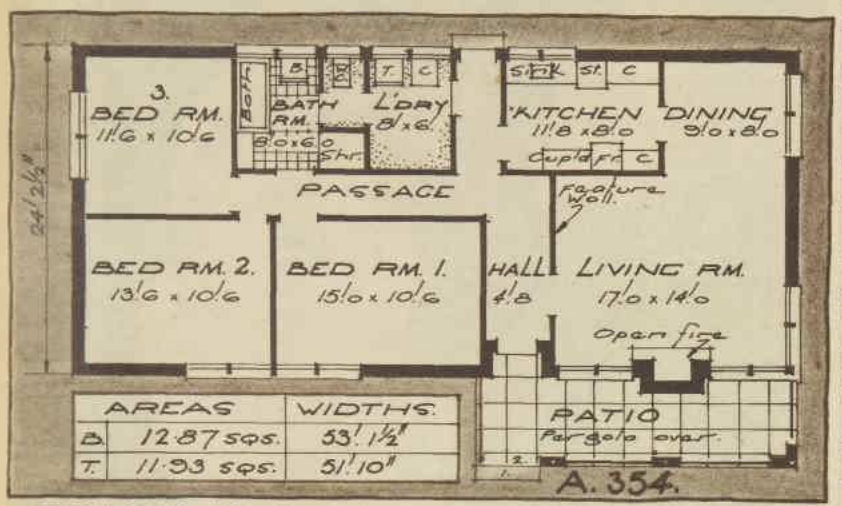


PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of home plan No. A354 shows a simple but attractive exterior with single gable roof and a terrace enclosed with a wrought-iron surround. This house is built in cream brick.



FLOOR PLAN of this three-bedroom house shows the service rooms built across the rear wall from the bathroom to keep the plumbing compact. To save floor space, kitchen cupboards have sliding doors.

Adapt this design to suit your land

● This is the fourth house to be built from our standard home plans at the Parade of Homes, "Highburn" Estate, Melbourne.

THIS house is built on Lot 69 at the Parade of Homes, which is being held from March 19 until April 19. Our other three standard-plan homes built at the Parade were shown in color in last week's issue.

Plans for this week's home, No. A354 in our series, can be bought at any of our Home Planning Centres for a fee of £7/7/- (see addresses at right) or from our special Home Plans stand in the Builders' Information Centre at the Parade.

The house can be built either across or along a site. In both positions its appearance is charming, and the living-room wall faces front.

Highlight of the entrance hall is a feature wall of polished vertical boards, separating it from the living-room.

The three bedrooms are all a good size and are conveniently placed near the bathroom.

Service rooms have excellent natural light, with a wide, sweeping window across bathroom, toilet, and laundry.

The kitchen is equipped with plenty of work benches and storage cupboards, and the living-room is a large L-shape with an open fireplace as a feature of the front wall.

This compact and practical family home is built on an area of 12.87 squares in brick and 11.93 squares in timber or fibro.

To build a house in Victoria like that erected on Lot 69 at the Parade of Homes, Melbourne, would cost £4275 in solid brick, £3975 in brick veneer, £3680 in timber, and £3595 in fibro. All prices are approximate and do not include land.

In other States approximate cost of building would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5395; timber, £3925; fibro, £3695.

In South Australia: Brick, £3845; timber, £3465; asbestos, £3385.

In Queensland: Brick, £5375; timber, £3575; fibro, £3445.

In Canberra: Brick, £5765; timber, £4055.

In Tasmania: Brick, £5125; timber, £3575.

Our Centres

Our Home Planning Centres have been established in conjunction with leading stores and offer a comprehensive service to home-builders.

The home plan on this page and other standard plans in hundreds of designs are on sale at the Centres. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee £7/7/- per set.

Mail orders should give the number of the design and the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium on Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

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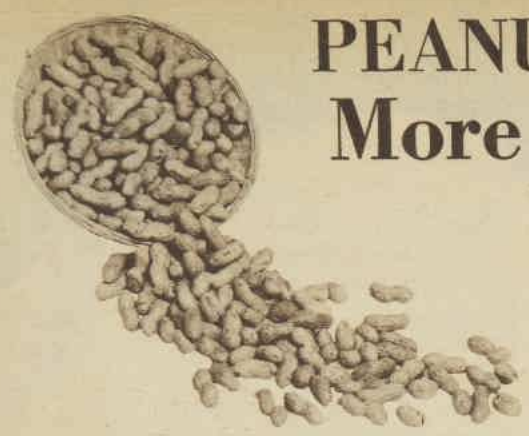

PEANUT RECIPE CONTEST
More £5 progress prizes

● A total of £1235 in prizemoney is to be won in our splendid Peanut Recipe Contest. Below are this week's three £5 progress prize recipes. These £5 awards will be made weekly throughout the contest.

HERE is your chance to win some money — enter our Peanut Recipe Contest. All you have to do is to write out your favorite recipe containing peanuts.

Mark your entry clearly with your name and address, and send it to Peanut Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

There are three sections in this contest—Cakes and Bisuits, Desserts, and Miscellaneous.

Remember that the one essential ingredient in the recipe is peanuts or peanut products.

The £1235 in cash prizes includes the Grand Champion Prize of £500, which can be won by a recipe entered in any of the three sections.

The last date for entries is April 10. The last £5 progress prizes will be published in our issue of April 29.

Here are this week's progress prizewinners.

1. CAKES and BISCUITS

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Walker, Miepoll South, Euroa, Vic.:

PEANUT PRETZELS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. peanut butter, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. almond meal or ground almonds, 3 cups plain flour.

Cream butter or substitute with peanut butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add whole eggs and egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and almond meal, mix thoroughly. Place mixture in refrigerator until firm. Knead well on floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut into strips 4in. x ½in., twist ends around one another to form a curl. Arrange on greased oven-tray, bake in moderately slow oven 15 to 20 minutes or until cooked and lightly browned. Loosen on trays with a knife, allow to cool. Store in airtight tin.

2. DESSERTS

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, 116 Shaftsbury Parade, Thornbury N.17, Vic.:

SICILIAN ROLY-POLY WITH WINE SAUCE

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped peanuts, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup milk, extra 2oz. butter, extra sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin. Rub in shortening; add peanuts, raisins, sugar, and cheese. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll out thinly on floured board, spread with extra softened butter. Roll up as for a Swiss roll; moisten edges, glaze top, sprinkle with extra sugar. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until cooked. Serve hot cut in slices with the following sauce:

Wine Sauce: Half cup brown sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ¼ cup sherry.

Place sugar and shortening in top half of double saucepan. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add beaten egg and continue stirring until mixture thickens. Add sherry and serve immediately.

Note: Lemon juice can be used in place of the sherry in the above sauce if preferred.

SICILIAN ROLY-POLY served with a rich wine sauce is a £5 progress prizewinner this week.

3. MISCELLANEOUS

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Martin, 28 Forsyth Street, Willoughby, N.S.W.:

PEANUT RICE SALAD

Two cups cooked rice, 1 cup diced orange segments, 1 cup diced pineapple (fresh or tinned), ½ cup chopped red or green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or onion, 1 4oz. packet crushed peanuts, ½ cup French dressing (made from 1-3rd peanut oil and 2-3rds white vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar mixed thoroughly in screw-top jar), ½lb. cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon cream, ¼ teaspoon each salt and sugar, extra crushed peanuts.

Place rice, orange, pineapple, green pepper, parsley, chives, peanuts, and French dressing in large bowl, toss lightly. Beat cream cheese with cream, season with salt and sugar. Shape into small balls, roll in extra crushed peanuts. Add to salad bowl. Chill well before serving.

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FIND OUT MORE ABOUT NATIONAL SAVINGS GROUPS. National Savings Groups are conducted in factories, offices and shops throughout Australia in conjunction with ALL Savings Banks in your State. For information and assistance in setting up National Savings Groups, employers are asked to telephone:

THE NATIONAL SAVINGS ORGANISATION
(Commonwealth Treasury)

Sydney, BX 7131 Brisbane, 2-2771 Perth, 21-3113
Melbourne, MF 1941 Adelaide, LA 4281 Hobart, 2-7351

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TONGALA

Swiss Style

Taste the wonderful *difference* in this recipe

1 tin TONGALA Unsweetened Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Place unopened milk in refrigerator overnight. Make sure milk is very cold, then beat till thick, adding sugar and vanilla. Add dissolved gelatine, beat well, place in freezing trays till frozen.

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Rich TONGALA Reduced Cream in the *KING SIZE* Economy Can and the *NEW* handy 4 oz. Can

in cans and handy hygienic tubes

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Tongala Milk in tubes—so convenient—hygienic and economical for camping and picnics

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Prize recipes

BACON RASHERS arranged over the top of this pork-and-liver loaf provide a decorative touch. Omit the gelatine glaze if serving the loaf hot.

● A recipe for an appetising and unusual pork-and-liver loaf wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for tasty mushroom-filled sandwiches.

Spoon measurements are level.

PORK-AND-LIVER TERRINE

One pound pork meat (cut from pork chops or fore loin), 1lb. pork sausage mince, 4oz. bacon rashers (rind removed), 1lb. calves' liver or 1 lamb's fry, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic or ½ teaspoon garlic salt, 1 small onion, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch sage, 1 egg, 2 bay leaves, extra ½ pint meat stock, 1 dessertspoon gelatine.

Place one rasher of bacon, pork, and onion through mincer. Saute liver or lamb's fry in fat until firm; mince finely. Add sausage mince, crushed garlic, salt, pepper, thyme, parsley, and sage, bind with beaten egg. Grease a loaf-tin, arrange remaining bacon rashers over base of tin. Fill tin with meat mixture, place bay leaves on top. Cover with a piece of aluminium foil or greased paper, and place in a shallow pan of boiling water. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. When cooked, remove foil covering and bay leaves, unmould on flat plate. Allow to cool. Combine ¼ cup of the stock with gelatine, add remaining stock, and stir over boiling water until gelatine dissolves. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, spoon over loaf. Serve.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Manson, 14 McDonald St., Preston, Vic.

ROLLED MUSHROOM SANDWICHES

Half-pound mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk or top milk, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped chives, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 25 slices bread, butter.

Peel mushrooms, chop finely. Heat butter in pan, add mushrooms, saute 5 minutes. Remove from heat, blend in flour and salt, return to heat, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Stir in chives and lemon juice, cool. Remove crusts from bread, spread with butter. Spread mushroom mixture over bread, roll up. Pack rolls in tin, chill. When ready to serve, cut each roll in halves, place under griller, and brown lightly.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Smith, Box 93, Bunbury, W.A.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is a satisfying and delicious sweet. It is called Deep-Dish Peach Pie, serves 5 or 6, and costs approximately 5/6 to 6/-. The pie can be served hot or cold with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

DEEP-DISH PEACH PIE

Two cups sliced fresh or tinned peaches, ½ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter, 6oz. shortcrust pastry, 1 egg-white or water, extra sugar.

Place peaches in a shallow ovenware dish with a rim. Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon, and salt, sprinkle over peaches. Squeeze lemon juice over and dot with butter. Cover with pastry rolled thinly to fit the top. Cut gashes in pastry to allow steam to escape. Brush top with egg-white or water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook until peaches are tender. Serve hot or cold with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

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MARMITE

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Just watch your children's eyes light up as they discover the tang and zest that Marmite adds to sandwiches! Double-rich Marmite has TWICE the flavour appeal of other spreads.

Just watch how quickly Marmite works wonders with their health and happiness! Being doubly rich — a perfect blending of yeast and vegetable extracts — Marmite is a real storehouse of vital Vitamin B_1. It helps little ones get the full benefit from the other foods in their diet, and that is why Marmite is so often prescribed for loss of appetite and as a general food tonic.

Just watch how often they'll clamour for Marmite — on sandwiches, toast and crackers, in cooking and as a delicious drink. Better order a large jar *today!* Sold at all grocers.

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For creamed coffee, add a little Ideal Milk to your Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ ESPRESSO *If you like Espresso Coffee, you'll love Nescafé Espresso—deep-flavoured, Continental-roast coffee. Use it for this delicious Capuccino recipe :*

To one teaspoonful of Nescafé Espresso (more or less according to taste) add a little hot water—just enough to make a paste. Then fill the cup with very hot water or steaming milk. Top with sweetened, whipped "Ideal" milk and sprinkle with cinnamon or Quik Instant Chocolate.

N379-59

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The charm of cassias

● Australia has more than 40 native varieties of cassias, many of which flower in winter. Others, however, bloom in spring and summer.

ALL native cassias have yellow or gold flowers, and are evergreens.

They are susceptible to borer attack and rather short-lived, but this weakness is atoned for by their beauty and ease of seed propagation.

Cassias mostly grow 5ft. to 8ft., but there are a few trees of medium height, 20ft. to 40ft.

The best known shrubby cassias are probably Artemisioides, Brewsteri, Candolleana, didymobotrya, tomentosa, eremophila, laevigata, pleurocarpa, Sturtii, and those known by common names such as silver, smooth, stripepod, cigar, and daphne cassias.

Cassia tomentosa is a yellow winter-flowering variety that blooms until spring. Like most cassias it improves with careful cultivation and pruning.

Cassia Brewsteri is also known as the cigar cassia because of the brown seedpods which resemble long cigars. The flowers are yellow and produced in long racemes. This variety grows to 40ft.

Cassia fistula, also known as Indian laburnum, is the source of the laxative cascara sagrada. This is a small, upright tree that bears bright yellow flowers in pendulous racemes.

It has soft foliage and needs protection from winds and frosts.

Cassia nodosa, or pink cassia, is a tropical variety that does well in Queensland and the sub-tropical parts of northern N.S.W. It is a tree of medium height.

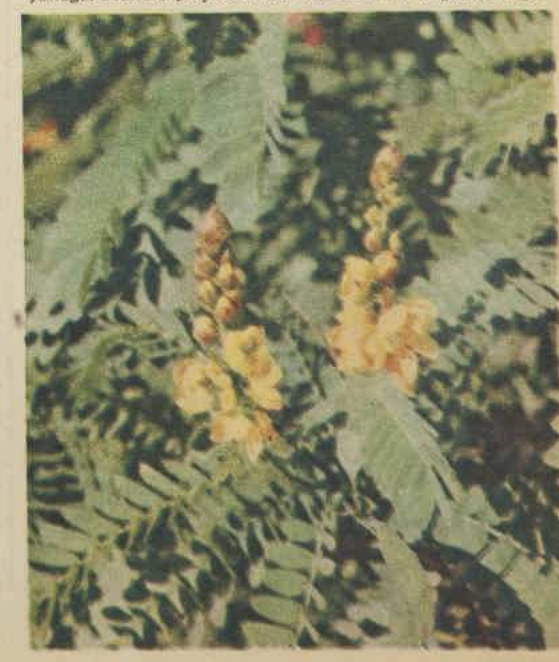
Most of this family do well in sandy loams, but several thrive in well-drained heavy to medium soils. They mostly need fairly hard cutting back after flowering. All dead wood should be removed regularly. Borers, which attack the trunks and branches, are difficult to control, but regular spraying with D.D.T., lindane, or dieldrin will help.

CASSIA ARTEMISIOIDES (left) is a native of inland Australia. Very beautiful thin shrub growing to 5ft. It does best in sandy soil.

CASSIA JAVANICA (above) is a native of Malaya and Java, where it grows to 80ft. Can be raised from seeds or cuttings planted in the spring.

CASSIA EREMOPHILA is a useful shrub for arid areas on fairly heavy soil. Grows to 8ft., compact, needle-like foliage. Flowers July-October. Several make a good hedge.

CASSIA CANDOLLEANA (above), also known as ovalifolia and bicapsularis, a vigorous shrub to 6ft., flowering in late autumn and winter. Produces masses of bright golden flowers. The most popular garden variety. Easily grown.



CASSIA DIDYMOBOTRYA (right), a native of Abyssinia, grows to 10ft. and spreads widely. Very robust and flowers the year round, but needs pruning to keep in shape. Seeds prolifically and grows fast to a spread of about 20ft.

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Continuing . . . Cone of Silence

from page 55

some plan prepared. He started looking down the list of theatres. She looked the high-brow type. He seemed to remember Gort quoting Shakespeare. Something fairly heavy would be required. His eyes stopped at the O's—the Old Vic.

Putting on his coat, he stuffed the paper into his pocket and then locked up his office. This time there was nobody in the corridor. Outside it was pelting with rain, and he had to dash across the car park to his red sports car.

He drove slowly to the main gate, checked out with the police guard, and then, turning left, went swishing along the main London road towards the small service flatlet he rented in Kensington.

He stopped at the first telephone box. He thumbed through the directory — G. Ge, Go . . . Gort, George, Captain. Believed in putting in his title. 2, Quiggan Square. Mayfair 9812.

He put in four pennies and dialled. When a girl's voice answered he said, "Is that Miss Gort?"

"Yes."

"This is Dallas. Hugh Dallas."

"Hugh Dallas . . . oh, yes!" Then: "My father's out on service."

With commendable surprise: "Oh, is he?"

"He went out yesterday. But he'll be back next Saturday, if you'd like to——"

"I expect he was glad to get back on the route."

"He was very glad."

"Kind of him, I thought, to ask me along to your place the other day."

"He was sorry you couldn't come."

"And now I'm sorry he's away, because I hoped . . . well, your father's rather keen on Shakespeare, isn't he?"

"He's been to one of the plays, certainly."

"You see . . . I've booked three seats tonight for Henry IV, Part Three. But, anyway, you'll be able to make it, won't you?"

"Not tonight, I'm afraid."

A caution: "It's the last night, you know."

"Then I shall just have to be unlucky."

A reminder: "I wouldn't want to miss it myself——"

"Of course not."

A final warning: "I don't often get a free evening——"

No defence of any kind was produced from the other end of the line. It had occurred to him that he might suggest going out on Monday, but now he thought: why should I? This was the second time of asking, after all. She should surely have made some follow-up, however tentative, to her father's invitation. Not to do so was not only ungracious and ungrateful, it was downright impolite, and he had no hesitation whatever in making the sentence a stiff one: "—so tonight I shall certainly go on my own."

She took it calmly. There was a short discussion on what a pity it was, then they both said good-night to each other perfectly politely, and Dallas rang off.

When her voice had completely faded away (for it left an oddly recurring echo in his ears) he stood with his feet apart, swaying a little on his heels. He pulled out the newspaper from his pocket and propped it up on the ledge, the entertainments page still uppermost.

This time his eyes began at the O's and ended at the V's. Then, without looking in the directory, he inserted four more pennies and dialled.

She might, of course, be on service. The other girl might be there, though. She shared a flat with another Phoenix stewardess.

But she wasn't. That unmistakable voice said huskily: "Grosvenor 2632."

"Hello, Joyce."

Straightaway: "Hello, Hugh."

"Doing anything tonight?"

"Well, I'm supposed to be going out with someone——"

"With me—now. You can fix that, can't you? Say you've been called out unexpectedly for service."

"I suppose I can." She paused. When she spoke again her voice was lower. "Anyway, unexpectedly's right. It's been so long since that trip we did I thought——"

Momentarily, in his mind he saw the creamy-skinned face, the soft waves of chestnut-colored hair. She would be pouting now—the bright red lips bunched up in a reproachful rose. He had first met Joyce Mitchell on a trip three months ago, when she had been the stewardess. In London he'd taken her out five or six times. Then he had flown with her—it had been quite a memorable trip—again. Before she could finish the sentence, on an impulse he said, "I'm taking the Singapore service on Tuesday. What about you? You can fix that, too, can't you?"

"I think I can. I'll try, anyway."

"Good! Now . . . about tonight. A revue, I thought. There's one at the Vaudeville. Sounds French. Might be amusing."

"That'll be lovely!"

"Pick you up at seven, then."

"Thank you." She said it meekly, sweetly, gratefully. That Gort girl, he remembered, had not even said thank you for calling. The two voices were completely different: different in tone and texture: different in pitch and character. This one was warm and vibrant: the other one was cold and hard. He was glad now he'd been given the opportunity to discover such differences by direct comparison.

He was given an even better opportunity later that same evening. He had just bought tickets for the circle and was walking over to where Joyce Mitchell was waiting for him in the foyer when he saw her with a tall, thin man in grey.

He said: "Hello."

She said: "Hello."

When he came up to her Joyce Mitchell said immediately: "Who's that?"

"You know Captain Gort?"

"Of course I do . . . and that's not him!"

"No." Dallas smiled. "That's his daughter."

"Oh." Her eyes were fixed on the face, the fair hair, the figure in the red dress. "I see. What does she do?"

"She's a doctor's secretary, I believe."

"Well . . . I'm glad she's not a stewardess. Otherwise"—she gave his hand a certain possessive squeeze—"you might be arranging to go out on service with her on Tuesday."

Three minutes afterwards, as the tide of the audience swept them up the stairs to the circle, she and her escort were just in front. Joyce was talking about a special trip she'd done, taking some V.I.P.s to Cairo, when he heard Charlotte Gort say to the man she was with: "We've come to the right theatre, Bill? Sure this isn't the Old Vic?"

And as he was protesting in a puzzled kind of way, that he was perfectly sure, she was looking over her silken shoulder.

And catching Dallas' eye—she smiled.

. . . . .

"Hugh! Hugh! Where are you going?"

He was half-way down the steps of the verandah and he turned impatiently. Joyce Mitchell from her chaise-longue by the palms was pouting at him prettily.

"Into town."

"Walking?"

"Yes, walking."

She removed her sunglasses, blinked her blue eyes at him reproachfully. "In this heat?"

"In this heat." He gave her a quick cross smile and was walking on when she sat up and said, "Hey, wait for me!" She reached for her cup on the table beside her. "Just let me finish my tea and comb my hair." She touched the red-brown waves lovingly.

"Can't," he said, without looking round again. "Robinson closes the town office at five." He thrust out his wrist and looked at his watch. "I want to cash a letter of credit."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I'll see you there."

When he didn't answer she stood up and leaned over the balustrade. "Hugh! Did you hear me? I'll see you there, shall I?"

"If you like."

The Imperial Hotel was in the west end of Ranjibad. That meant walking through the narrow market streets, past the open boutiques, hung with pots and pans, bright with green peppers, bananas, vegetables, mangoes, roofed in thatch or rough tile, an occasional palm tree standing sentinel beside them, wilting in the dust and heat. When he stepped on the wider pavement it seemed that the Dhammaratu Road was on fire.

And no wonder, he thought. Everything was so parched and dry. The road between was sticky and black with running tar. A few rickshaws moved, infinitely slowly. Cars came up and down, their bodies too hot to touch. The best shops were along here — car showrooms, big provision stores, tea merchants, best Pakistani ladies' fashions. Inside they gave the promise of coolness. Outside, the window displays were for the most part discreet and European, and nobody was looking at them.

Except for Number 64. Obviously, there was some attraction at Number 64, the town office of British Empire Airways. A knot of people were standing in the hot sunshine—four small brown boys, a Sikh with his black hair hidden in a turban, a dapper Indian in white topi, white duck suit, black shoes, a young woman humping a baby, and an old man with a beard and a begging bowl.

Dallas stopped. All of them—Dallas included—stared curiously and in silence at Mr. Robinson's now giant-sized window display of the route of the Phoenix: London-Rome-Cairo - Ranjibad - Calcutta-Singapore. 7500 miles. Five services a week each way. Fly at five hundred miles an hour on the fastest route in the world!

Mr. Robinson — who knew the East, after practically a lifetime, as well as the back of his coffee-colored hand — had had the whole map done in relief so that it looked like a toy waiting to be played with.

Dallas smiled, dissociated himself from the rest of the audience, and pushed open the glass door. Inside it was just as quiet as outside—but cooler. An old fan, as big as a propeller, rotated on the ceiling. Two Pakistani typists were typing at desks. An Indian station officer in uniform was standing at the counter. He showed his teeth in a smile of recognition as Dallas came in.

"Mr. Robinson in?"

"Yes, sah."

The pilot walked across the gleaming linoleum to the door marked Manager. He knocked, and then went inside. Mr. Robinson was sitting at his desk, surrounded by papers. A sallow, yellowy face, pock-marked paunchy cheeks, burning brown eyes. Though he got up when he saw Dallas, his smile was not so wide and welcoming as the station officer's had been.

Dallas, utterly assured, said kindly, "I've just been admiring your display."

"Oh, yes, Captain . . . the display." The sing-song Welsh-like voice under a broader European top note than usual: the hissing s, the buzzing ee.

"It's very good."

"We do the best we can to attract the customers."

Dallas sat down, put one leg over another. "Business picking up?"

"A little." Mr. Robinson shrugged his shoulders in a European way. "Very little." He made a sudden Oriental gesture of resignation with his curiously pale palmed hands. "We are still sending them out with empty seats. The first full load we ever had——"

"—happened to be in Victor Fox, the night of the crash. Yes . . . that was bad luck." Dallas put his hand in the pocket of his lightweight jacket for his pen and his wallet, and took out his letter of credit. "A hundred rupees, please." And then: "Made a difference, I suppose."

"Of course, Captain! It is a small community here. Government officials, businessmen, so on. After so much publicity about the Phoenix . . . they talked. Now they still talk, but in a different way. Not quite so——"

"It'll soon pick up again."

"But it is the competition! Air France, Pan American, T.W.A., K.L.M., Air India, B.O.A.C. Even the Belgians now. And soon the Germans!"

"None of them have got the Phoenix. We do the trip in half the time."

"—then there is the time of departure. Almost midnight for the westbound, three in the morning for the eastbound. Nobody wants to leave at such times!"

"Yes . . . I see that. Too bad! But you've just got to fit in with the best departure and arrival times from England and Singapore."

"—so the Phoenix is full from London, full from Singapore. But at Ranjibad more people get off than get on. So Captain Judd says . . . what is the matter with Ranjibad?" Again came the Oriental gesture, the resignation. Accepted by neither the Asiatic nor the European community, Mr. Robinson knew that he lived on a tightrope. A chee-chee, a man five annas short of the rupee, could not expect security, and he was aware—Captain Judd, who had an almost Aryan belief in the relative positions of the races of the world, had made it perfectly plain—that it was the airline's growing conviction that a one hundred per cent. Englishman could do better in Ranjibad.

"There . . . I've signed it. Date . . . eighteenth, isn't it? One hundred rupees, please!" Mr. Robinson knew perfectly well that this was the signal to change the subject. He unlocked one of the drawers of his desk and took out his cash-box. Opening it, he said, both for conversation and encouragement, "You find the Imperial Hotel comfortable, Captain?"

"Not bad."

"It is better now you are separated from the piston-engined crews?"

"Much better."

"It is the best hotel in Pakistan."

The manager noticed the surprise in the next two words, "Is it?" and sighed to himself as he counted out a hundred rupees.

"There you are, Captain."

"Thanks." Dallas put out his hand across the desk for the money, and as he did so he noticed, lying on the top of the other papers, a cutting from a weekly newspaper a Press photograph of the Phoenix from the Ranjibad Times. "Good," he said. "A bit of free publicity, eh?"

Instead of the money he picked up the cutting and looked at it.

"Free . . . yes. But not good publicity."

It was the photograph of an airline pilot climbing out of a Phoenix. It was not a good photograph — muzzy, underveloped—but the characteristic square stance was unmistakable It was entitled: "The Commander of the British Empire Airways jet airliner Victor Delta steps off his aircraft on

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"Madam, you'll have to trust us to send you the right one!"

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his arrival from England yesterday. This is the first time Captain Gort has been to Ranjibad since the accident in which he was involved at the local airport last May."

"You see, Captain, now there will be more talk." The droll look on his face was half sad, half comical.

"Don't worry about talk! Talk won't do you any harm." Then sharply: "And if it's Captain Gort you're worried about, you needn't. I passed out Captain Gort myself before he came back on the route. There is nothing the matter with Captain Gort!"

"Oh, I know, Captain. Captain Gort is very nice. One of the best. A gentleman. But——"

Hesitantly now, waving his hands, regretting it, fearing he had gone too far, Mr. Robinson was going to let the subject rest there, to stop, even though his apprehension was so compulsive, but now he was jerked forward, forced to go onwards by Dallas looking up and coldly demanding, "You were saying?"

The hands waved again. "I am not a pilot."

Colder still, an agreement: "No."

"I cannot judge."

Coldest yet: "No."

Mr. Robinson leaned halfway across his desk. Small beads of sweat had collected on his forehead. His voice had gone shriller. "But, Captain . . . I can compare!"

"How d'you mean . . . compare?"

"The take-off eastbound last Sunday . . . I watched it."

Continuing . . . . Cone of Silence

from page 66

"Why . . . what happened?"

"Well . . . nothing, Captain." Mr. Robinson looked slightly abashed. "Except that I said to young Giskin, my S.O., who was standing beside me, 'That is Captain Gort taking off.' "

"You knew quite well it was Captain Gort taking off!"

"Oh, yes, I know, Captain. But what I meant was . . . nobody seems to take off a Phoenix quite like Captain Gort. He gets the nose up quicker than most of the others do. I've seen a lot of Phoenix take-offs——"

"In the middle of the night . . . from over a mile away . . . at a very sharp angle."

"I can still judge by the navigation lights and sometimes you can see quite——"

Severely: "You can never judge attitude by lights!"

Meekly: "You know best, Captain. I just thought——"

"I think what happened in May has made rather too deep an impression on you, Mr. Robinson."

The pale palms waved. "Possibly, Captain, possibly. But such a tragedy naturally——"

Dallas stood up now. "I'm keeping you." And then: "Thank you for the cash."

Ingratiatingly: "A pleasure, Captain."

With his hand on the door-knob Dallas said, "And don't get excited about take-off technique. That's my worry. What Captain Judd wants . . . what we all want from you . . . is a full Phoenix out of Ranjibad. Every trip, not once in a blue moon! That's your worry!"

The glass rattled a little as he closed the manager's door. The typists had gone. The office was empty. A hand gently tugged his arm.

"Hugh! You'd forgotten me!" Joyce Mitchell turned her face up to his. He glanced down at her, frowned, and then smiled. At least she had used the last half-hour, he thought wryly, better than he had. He let his eyes wander over her appreciatively.

"As you well know, your father made his fortune at Monte Carlo . . ."

"Hugh!" she said in a different voice, lowering her eyes, slipping the hand now right through the crook of his arm. "Do I look nice? Do I?"

"Mmm." He bent slightly over her head, catching the warm spicy tang of her perfume. "Not bad."

"You know," she sighed, "you were simply ages. I thought I'd missed you."

She gave a gentle pull on his arm, as though to remind him that she was there. "Whatever were you doing? You couldn't have been all that time cashing a letter of credit."

He made no comment. They began walking down the Dhammaratu Road. Rather crossly, she said, "What did make you so long, Hugh?"

There was a moment's silence. Then he said very distinctly, "Nothing to do with you, Joyce."

Her face went pink. Half petulantly, half playfully she said, "How you love putting people in their places, don't you, Hugh?"

"No." Again he spoke slowly and clearly. "I prefer people to stay in their places to begin with."

"I see." She slightly slackened her hold on his arm. After a while she said with soft deceptive meekness, "I'm in mine now, Hugh."

She slid her indigo blue eyes under the long lashes up to his face. They were moist. "I may," she said demurely, "call you Hugh, may I?"

He said gravely, "You may."

They both smiled.

"You're rather a swine," she said tenderly, holding him tight again. "I love them, you know."

"You love them all," he said.

"I have," she was laughing now, gay as a child, "a very affectionate nature."

"Like hell you have!" he said.

"Hugh!" Her mouth was round and shocked, but ready to laugh again if he would. When he said nothing she shrugged her shoulders, swinging herself along beside him.

"Just where are we going, Hugh? If I'm allowed to ask, that is?"

"Shopping. And you are allowed."

More cheerfully: "Nice!"

She had a sudden glimpse of themselves in a mirror outside a junk-shop doorway, saw with satisfaction that Dallas was watching her.

"Shopping for what, Hugh?" She let her eyes fall on baskets, bags, golden bracelets, filigree brooches, jewelled rings. Softly, "That's why you didn't want me to come?"

"I thought I'd get silk. A dress length makes quite a nice present, don't you think."

"A nice present for who, Hugh?"

"My sister."

"Your sister, Hugh? I didn't know you'd got a sister."

"Well, I have. And it's her birthday next week."

"Lucky sister!"

He took no notice of the tone of her voice. He just said, "Tell me if you see a likely shop, would you?"

She said nothing. Her mouth had gone into a thick soft red pout. She swung her hips as she walked. She held her bag with both her hands.

"I'm too busy thinking," she said under her breath.

He turned sharp left. Unexpectedly — for she went on forward into a crowd of white-robed women haggling round a betel seller. A huge bread-fruit tree cast its shadow down on all of them. Coconuts were piled high on one stall, and sticks of bananas hung from hooks under a palm-thatched roof. A gas jet, flaring out ragged, spilled its light needlessly into the sunny street. There was, stronger than the everlasting dust, a stench of cheroots mixed with the decaying smells of fruit and meat.

A cloth sari brushed her shoulder where Dallas had been. She walked on, head high, aware now of what had happened. Aware that in a moment he would be running after her. She had a sudden urge to rush forward and lose herself in the throng. Her imagination painted a vivid picture of Hugh Dallas, searching, jerked out of his preoccupied disregard of her.

She hurried on, smiling to herself. A dark face under a turban smiled back. She frowned. It went on smiling.

She looked around and she was cut off, swamped, flooded by figures. She hesitated. A withered grey-brown arm proffered fruit. People behind jostled. Her hat was knocked sideways. "Look where you're going!" she said shrilly. Someone jangled a handful of bright beads in her face. She saw the dead-fish color of a blind beggar's eyes. Her small sandalled foot trod in some filth. She screamed, "Hugh! Hugh! Where are you?"

Uncomprehending, people glanced at her, smiled, swept on, seemed to be trying to sweep her with them.

Then Dallas took told of her wrist, coming up behind her, pulling her after him.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he threw at her over his shoulder. And without penitence: "I thought you were going to get yourself lost."

She gulped. They had stopped now, there in the shadow of the side-street. Feeling tears standing in her eyes, she lifted her face so that they might be a reproach to him. She shivered in the sudden shade, and immediately her body took up the themes, sending tremors through her limbs, transmitted to him through the tight hold she had of his arm.

"I was lost!"

"Of course you weren't! You were only gone a minute or two!" And then, half laughing, half genuinely sympathetic: "You're shaking like a leaf! Silly" — but he had bent his head to whisper into her ear as if to a child—"to run in the wrong direction!"

He slipped her arm through his. Again they started to move forward. "I'm sorry, Joyce. All over now. I had something on my mind, that's all. Let's forget about it. Let's get this silk and then find a place to eat and maybe dance. Here. This looks all right." He was pointing a little higher up the road to where an Arab in a little black cap was already beckoning. "Let's try it, anyway."

Inside it was cool and dark, soft with blurred shadows after the sharp etching of the sunlight outside. The still stale air was full of the dry oatmeal smell of bales of cloth, and the sweetish spicy perfume that clung to the velvet bags and slippers and handbags, stitched in, it seemed, along with the bright threads and the gilt and the sequins.

Dallas turned to the Arab, now eyeing them expectantly. "You have silk? Blue silk?"

Slip slop went the red slippers against fat heels as the owner came up with the bale of silk.

Dallas stared down at it. "Joyce," he said, "come over here. You're meant to help."

She put down a tiny embroidered cap that she was setting with loving and exquisite care on her head. "Oh, must I, sweet?"

"Must."

She came slowly back, putting up her face to him as she passed, bunching her mouth into half a pout, half a kiss. "Brute!" she whispered. Then fingering the material, "Awful!" And to the Arab imperiously, "Take it away!"

Another piece was produced. "This vairy . . . vairy good . . . ten rupee."

Joyce yawned. "We-el, I suppose it might do——"

Together, while they waited for the silk to be cut and wrapped, they wandered around the shop, stirring the trays of ornaments with their fingers.

She was trying her foot in a jewelled-heeled slipper when he saw it. On a velvet tray in the corner near the window, almost hidden away under a pile of junk — a gold filigree Phoenix on a woman's brooch.

He went over to pick it up. The beak was beautifully done, turned to the left, the gold thread exquisitely fashioned and curved. One round eye regarded him beadily. The great wings were outstretched, ready for flight. He knew something of the history of that legendary bird, forebear of the huge jet aeroplane he flew. Always male, it lived for a

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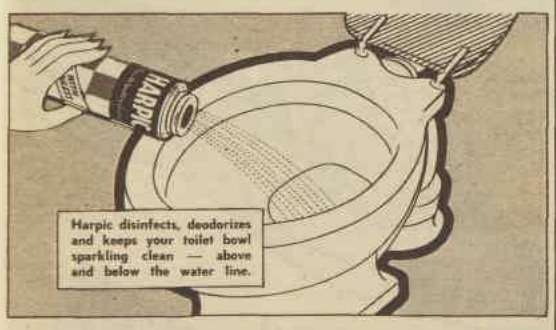

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thousand years. And then reproduced itself by setting fire to its nest: so that out of the smoke came another Phoenix to continue the eternal flying cycle.

He looked at the tiny label hanging from the pin by a thread. Eighteen rupees. Cheap enough.

He began walking with it, holding it like a treasure in his hand. The girl was bending over a trayful of trinkets, fingering them lovingly. When she heard him she looked round quickly, glancing at his face as though expecting to be scolded.

"What have you got there?" she said, and when he didn't answer she watched him as he sauntered over to the Arab, feeling in his pocket, bringing out his wallet. When he came back to her she said nothing.

Her fear of him suddenly touched Dallas. Mindful of ungraciousness, his earlier unkindness, on an impulse he said, "Here, give me your hand." And when she held it out, frowning a little, he spread it out flat and dropped the brooch into the centre of her palm and closed her fingers over it. "There," he said. "It's for you."

Pleasure flooded her face. "Darling! You absolute darling! How sweet you are!"

She leaned forward and gave him a little breathless kiss on his cheek.

In the dark shadows of the shop the Arab went on nodding and smiling and clasping his hands.

Very slowly she uncurled her fingers. "Lovely!" she breathed. "Perfectly lovely!" She traced the outline of it with the forefinger of her free hand. "Beautifully done! Quite exquisite!" Her enthusiasm seemed far more than the worth of the brooch merited.

Dallas said gently, "D'you see what it is, Joyce?"

"Mmm. It's some kind of a bird. Now," she put her hand to her forehead, "let me see! A special sort of a bird. Oh, well, what is it?"

"A Phoenix."

"But, of course! How absolutely marvellous! How clever of you to find it. Hugh——" She began to pin it on her dress. "You couldn't have chosen anything I'd value more."

Obsequiously, they were bowed out of the shop. They started slowly walking up the road. Conscious that he had been kind, Dallas felt a sudden surge of warmth towards the girl.

"I feel . . ." Her voice had gone husky again. She touched her brooch with delicate, almost reverent fingers. "This is a rather special present."

"And now let's have a beer," he said. "I know a club we can go to. Blast . . . that was a taxi. Never mind! There'll be another one along in a minute."

. . . . .

The evening had started all right. They had had two drinks at the club. Then Joyce knew just the place to dance. "Smallish, rather intimate, a bit crowded. But such fun!" she had said, tucking her hand into his in the taxi. "Guess who took me there first?"

"There isn't the time," Dallas said. "Give me a clue. Pilot? Fleet Superintendent? Steward? Rich man? Poor man? Beggar man? Thief?"

"I don't go around with all those!" she said softly. "For obvious reasons. But"—She took out her mirror and began to examine her face appreciatively—"I'll tell you." She brought out her lipstick, dabbed her lips, waved it in the air for greater effect. "It was Judd." She screwed the top back on and then tapped Dallas playfully on the chin with it. "There, that surprised you! Didn't it?"

Continuing . . . . Cone of Silence

from page 69

"Yes." He half smiled. "As a matter of fact, it did."

"Jealous?" She leaned nearer to him. "Mmmm . . . just a little?"

She had been in the highest spirits ever since he had given her the brooch. She kept touching it, pinned there rather incongruously in the fold of her slightly too decollete neckline.

"No," Dallas said. "Ought I to be?"

"I don't know. He did seem quite . . . what shall I say?" She smoothed her skirt down over the long line of her thighs. "Interested."

Dallas lit a cigarette and said nothing.

"During the evening, that was," she murmured primly. Then when he still said nothing she sighed and said, "D'you like him, Hugh? D'you like Judd?"

"He's all right."

The taxi gave a sudden lurch round a corner. She dropped against him — soft, scented, silky. He gave her a quick automatic kiss.

"How dull men are!" she laughed. "He's all right. Judd's all right." She mimicked Dallas, giving him a demure apologetic glance afterwards. "Judd isn't all right to me." She put her hands on her hips now, like Judd, lowering her head. "Judd's a brute. Judd's ruthless. Judd's no imagination. No conscience. No heart. He's a big charging bull of a man." She paused breathlessly. "Really rather attractive!"

Dallas laughed.

"Oh, I mean it. Not like you, of course." She took his arm and slid it round her waist. "You're all of those. But you have quite a lot of conscience and imagination. And . . ." she snuggled up closer to him, "a tiny bit of heart. Or have I got that now?"

Dallas just smiled.

She sat up suddenly and said, "Damn! That man drove like the wind. This is it!"

She put a proprietary dignified hand on his arm as they swept through the door, under the red and blue arch of lights, followed the Sikh waiter down the palm grove out on to the tiled patio to a small secluded table.

"There, Hugh! Like it?" She eased her chair around beside him to get a better view of the tiny square floor, and rested her hand on his knee. "You know, oddly enough we sat quite near here when I came with Clive." She watched his reaction with almost clinical thoroughness.

In spite of himself, Dallas frowned. Joyce Mitchell smiled.

"But as you are a bit jealous, I'll let you into a secret. It was really business. He said, 'Miss Mitchell, I want you tonight.'" She gave a low, husky laugh. "Ambiguous, wasn't it? Oh," she sighed, looking at Dallas, "don't be prudish! He said, 'The president of Asian Airways and his wife are here tonight. We are going to entertain them.' Like that. Just like that." She shrugged her shoulders. "Great fun! Judd talked about the Phoenix the whole evening."

Judd, Phoenix, buying, selling, salesmanship, snags, take-offs, Gort, Robinson—inextricably, like a suffocating web, the names wove themselves around Dallas' mind.

Ever since that first crash a part of his mind had been on it, waking or sleeping. As though something inside him had been detailed to remember it. But sometimes like tonight, suddenly coming out and taking charge of his brain. The inquiry had left too many things unsolved. Pilot error—sure. But why had Gort done it? Might he conceivably do it again? Might someone else do it?

"Wanna bet?"

To shake his thoughts off he looked round the patio. A dozen faces, all like Robinson's, seemed to turn to him. What did the Ranjibad manager know about it? He wouldn't really be sorry when Judd succeeded in getting rid of him. But then, when the flight captain got back from furthering the prospects of the route, he might possibly—he was that sort — want to get rid of Gort, too.

He stood up and said brusquely, "Come on, Joyce. Let's dance."

It was a quickstep—brisk and bright. "Now I know you're jealous."

He held her a little away from him, "Jealous about what?"

"Clive Judd isn't what. He's human. Just."

"I haven't any feelings of any sort about Judd."

"Just because I say he gives me funny little shivers there—" she put her arm suddenly around Dallas and ran her fingers provocatively up and down his spine — "when he orders us girls about. He makes me feel fragile and female, and . . ." She looked around to see if they were being watched. They were. She smiled happily. "Earthy," she whispered.

"Most men make you feel like that, don't they, Joyce?" He gave her a light cross shake. He was annoyed that she was pestering him towards awareness of her, annoyed that she was succeeding.

"Let's have another drink," he said, before the music had stopped. But by the time they sat down she seemed to have decided that she liked his reaction. When her Martini came she stirred it, smiling sweetly, secretly, indulgently.

All around the room men leaned against the wall, stood in groups silently. Joyce's fresh English prettiness seemed to attract glances from all over the room. But except for an extra flush on her cheeks and an odd way of tossing back her hair behind her shoulders she seemed unaware of it. They talked. They danced a waltz and a quickstep. But all the time the conversation came harking back to the same subject.

Once a younger, darker version of Robinson came over and asked her to dance. She glanced from him to Dallas with that queer long, oddly provocative glance as if to say I'd love to but he'd kill me.

"There," she said, when he'd gone, "the nerve of it! At least you can't be jealous of him!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Joyce," Dallas said, with sudden sharpness. "Stop being so damned silly! You can do what you want with whom you want. I'm not jealous of anyone."

She stared at him for a long time. Then she drew a deep breath. She lowered her head. When she looked up again, three silent minutes later, her eyes were swimming with tears. She touched her Phoenix brooch. Her fingers, very slightly, trembled!

He fought down an impulse to say he was sorry. He hadn't done anything to be sorry about. This obsession of hers was irritating. He drained his beer and ordered another.

At last the girl said, "Hugh . . . can I ask you something?"

"Of course. Go ahead."

"Is there . . . is there——" She gulped. "Anyone else?"

"Oh, Joyce, for heaven's sake, what d'you mean?"

"That you like? That you . . .?" She shot him a meaning look from under her half-lowered lids. "Or some other girl that you're interested in. Lately."

"Lots. You know that."

"No. I don't quite mean that. You've been a bit different this trip, I can tell. Nice, and not nice. Warm and then cold. I'm not used to it! I don't like it! I hate it!"

"As I told you before, sometimes I like to think."

"I have an odd hunch," she went on as though he hadn't spoken. "Oh, I know girls you've been out with. And I know it hasn't meant much."

He gave a short, unsmiling laugh. "Checking up, eh?"

"No. But don't forget I share a flat with Jennifer Brent." She inclined her head. "Girls talk."

"Apparently."

"But the other night"—she spoke dreamily — "at the theatre. That girl."

Surprised, Dallas said, "You mean the Gort girl?"

"She smiled at you in the foyer. And there was something in the way you looked at her."

"Really, Joyce, you get the most incredible ideas into your head!"

"You mean you haven't taken her out?"

"Of course I haven't! I've only met her once."

The blue eyes were watching his face carefully. "Oh."

"Satisfied?"

"Mm . . . maybe." And then suddenly, as though her mind was now at rest on the whole subject, she smiled back at him. "Yes, I am . . ."

Peace was restored. The curious jangling tension between them seemed to have disappeared. After her drink was finished, Joyce closed her eyes and sighed.

"Darling," she said, "it's been glorious fun . . . but let's go back, eh? It's hot . . . and I don't want to dance any more."

Ten minutes later in the taxi on the way to the hotel she said, "The Gort girl didn't look your cup of tea, anyway. I should have known. Pretty, of course. But cold. Touch-me-nottish. An ice maiden."

"Not like you."

With pride, "No, not like me."

In the brightly lit hallway of the hotel all was quiet and deserted. She took his hand up the wide stairway. She said in a low voice, "Going upstairs like this always makes me feel faintly improper."

"Does it?"

"Aren't you glad?"

At the door of her room she said, "Come on in."

She gave him a sudden scornful look as he hesitated. And then, demurely, "Just for a drink . . . iced lemonade."

Once inside she shut the door and leaned against it. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Hugh?"

He gave her a kiss — a quick, rather impatient one.

"I'll get the drink."

She was a long time away. He wandered over to the window and stared outside. Her room was at the back of the hotel. All along the horizon, under the hot black velvet night, the street-lamps of Ranjibad spread out before him. Away over to the west, not quite visible from here, would be the flarepath of the airport. Within the city intermittently flared pink, green, and yellow lights. Perched up like this, he thought, it was like the first few critical moments just after take-off.

He heard her come in. She was carrying the jug of lemonade. She was wearing only the flimsiest of negligees—red, ruffled round the neck, black tassels hanging from a silken cord round the middle of it.

"Like it?" she said. "Not the same as our last trip." And then, eyebrows raised, half smiling. "Really, darling, one would think you'd never . . ."

She stopped. She put down the jug.

"Let's skip it, shall we?" he said. He began to walk to the door.

She caught hold of his arm. "Don't you want me any more? Don't you?" Now her face was contorted with real anger. He saw the indigo blue eyes go small, the lips forget to pout and become a thin, dry line.

He said with a sudden quiet pity, "Not like that, Joyce. No."

He opened the door and went out.

He heard her slam it behind him. And then open it, and slam it again.

. . . . .

From where she had been waiting by the window she watched him. The dark blue door of the crew car was open, and with a certain lugubrious dignity he was getting out of the front seat. Three figures inside were saying goodbye to him. He touched his cap in semi-salute. The driver brought his suitcase from the boot at the back, and she saw him nod his head in gracious thanks. Then he turned, leaving the world of the sky and the Phoenix behind him, and came back to earth again, only to be immediately swallowed from

To page 77

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TOM THUMB'S WONDERLAND

TOM THUMB (Russ Tamblyn) is such a minute fellow that even meeting a humpty-dumpty type of nursery toy can become a big adventure (left).

TINY figure of Tom leaps joyfully in the air (above) to entertain his benefactor, the beautiful Forest Queen. This role is played by June Thorburn.

● Based on an old, well-loved English legend, M.G.M.'s fantasy "Tom Thumb" tells of the adventures of a boy who is no taller than a man's thumb.

Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

TOM THUMB is presented by the Forest Queen to a kindly woodcutter and his wife, who have longed for a son.

Unable to find a five-inch-tall actor to play Tom, producer George Pal settled on young American Russ Tamblyn—5ft. 10in.

Bernard Miles plays the woodcutter, Jessie Matthews his wife, and lovely June Thorburn the Forest Queen.

A combination of trick photography and giant-size props enabled tiny Tom to sit on a man's hat, hide in a bottle, and use a curtain-cord for a swing.

A scale of one foot to one inch was used to create the toys and film props that dwarf Tom to a few inches in height.

In one big sequence Tom appears to dance on a cobbler's bench. Actually, the bench was 35ft. high, 90ft. long, and the cracks in it 2ft. across. This sequence took seven days to photograph.

In a musical puppet sequence, brilliant mimic and satirist Stan Freberg supplies the voice of The Yawning Man, with whom, plus a whole range of nursery toys, Tom becomes friendly.

Romance comes to Tom when he first sees the beautiful little nursery doll Thumbella. But it isn't until he has plucked up the courage to kiss her painted cheek that she comes to life.

When he is unknowingly involved by two villains in robbing the village treasure vault, Tom almost brings disaster on the kindly woodcutter and his wife.

But the village piper (Alan Young) comes to the rescue, and—just as it should be in a fairy tale—everybody lives happily ever after.

Russ Tamblyn, who is doing his military service in the United States, was asked if he didn't feel foolish playing the minute Tom Thumb.

"Not at all," he replied, "it's a big role for any actor."

The film is in Eastman Color and was made in England.

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GIANT-SIZED pencils (above) are among the props used in trick photography to make Tom and his friends appear to be only a few inches high.

VILLAINS Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas (above) confer after they have involved the unsuspecting Tom in the theft of the village gold.

HIGHLIGHT of a village wedding is this happy dance by Tom Thumb and the doll Thumbella on the top of the decorated wedding cake.

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TELEVISION PARADE

● Televiewers will see lots of lemon meringue pies — the modern version of slapstick's custard pie—flying round Australia's TV screens if cherished plans of Graham Kennedy, Melbourne's Mr. TV, come off.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

GRAHAM is the compere of "In Melbourne Tonight." He appears five nights a week and has done so for the past 18 months.

He hopes to do a big super-show once a month with Bob Dyer, who has thrown more pies at more people than anyone on Australian TV.

Dyer, in fact, ranks as king of the pie-throwers as far as quantity is concerned.

I think TV's quality pie-throw was done by Spike Milligan in his famous "Gladys" TV show. He applied the treatment to a tall and statuesque blonde, who went on with her act regardless, as if pie in the eye was a normal part of serious A.B.C.-type singing, and the interview that followed.

I remember, too, very well, telling Graham quite emphatically that I didn't think pie-throwing was ever funny. Recalling the "Gladys" pie, I'll admit I was wrong.

Graham disputed very strongly my statement that it wasn't funny at all.

"Custard-pie throwing will always be very funny," he said. "Custard pies are here to stay on TV. You always get a laugh out of them."

All this custard-pie talk came out of my remark that I wasn't carried away with the first Bob Dyer show in which Graham starred.

"Too many pies," I said.

Graham assures me that if he and Bob Dyer do more shows there'll be more and more pies.

So far the new show is not a certainty.

"Bob and I have talked about a monthly show," Graham said. "It would be a big show for Saturday nights. I think TV could do with a lift on Saturday nights.

"A spectacular—how I hate that word—once a month or perhaps once a fortnight could be very good and could command high ratings."

Graham told me that the big show he did when he returned from a 10-week trip to America last year holds the top rating for a live show in Australia.

I talked to Graham when he spent a holiday recently in Sydney. I was anxious to talk to this fair, frail, unusual-looking young man of 25, who is undoubtedly the biggest Australian TV personality so far unearthed.

There is a Graham Kennedy Fan Club in Melbourne, with more than 20,000 members who pay to belong to it. (Their subscriptions go to youth clubs, their hearts to Graham.)

He told me a revealing story about a recent outing.

"I just wanted to have a swim one Sunday," he said. "Ten minutes after I arrived on the beach there was a queue of autograph hunters 150 children long."

I asked him whether he resented such intrusions into his private life.

He sounded rather rueful as he said, "My private life doesn't remain private very long."

Graham's show "In Melbourne Tonight" was modelled on "In Sydney Tonight," which is now defunct.

I asked him what he thought of Sydney's TV and how he felt about the disappearance of Keith Walshe from the TV screen. (Walshe compered "In Sydney Tonight" for two years.)

"I find Sydney TV very good, production-wise and presentation-wise," he said, "but I do think admiration of the local personality is much stronger in Melbourne.

"I think Keith Walshe did some very good work early in the piece. So far we have only been going 18 months; we hope to go on for two years."

Graham spent part of his holiday in Sydney at Palm Beach, part of it with the Dyers at their waterside home on Sydney's Middle Harbor.

Many people have asked me what I think of Graham. I only talked to him by telephone, but he was a frank and most pleasant interviewing subject. I liked what I heard of him, and I like more what I heard from people—the hard-boiled Sydney types—who saw quite a lot of him during his holiday.

They were all enthusiastic about him, all unanimous that his effect "grows" on you. It's a funny expression, but I think it's the best kind of TV personality to have; its effect is more lasting.

★ ★ ★

I WASN'T over-enthusiastic when I heard recently that Channel 9 (Tuesdays, 7.30) was starring yet another new Western, "The Lawman," starring John Russell as Marshal Dan Troop.

I was told before I saw it that it was certain to be highly rated because the ladies would love Marshal Troop; that his sex-appeal would guarantee an audience.

When I got Russell's photograph (The Australian Women's Weekly, 11/3/'59) I was less enthusiastic than before, but when I saw the first show I agreed.

Mr. Russell is at times strongly reminiscent of Clark Gable at the height of his fame, when he was King of Hollywood's sex-appeal, and many of today's mothers who control the TV switch still sigh over Clark.

I was pleasantly surprised at the first episode. Mr. Russell makes a strong, ruthless, man-of-action marshal. The story wasn't original. It was obviously inspired by "High Noon," with its lawman battling against a frightened town and three badmen; tried to steal some of Gunsmoke's line with an appealing deputy; and even pinched Cheyenne's body-beautiful line—Mr. Russell bared a powerful torso and put on a clean, tight-fitting shirt for the final gun duel.

But despite all this, as that shrewd publicity man said, I think it will be popular.

Graham, left, with Dolly and Bob Dyer.

MY latest piece of TV jargon is "recapping," a favorite of Handy Andy, Channel 9's do-it-yourself man (Saturdays at 5.00 p.m.). Every time I tune into Channel 9 on Saturdays lately I've just been in time to hear him say, "I'm recapping. . . ."

This has always been the signal for me to switch off smartly. I thought recapping was a close relative of retreading, as in tyres, a technical process in which I'm not at all interested. But when about three weeks running the session began with Andy recapping I made inquiries.

I was laughed at for my ignorance of a good show and told recapping was nothing technical at all—it was simply short for "recapitulating" and meant "repeating."

Life would be much easier if people used plain words like "repeating." Televiewers are much more likely to watch what's going on when they understand what is being said.

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W4

Where's the WETTEX!

New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ THE MATCHMAKER

Paramount romantic comedy, with Anthony Perkins, Shirley Booth, Shirley MacLaine, Paul Ford. Prince Edward, Sydney.

THE highly skilled cast and the stylish, unconventional screen treatment given Thornton Wilder's play by director Joseph Anthony make this film a quite delightful experience.

It's about a hard-up widow of the late 'nineties (Booth) who sets her cap at a wealthy widower (Ford) while pretending she's trying to find him a youthful wife.

Shirley MacLaine plays in her most spritely manner a little milliner who almost upsets the matchmaker's plans, and Perkins (visibly acting his socks off) is immensely charming as the youth who makes Shirley decide that money isn't everything.

With considerably less effort, Robert Morse manages to do almost as well in the subsidiary role of Perkins' offsider.

Good fun, something different, and a delightful re-creation of its period.

In a word . . . CHARMS.

★★ EMPIRE OF THE SUN

Italian photographic expedition to Peru. English commentary. In Ferraniacolor. Esquire, Sydney.

A TRIBE of handsome lake-dwellers with an economy based on reeds provides the highlights of this feature-length travelogue on the backward peoples of Peru.

The lake people's Christianity (an inheritance from the Spanish conquerors) has become comfortably and colorfully merged with the superstitions of their Inca forebears.

The ceremonial at the graveyard with its Christian crosses, the observance of the feast of St. Peter, and the "marrying" of the llamas with floral garlands, before their mating, are charming examples.

The film is visually arresting, contains some first-class material, and is photographed with imagination.

Unfortunately, the high quality of the camera work and color is let down by an unscholarly commentary and a commonplace musical score.

In a word . . . INTERESTING.

★ A TIME TO LOVE

Universal war drama, with John Gavin, Lilo Pulver. In Eastman Color, CinemaScope. State, Sydney.

FOR all the points this film tries to make, the one that emerges most strongly is that length alone does not guarantee quality.

The futility of war and an indictment of Nazism are among those points less memorably made in this story of a German soldier on leave from the crumbling Russian front of 1944 and the girl he finds in his bomb-devastated city.

Neither of the two young people concerned is strong enough to give their love story the poignancy and urgency it is meant to have.

The film's weakness isn't that we have seen all this before but that some element that would make the human story deeply moving is missing.

The film is based on Erich Maria Remarque's book "A Time To Love and a Time To Die," and the author makes a quite creditable screen debut in the role of an anti-Nazi professor.

In a word . . . UNDISTINGUISHED.

★ PARTY GIRL

M.G.M. romantic drama, with Cyd Charisse, Robert Taylor, Lee J. Cobb. In Metrocolor, CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

PLEASING enough in its own artifical, escapist way, this love story of a nightclub dancer and a criminal lawyer in the Chicago of the 'thirties never lets reality break through its prettily colored surface.

Best marks go to Cyd Charisse, playing the straight role of the nightclub dancer with some warmth and sincerity.

By comparison, Taylor, as the gangsters' lawyer with a twisted foot and a twisted outlook on life, seems more than usually empty-faced and emotionally barren.

Of all the surviving charm boys of the past, he, surely, has learnt the least during his long association with actors.

Cast as Taylor's gangster boss, Cobb takes advantage of the lack of competition to ham it up unmercifully. Still, it's satisfying to see someone who at least knows the tricks, even if he does use them all at the same time.

In a word . . . SHALLOW.

★ DOCTOR FROM STALINGRAD

German drama, with Eva Bartok, O. E. Hasse. German dialogue, English subtitles. Metro, King's Cross.

THIS is a P.O.W. camp drama. The captured Germans are the heroes and the Russians are the brutal overlords.

Specially heroic and admirable is great German neurosurgeon Hasse; specially heartless is Russian lady camp doctor Bartok.

When the commandant's adored small son falls gravely ill, not unexpectedly, it is the brilliant German doctor who is asked to save him.

This is a rather dreary, humorless, and decidely minor offering from the once great German film industry.

In a word . . . UNINSPIRED.

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her view by the waiting immaculate swish swing-doors of No. 2 Quiggan Square.

Charlotte had been giving a Saturday dust to his bedroom when she had seen him there. Now she watched the crew car wend its way out through the sharp apex of Quiggan Square, and after it too had disappeared still she stayed where she was, staring out at the garden pavements. Remembering.

From way back, from the very beginnings of her childhood, her father had been arriving or departing — in various places all over the world: Bombay, Cairo, Khartoum, Colombo, two years in South America, three in Montreal, wherever was decreed by the succession of boards that had formed the private enterprise British Empire Airways. For Gort himself had never changed, only the administrators around him, most of whom make up for their own inability to fly by the vigor with which they fought each other for the privilege of telling such as George Gort what aircraft to pilot next and in what part of the sky.

As a result, Charlotte's schooling had been mixed, haphazard, bizarre. Against all the background of homes in foreign countries, against the sadness of her mother's death, against her getting a job, first in a solicitor's office, then at Dr. Dawes, against her entertainments, her parties, even somehow her friends swung the eternal pendulum of his comings and goings. And the saving grace, the one constant in her kaleidoscopic life, was this same vision of her father in uniform resolutely setting off and just as resolutely returning.

As she stood by the window, still motionless, she was glad in her heart that after the grim, disrupted condition of the period after the crash the pattern had been resolved back again to this. There had been a time when her one aim was to get him off flying—and certainly off the Phoenix — for good. Till she found out his feelings, touched some of the foundations of his life unexpectedly close to the surface, and then her main fear had been that he would be grounded.

And then came Monday, the second of July.

It had been in every other respect normal. At breakfast he had eaten with the newspaper propped in front of him. He had said very little — but that was usual enough—had passed his cup over wordlessly for his second cup of tea. The post had come: she had gone to collect it. There were three letters for him, which she had put by his plate; one for herself from a boy she knew in the Navy, and she had opened it and was reading it when suddenly out he exploded with, "Look, Charlotte, this is a bit thick!"

Looking up, she saw him furiously waving a bill. Silently she took it. Calmly, she said, "That's the bill for your new bedroom curtains. You agreed to them. What are you getting so steamed up about?"

"Eighteen pounds, eleven shillings, and eightpence! You told me the estimate was fifteen."

"And it's three pounds more."

"Three pounds, eleven shillings, and eightpence more! They're overcharging, Charlotte! They think just because we've got a Mayfair address we're made of money!"

"They haven't overcharged. They asked me if I wanted a pelmet and I said yes. That's what's extra."

"Then why didn't you tell me you'd ordered a pelmet."

"You can't expect me to account for every penny I spend on the flat."

"Every penny! Three pounds, eleven shillings, and eightpence can't be called a penny, Charlotte!"

"If I'm running this house, Father, you'll have to let me ——"

"No money sense, that's your trouble, Charlotte! You seem to think you just turn on a tap and out it flows. Let me tell you——"

"Father . . . you'll be late at the airport if you don't hurry up."

Breakfast was finished in silence. Then he'd stumped out to the hall and gone off without saying goodbye.

She was just reaching for his cup and plate, over the paper which had toppled sideways on the toast rack, when she caught sight of one of the smaller headlines: "Phoenix Inquiry: Pilot Blamed: Joint statement of complete confidence in the aircraft issued by manufacturers and British Empire Airways."

And seeing it suddenly—then and only then — it was too much: the crash, the long weeks of waiting, the inquiry, the silly row about the curtains, now this. She dropped into his empty chair. She started sobbing with despair, while at the same time with her small clenched fists she hammered the tablecloth in a frenzy of feminine fury against all of them—the lot—Empire Airways, Atlas Aviation, Manningham, the commissioner and his assessors, that bumped-up know-all Dallas, the Phoenix, the Government, the curtains, and her father.

He had been much quieter when he came back that night, much more unreachable. For the next few days he took to staying up very late at night. His eyes became heavy with tiredness. He still went out to the airport to do his job promptly every morning, but he went listlessly. He had brightened a bit after his check; he was quite cheerful when he was back on the roster; but he had gone off on this trip, after fussing even more than usual about his personal appearance, after telling her that he "would show them," in a mood of such sombre determination that it had made her heart ache.

For seven days she had worried. And now just the sight of him — exactly as he had always come back from a trip, looking the same, doing the same things in the same way that he had always done them ever since she could remember —was a relief and a reassurance, and she was smiling as she walked out of the bedroom, out of the hall, out into the corridor outside to meet him as he came up round the corner of the stairs.

She put her arms round his neck as he stood with his bag in one hand and his briefcase in the other, and kissed him.

"Good trip?" she asked as they went arm in arm through the open door of the flat.

"Excellent, Charlotte! Twelve hours ten minutes . . . Ranjibad to London. Good, eh?" He dumped his cases on the floor of the hall and wiped his forehead. "Worst part was that staircase!"

"Tired?"

"Not at all!"

He hung up his hat and coat, and walking on into his lounge he rubbed his hands with pleasure at what he saw around him. "Ah, but it's nice to be home!"

"You're brown, anyway, Father. Lots of sun."

"Too much. Baking in Singapore."

"We could have done with a bit here. Been"—she shivered —"cold! Anyway, you sit down. I've got some tea all ready."

When she came back into the lounge she found him lying back comfortably in the armchair, his arms stretched out, his eyes closed. He opened them when he heard the soft contact of the tray on the coconut wood table. "That looks nice!" He took the cup from

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Continuing . . . . Cone of Silence

from page 71

Every man's life is a fairy-tale, written by God's finger.
— Hans Christian Andersen.

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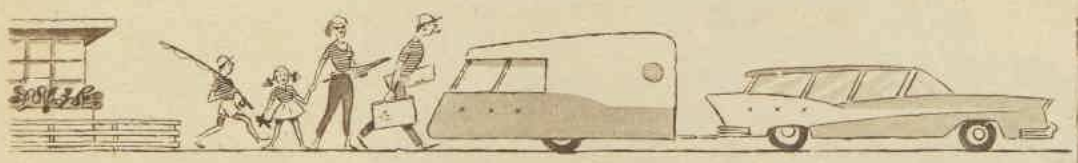

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her hands, stirred it with the Kandyan silver spoon.

"Yes, Charlotte," he said, sipping his tea, nibbling a biscuit. "One of those trips when you come back satisfied. On schedule all the way. Good crew. Know what the first officer said?"

"No," she smiled. "What?"

"He said he'd never known anyone land a Phoenix as smoothly as I did. I was greasing them on, Charlotte . . . all down the route. Rome, Singapore . . . even a cross-wind night landing at Ranjibad. And the passengers . . . an excellent crowd! I had Lord Branksome to Cairo. Took him up to the front and let him sit in the left-hand seat. We had quite a chat. Said to me . . . 'Don't know how you chaps do it, don't really.' Charming man, Charlotte. Natural . . . absolutely natural."

Then he finished off his tea and said, "What have you been doing while I've been away, Charlotte?"

"I went to a revue with Bill Tatchell on Saturday."

"Bill Tatchell?" He heard sometimes the names of her friends, tried to remember them. "Is that the doctor? The chap that helps Dawes? The one I met?"

She nodded.

"Seems a nice sort of chap, Charlotte. Good job. Secure job. Ask him around for a drink."

But the girl appeared not to have heard him. "And Captain Dallas phoned. He wanted us all to go to the theatre."

"Dallas. He was out on the route, but I missed him. Theatre, eh? Good heavens! Nice of him, though." He passed his cup over for more tea. "Did you go?"

"I couldn't. It was the same night I was going out with Bill."

"Oh, pity! Must give him a call. Have him along." He bit into another biscuit, comfortably, companionably. "Better make it soon, too. Before Friday. Friday . . . I'm out again on service." He took the full cup from her. "Anything else?"

She took her head. "No . . . nothing. Same old routine at Dawes'. Same old patients. And now——" She stood up. "Bed for you!"

She was pleased as she walked back into his bedroom, drew the new curtains across the sun-filled windows, turned down the bed. It was obvious that he was so much more confident, so much more cheerful. Completely back to normal. The same as ever. Or—she began wondering about it as she walked back into the lounge—almost the same.

She put her hands out and pulled him up.

"Come on . . . you're almost asleep already! I'll wake you at tea-time. That'll give you six hours."

"Thanks, Charlotte." He stood up and stretched, and she bent to pick up the tray. "An excellent trip! A very good trip indeed! The first officer said

Continuing . . . . Cone of Silence

from page 77

. . . that's the best Phoenix trip I've done, sir!"

She was suddenly aware that his first officer's buttery praise was so uncharacteristically important to him because of Lambourne, for whose death he was now held officially responsible. Tray in her hand, she smiled at him gently. "Who was he . . . this paragon of a first officer?"

"Oh . . . a new chap called Joynson," he said.

And then, amiably, off he went to bed—whistling softly.

. . . . .

Last light—the sweetest time of the day to fly, the hardest time of the day to land. There was no wind. The sun-streaked evening seemed to be settling itself to sleep. As Braddock

"A lot was lost in the translation, Monsieur."

turned the Phoenix on to final approach—ahead of them the smoke from the factories round the Atlas works had mixed with the damp beginnings of night and lay heavily in patches of opaque grey over the airfield, through which the tenuous runway lights blinked myopically. Braddock screwed up his eyes, felt for the trim, pushed the nose gradually forward, and descended towards the five muzzy green blobs just beyond the railway-line that marked the threshold of the runway.

"8000 r.p.m.!"

Dallas, sitting beside the Australian, obediently eased the throttles back for him, heard the hum of the jets go lower. This man was all right. Only on his third training trip, already this man knew what he was doing. The training captain's mind was only half on the approach as the Phoenix slipped slowly lower: the other half was occupied for the moment with remembering his own landings on the trip round the route, from which he had only returned three days ago.

"7000 r.p.m.!"

Operationally, it had been a success. He did not very often go on the route and he had enjoyed himself. He had succeeded in relegating Mr. Robinson and his remarks to a lower position in his conscious mind, and Miss Joyce Mitchell's cool behaviour after the incident at Ranjibad had not disturbed him. He had already some experience of withdrawing from female friendships, and hoitytoitiness on the girl's part he had always found made it very much easier. On the ground she always spoke to him too politely. In the air she seemed unaware that he was on the aeroplane. Dallas saw that she had pinned the Phoenix brooch to her shirt, perhaps as a reproach to him—but to comply with company regulations about wearing of jewellery on duty it was decently covered by the lapel of her monkey-jacket.

"6000 r.p.m.!"

They were coming up to the railway-line now — height 500 feet, nicely positioned for landing. Speed 135 knots.

Dallas shifted all his attention, now they were lower, on to the job in hand. Critically he watched the Australian's movements on the controls.

Braddock was slowing the Phoenix up. He called for flap. He flared out just over the hedge. The jets hushed. The tyres brushed the runway.

"Not bad," Dallas said abruptly. "You're getting the idea."

They taxied to the ramp. Normally speaking, after the engines had been shut down he would have had a word or two, maybe a cigarette, with the Australian. But he felt tired tonight. As soon as he'd signed the book he said good-night and walked off by himself to the main buildings, up the stairs to the second floor.

Coming along the corridor he saw light rimming the door of his office. It would probably be Pickering, he thought. He was about the only person in Atlas who ever came to see him. At this time of day especially.

He got hold of the handle. He turned it. He was conscious at first of the last pink stain of evening coming into the room through the window. And then at the desk he saw Judd.

Under the electric light his yellow head had a brassy sheen to it. His long chin was in both his hands. From under eyebrows so fair as to be almost invisible, eyes like grey beads gave Dallas a long staring welcome.

He raised his hand in salute. "Hugh."

"Hello, Clive."

"Long time no see . . . as the Chinaman said to the mermaid." He threw back his head and laughed. That was one of Judd's habits, this producing unintelligible jokes and then laughing over them. And the laughter always lasted too long. The first ha-ha was unforced and almost infectious: but any noise that followed was just a mocking echo. There it was now: a cracked bell sound that went on and on till Dallas silenced it with, "When did you get back?"

"Yesterday. Bateson brought me. Nice pilot. Nice pair of hands on Bateson."

The voice had a Cornish burr to it: the rs not rolling, but muffled, almost soft. And behind it was a very slight lilt —relic of a childhood in Selangi, where the family wealth was in tobacco plantations.

Dallas flung his briefcase on the top of the desk and sat down in the seat. "Route to Sydney all organised?"

"Pretty well."

"Managed to get a trip in myself."

"So I heard."

Dallas began filling in the details of his training flight in the book. Judd lit a cigarette. "Been doing the new chap?"

"Yes."

"Braddock . . . that's his name, isn't it? All right?"

"Yes."

"How old?"

"Mid-thirties."

"Good!" Judd flicked an

To page 82

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Continuing . . . Cone of Silence

from page 79

infinitesimal amount of ash into the tin on the desk with elaborate unconcern. "Had to see Pickering . . . so while I was here thought I'd drop in for a chat."

Dallas said politely, "Glad you did."

"Pickering's been bringing me into the picture."

"The picture?"

"Of what's been happening while I've been away."

"Oh, I see."

"He's upset."

"Pickering? Yes . . . I know."

"Pity." Judd let out a sigh with an exhalation of blue smoke. "We've always got on so well with Atlas."

"He'll get over it."

"How d'you know?"

"Because he's always got over it before."

"This is different."

"Why?"

"He thinks a mistake . . . a terrible mistake has been made."

"Does he?"

There was a pause. Then Judd said: "And so do I."

Dallas said nothing. With deliberate slowness, he went on finishing his report on the day's training. He had expected Judd to object to Gort going back on the route, and he had expected the objection to take the form of a growl of displeasure that his "young" jet fleet had again been invaded by this hoary, red-faced veteran.

But now Judd's manner, as he stood with his arms folded by the side of the desk, implied that this time the matter was not going to be allowed to remain at the grumbling level.

There had already been some clashes between them. Mild ones. The competence of the pilots Dallas had passed on to the route—not even Gort, the first time—had never before been questioned. Sensing the imminence of a rather less mild clash than usual, Dallas bided his time.

"You realise what I'm driving at, Hugh?" Restless from waiting, Judd's arms had unfolded themselves. They were *straight* in front of his body now. Out of the corner of his left eye Dallas saw the hands—rather white hands they were—resting on the top of the desk, the fingers just tapping the polished oak surface.

"Hang on, Clive. I'll be with you in a minute." He closed the training book, put it carefully over in the opposite corner to Judd. "Yes," he said. "I know what you're driving at. Gort."

"Gort . . . yes."

"No mistake there." He screwed on the green mottled top of his fountain-pen. "I threw the book at Gort. And he threw it back at me . . . word perfect!"

"And now he's on the Phoenix route!"

Dallas nodded. "Done one trip, too. Nothing went wrong. What are you worried about?"

"The route's my pigeon."

"And making sure the route gets competent pilots is my pigeon."

"And Manningham's pigeon"—Judd leaned further over the desk—"in this instance was to get rid of Gort on to another fleet without any fuss!"

"I don't agree," Dallas said slowly. "He rang up the operations director. He was told the board knew they could rely on him to do 'the wise thing.'"

"Quite! That's what he's paid for!"

"If the board wanted to get rid of Gort, why didn't they do it themselves?"

"You know as well as I do, Hugh, the president likes to leave things to the fleets as much as possible."

Dallas remembered the only time he had met his new chief without enthusiasm. "I know he likes passing the buck when it comes to doing anything unpleasant."

"That's unfair." Judd's face had gone slightly pinker. "He's feeling his feet."

"I'll take your word for that," Dallas said dryly. "If anyone on the fleet should know such little personal details about the man . . . it's you."

Judd smiled, but he said nothing. He stubbed out his cigarette. "For a pilot," he said, "Gort's quite well known. Good record. Long one, too. Can be very determined. If he and the president had a row——" Judd made a siphoning sound with his lips. "Nasty!"

Moving away from the desk, Judd walked over to the window. "After all, the board did their share of disciplining Gort. It was up to Manningham to do his share."

Dallas said nothing.

"He always wanted older pilots on the Phoenix," Judd went on. "He's had a crash himself. And he's a friend of Gort."

Dallas still said nothing.

"Can't understand a sensible character like you, Hugh, getting landed like this."

Judd spoke softly. Getting no response from the window, he had moved over to the blackboard on which was chalked the names of the twelve Phoenix captains in white, and in red the due date for their next 180-day check. "I suppose you didn't realise what you were letting yourself in for. Possible consequences." He paused. "Gort." He put his finger on the name. "January 3rd! Heavens . . . he's loose for another five months!"

Dallas said, "Look, Judd . . . that's my business."

"Only trying to help." Judd shrugged his shoulders. "And what I'd suggest——" Judd had come back to the desk again. "You can't check everything in a two-hour period."

"I've been kicked out of school!"

"I don't try."

"An emergency after an explosive decompression . . . did you check Gort on that?"

"No."

"Well, then—easy! Say you forgot it. Take him up again."

"And when he does it all right?"

"That's just it." Judd smiled. "You can either say he's come down too fast and he'd have broken up in turbulence. Or he's come down too slowly and all his passengers would have been asphyxiated."

"And then?"

"You can fail him."

"I can what?"

"Fail him."

Dallas slowly put down the papers in his hand. "Deliberately fail someone? Is that what you mean? Is it?"

Judd shrugged his shoulders. "No need to put it like that. But you've got the general idea."

"What d'you think I am?"

"A good Phoenix training captain."

Dallas folded his arms across his chest. "Like hell you do! If you come up with that!" He kept his head slightly down, his light eyes upturned unblinkingly on Judd's face.

"Now you're being naive." The color was coming up under Judd's fair skin. "Sometimes . . . these things have to be done."

"What things? Cooked checks?" Almost gently, Dallas said, "You take a pride in your job." He paused. "Oddly enough, I do in mine."

Judd said bitterly, "Oh, come off it! My job! Your job! Don't be such a little cog in a machine! Take the long view. Not just your own."

They were facing each other now, so that the desk lamp threw huge long-nosed caricatures of them on the wall behind: black, quivering, ragged-edged, moving towards each other and away again like candle-flame shadows.

"Look, Hugh, you've had very little experience of anything but flying. You don't know how it's *done*, I tell you! If this was —"

"Selangi. I know. You've told me before. Many times."

"Not enough times, by heaven! You don't learn. I'm glad my father knew how to run things. That's why he was able to buy up a lot of silly clots with ideas like yours."

"But even he, I take it," Dallas said distinctly, "didn't practise fraud. Or did he?"

"Now you're being just rude! Damned offensive! What are you getting at?"

"That's what you're suggesting I do, isn't it?"

"You've got it all wrong," Judd said. "Now you're going to the other extreme. All I'm saying is that someone has to go for the good of the rest. Gort's got to go. Everybody says so. Atlas Aviation——"

"I suppose you agreed with everything Pickering——"

"You're wrong again! This is an Empire Airways affair and I said nothing. Either way. But I can't help wondering what Atlas would think . . . after the years they've spent perfecting the Phoenix . . . if they could hear us having this row over an incompetent pilot. In their own factory, too!"

"Gort's perfectly competent."

"He's not good enough for the Phoenix route."

"One thing," Dallas said dryly, "I have seen outside flying is this gauleiter stuff. And I want no part of it. You can indulge your fancies for life in the raw in Selangi. But you're not there now . . . more's the pity."

Judd gave a sudden unexpected laugh. "A good job for the Phoenix fleet I'm not." He walked back to the window and began to whistle. Behind him, Dallas bent over a file.

Imperceptibly, the atmosphere quieted, like dust slowly sifting down and settling in a room.

Neither of them said anything till Judd, as though suddenly he'd made up his mind, came over to the desk and in quite a different tone of voice said, "Well . . . that's that! I've said my say. All right?" He smiled down at Dallas disarmingly. "Eh?"

Dallas looked up, half smiled in return, and nodded.

"You seem busy." Judd got out a cigarette and lit it.

"This paper work! Drives you round the bend, doesn't it?" He looked sympathetic. "Got your car?" And when Dallas nodded, "I was going to offer you a lift." He glanced at his watch. "Late! I better be getting mobile. Don't overwork, now." He grinned boyishly. "They won't pay you any more." He began to walk towards the door. "Be seeing you. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Judd had his long white fingers on the handle when he stopped and turned. "Oh, by the way, Hugh," he said. "Flying back with Bateson gave me an idea. You know other companies have route inspectors?"

"I'd heard they had . . . yes."

"That's what we're going to have. See the boys are flying according to the book. I mean, pilots like . . . well, Gort . . . and the rest might do all right on a training trip, but down the route——"

Dallas said coldly, "Until I've got another instructor I haven't the time."

The door made a slight scraping noise against the linoleum as it opened. "Wouldn't dream of bothering you, Hugh. Wouldn't dream of bothering anybody. I shall do the route checking . . . myself."

To be continued

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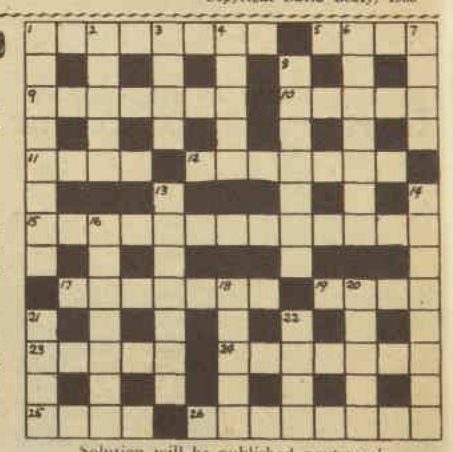
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Over-laudatory nothing for a bird (8).
5. If you take first a goat then a large deer appears in it (4).
9. Get freedom of the links (7).
10. Make a mistake or a mistake (5).
11. A little rift in it indicates dissension (4).
12. It seems in the goddess of retribution (7).
15. Fragile Far Eastern country useful for a light meal (3-5, 5).
17. Felt discontent (7).
19. Musical part of Scotland (4).
23. Throbbing, collected from leguminous plants (5).
24. Ted's sin is nonconformity (7).
25. Finds fault with horses (4).
26. Red tears (Anagr., 8).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Shakespearian officer with influenza (8).
2. Racecourse as a small bed (5).
3. The most famous was terrible (4).
6. A mitre in shreds turns in the last stations (7).
7. Boast with the back of a dress (4).
8. Protection of the French receiver (7).
13. Her sins (Anagr., 7).
14. Granted the privilege of making taped net (8).
16. Wild goose whose color seems to be between black and white (7).
18. Senior tree (5).
20. It's absurd, yet, without its centre, it could be a pint (5).
21. No writing implement is manifest (4).
22. Island mentioned in his lecture (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 23

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in personal charm.

★ You could charm the birds off the trees this week. Vitality, initiative, enthusiasm are at an all-time high. If young, this means romance with a capital "R." If older, it brings success, new opportunities for self-expression, creative work. Many of you are becoming different people; you may change your style of dress, act a new, exciting role.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for l.ve, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in waiting for your cue.

★ You're in the wings, perhaps you think life is going to pass you by, but in a few weeks there will be a call to action. Use this period to prepare for a new cycle. Finish off odds and ends, consider yourself, your surroundings, financial basis, wardrobe, spare-time interests with a view to improvements. You're sailing shortly for a new destination.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck among friends.

★ In company with friends, old and new, there are happy days ahead. Outdoor activities are particularly well aspected if you are one of a group. Sport should be enjoyable. Among teenagers love affairs multiply, although many of them will be temporary. Older subjects become social, make visits to distant friends or to the scene of former interests.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for l.ve, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck before the public.

★ Should you be competing in a tournament, you shine with fresh lustre. You may be asked to preside, umpire, organise some group activity. Your standing in the community is likely to increase in importance in some way. Should you plan to be an Easter bride, this week will be filled with last-minute preparations for the big moment.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a journey.

★ Any journey is fortunate, whether it be long or short. You may revisit familiar scenes or explore new territory; the effect will be magical. Adventures along the way should enliven your path. Some of you, young and fancy free, meet your future life partner, while others experience a charming episode involving a handsome stranger.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a windfall.

★ That visit on the part of Dame Fortune may involve the most extraordinary things, from the gift of a white elephant, a last-minute but desirable invitation, to a winning ticket with a prize attached. What you get will be what you do not look for. Love affairs may be due for a few storms. If a teenager, parental opposition may blight hopes.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a partnership.

★ Many an Easter bride will be a Libran; happiness will be her portion, and her last few days at home will be both sad and glad. Older subjects, long married, draw closer together. With a girl-friend teenagers may plan a short trip or join a group such as a house party. Certain romances, still in the pal stage, blossom into an engagement.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in carrying out plans.

★ You're a good organiser and you'll have plenty to do fixing up details, arranging for all sorts of contingencies, straightening out misunderstood messages. A tower of strength, you'll earn praise for being thorough and efficient. Your own wishes may be subordinated to giving pleasure to those you love. Romance may be pushed into the background.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in love.

★ If a parent, children show their affection; if a child, older people provide a special treat. If in love, there will be great tenderness in your mutual regard. Neighbors show goodwill, are prepared to go to considerable lengths to do you a favor. In some cases a new household pet will win your heart. Emotional life is likely to be happy.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck on your doorstep.

★ Your home, its appearance, the atmosphere of the household, relationships may be due for a change. A burden may be lifted, a critical elder may move to a distance and cease to interfere in domestic affairs, or the arrival of a new member of the family could cause rejoicing, affect daily routine. An engagement could set the household aflutter.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for l.ve, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in exploring new territory.

★ You may go on an expedition to places you have never seen before. This could mean hills or beach or bush, or you may travel in spirit only through reading about faraway countries you would like to visit. Others join a group of people of a type new to them, share experiences in unusual surroundings. Whatever you do you'll gain a wider outlook.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun. Luck in the marketplace.

★ Some of you find a bargain in the shape of a major investment, others conclude an important agreement. The early part of the week may be taken up with much running around. Rejoicings, celebrations over what has been accomplished are bound to put sparkle into the weekend. If young, in love, a diamond ring may be in the offing.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

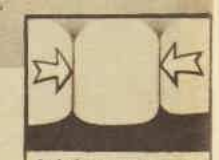
The Tongue Test

proves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth

Try the tongue test now!

Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that *clinging coating*? It discolours your teeth—and *it harbours germs*. Brush with Macleans and try the tongue test again. The coating's gone — gone completely. Your teeth are safer from decay.

Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off – even between teeth where the brush can't reach – keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY



In between your teeth is where you benefit specially from using Macleans. Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Macleans removes the coating there too, where the brush can't reach.

DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but *harbours decay germs*.

Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can *scrub* most of this coating off – where the brush can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients *lift* the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they *must* be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

Did you Maclean your teeth today?

Turn yourself into fashion's fair-haired girl

Lighten and Brighten your hair with

Light and Bright

BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOTHING TO MIX OR FIX

"It's simpler than setting your hair"

At chemists and stores everywhere. Two sizes, 7/- and 13/6.

LB16.62

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• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5133.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make child's jacket. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

F5145.—Classic-type coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4982.—Ballerina-length evening dress designed with a form-fitting bodice top and harem skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 36in. lining, and 1½yds. of lace flowers. Price 4/6.

F5085.—Chic two-piece suit features one of the season's newest silhouettes, short jacket plus slim skirt. The pattern includes short and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4797.—Smartly tailored blazer-jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1⅞yds. 54in. material or 3yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5141.—All-round knife-pleated skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

F5054.—Attractively styled front-buttoned coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No. 914.—INFANT'S LAYETTE

Four-piece layette is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes white flannelette and no-iron plisse in white, pale blue, and pink. Size: Infants. Price: Dress 14/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; nightgown 14/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra; petticoat-slip 9/3, postage 8d. extra; pilchers 7/3, postage 8d. extra.

No. 915.—SET OF SEVEN TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a flower motif and each day of the week. The material is white Irish linen multi-striped in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 22 by 32in. Price 5/11 each, postage 6d. extra; set of 7 towels 39/6, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 916.—TIGER-LILY TABLE-CENTRE

The mat is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 11 by 17in. Price 4/3. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 917.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Smart front-buttoned dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron striped cotton. The color choice includes pink-and-white, blue-and-white, lilac-and-white, coffee-and-white, and emerald-green-and-white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

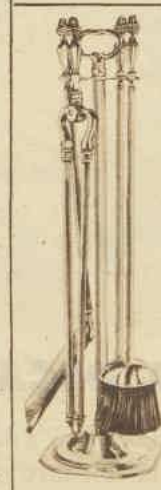
Robin

STARCH keeps cottons clean and fresh—longer

Frocks and petticoats, blouses, shirts and aprons too, keep that crisp and bright look so much longer when starched with Robin. So easy to mix, because it's powdered, Robin gives a perfect, dirt-resisting finish. Robin makes ironing so much easier, too!

Robin
STARCH

and for a sparkling white—never forget Reckitt's Blue.



all brass

needs

for the brightest shine

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JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH

Colgate Dental Cream

STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

Keeps Children's Teeth Healthy

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream

Get the big family size and save 2/11

JACKY'S DIARY

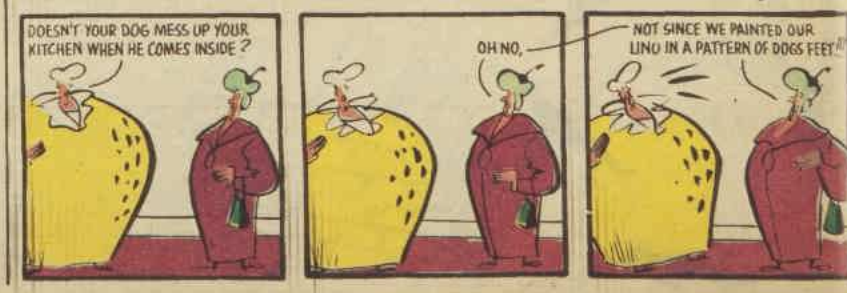
BY JACKY MENDELSOHN AGE 3½

ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:

WHEN YOU VISIT YOUR DADDYS OFFICE LOOK IN HIS SECRETERRYS DESK AS THATS WHERE THE FRESHEST CHOCOLATES ARE KEPT.

DONT TRY & ADD 999999+9999 ON A NADDING MACHINE AS IT WILL GET STUCK & NOT WORK ANY MORE. YOUR FRIEND JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*



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Your spots go in a few days

A new balm heals complaints like spots, pimples, rashes, boils — leaves skin clear and healthy in a few days.

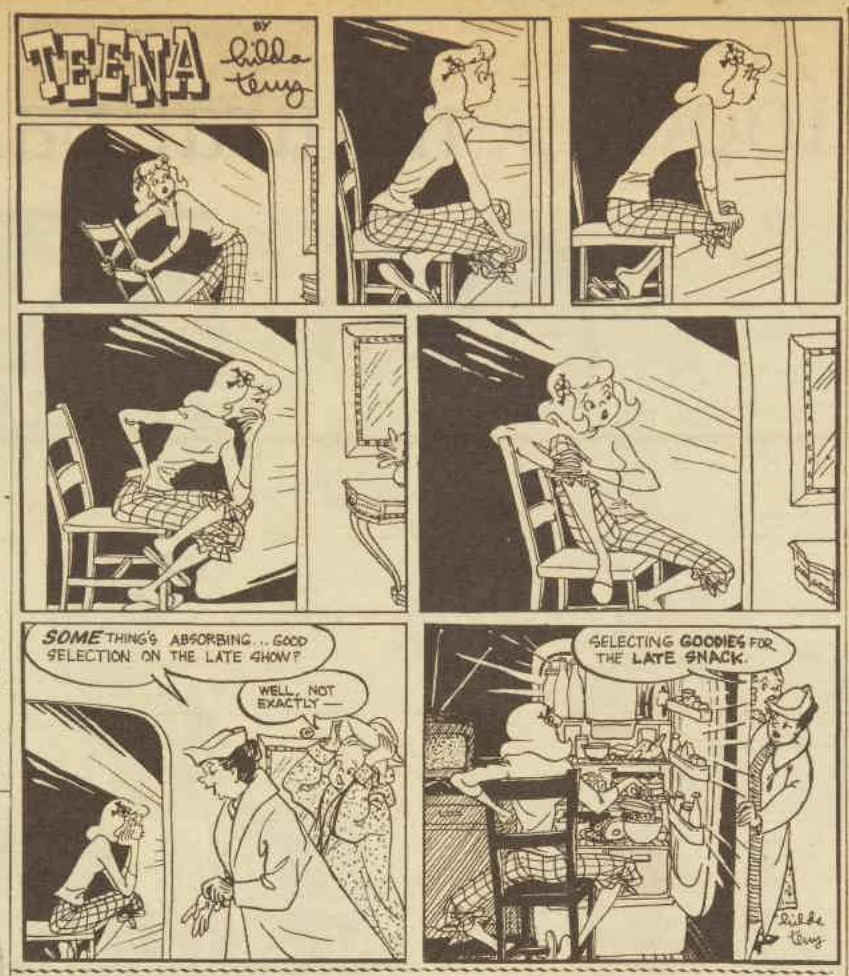
SKIN troubles like eczema, spots, pimples, sores and rashes don't heal unless you get at their cause — germs beneath your skin. Valderma, because it contains TWO antiseptics, kills germs causing skin troubles. And now Valderma contains amazing C12. Knits up damaged skin — ensures faster healing.

Try this simple 5-day test on your skin. Rub Valderma Balm on the trouble several times daily. Within five days you will see the difference Valderma makes. Irritation goes. Often in a few days your skin will be clear, healthy.

At chemists, tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

Valderma Antiseptic Balm

V.424



ROUGH, REDDENED DETERGENT HANDS

AMERICAN FORMULA
dermassage
MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT
Soothes, returns natural oils to your skin. Protects against infection.
Available from all chemists.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS STOP CORN PAIN FAST

Glorious relief from corns. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, world's fastest-acting, most successful corn remedy. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes for Callouses, Bunions. 3/- pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

SAVE ££s ON HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10
So—Quickset with Curlypet!
Curlypet

50 Million Women
Successfully Counteract Skin Ageing
Revive Skin-Youth with
Placentamin Creme
"Revive!"
Face Care
From Beauty Salons, Chemist, Stores
FREE LITERATURE: Overseas Bio-Med., Box 2040 G.P.O., MELB.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA left Earth in a disguised scout ship and later transferred to a larger space vessel bound for the planet Magna. The couple are visting the Galaxy of a Million Planets at the invitation of Emperor Magnon, whose wife, Carola, is expecting a child. The baby will be called "Nardrake," after their Earth friends who were responsible for the royal marriage. Lothar, Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, saw the scout ship take off, and, mystified at the sudden departure of a "haystack," reported its disappearance. He is considered a maniac by the local police and apprehended. NOW READ ON:

You're bath-sweet in seconds with
ARRID
SUPER SPRAY

You'll love the way Arrid Super Spray keeps your underarms dry and sweet. Arrid Super Spray, in the handy squeeze bottle, sprays on in a fine fragrant mist. Dries almost instantly . . . gives you day-long protection from embarrassing perspiration odour and stains. And gentle Arrid Super Spray is so *safe* — cherishes even the most delicate skin . . . won't stain your clothes.

ARRID SUPER SPRAY — in the ocean blue squeeze bottle. At all cosmetic counters—6/11.

Arrid Lotion and Cream too!

So soothing! NEW!
ARRID ROLL-ON

New lotion deodorant with lanolin rolls protection into *all* the pores . . . rolls *away* perspiration odour. In the bottle with the ball on top—at all cosmetic counters — 7/6

So soft, so smooth
ARRID CREAM

The cream deodorant that *safely checks perspiration and stops odour.* Arrid cream is gentle—it won't hurt your skin or your clothes. Available in two handy sizes—Regular — 3/9, large 5/10

USE ARRID . . TO BE SAFE . . TO BE SURE.

Satisfying

Each of the FIVE full-sized sticks gives extra satisfaction

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

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Coke and food . . . natural partners

Top of the meal

It's a pleasant occasion, a friendly time, when the family gather around the table. And to make good food taste better, there is delicious Coca-Cola! It enhances the enjoyment of the meal, and what a gay little lift it gives! Serve this pure refreshment in your home to family and guests—sparkling Coca-Cola.

BUY A CASE FOR EASTER

DRINK Coca-Cola ICE COLD

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE
IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES

"Coca-Cola" is bottled throughout Australia by independent bottling companies under authority of The Coca-Cola Company.
"Coca-Cola" is the registered trade mark of The Coca-Cola Company.

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